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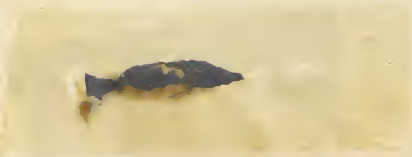

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OCTOBER, 1893.

WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

F. W. LANDER, W. W. WATSON, - Editors.

April 10th, 1893.

Is she dead? Go ask from Wisdom
  If the sun which sinks to rest
Behind the Western skies all burning,
  With ten thousand tints all turning,
Changing, firing, dying and renewing in their splendor,
  Now red and purple and now blue and tender—
Ask if the Day-god dies, tho' absent
  For a time he be! Wait for the morning!
The birds singing life and the dew drops adorning
  Each beautiful spray seems to say in one breath:
"Life! Life! we are living the life which He gave!
  Away with destruction, and death unto Death;
The coffin is useless; away with the grave!"

FRANK M. LANDER.

DIVINE SUPERINTENDENCE IN THE LAW OF DEVELOPMENT, WHETHER IN NATURE OR AMONG MEN.

Prize Essay for the Calhoun Literary Society, by Preston B. Wells.

With men of this generation is lodged the aggregate influence of sixty centuries. An influence that originated with the parents of the race and which has been flowing constantly onward to the present hour. Who can doubt that there is a great system in operation, under the direction of providence which must work out intellectual and moral results that have not as yet been shadowed forth even to the imagination?

In God's order nothing stands still. In the physical universe all worlds, all suns, all systems are in motion. Stars occupy different positions in space at different times. They change their color and their temperature, then burn out, grow cold, and disappear, and others undiscovered before come into view. We can form but little idea of what will be known of these in a coming day, unless we take into view the increased knowledge of the present age above any of the ages which have preceded it. In tracing, for instance, the relative positions of the sun, moon, and earth, we can go back for three hundred years. Their relative movements have been scanned—the earth's rotation on its axis, its annual circuit around the sun, the moon's revolution in its orbit. They are so linked together that every change is within the grasp of the powers of science. The deeper the mind penetrates this great field, the more fully is it impressed with the truth, "There is a power that created and governs all."

Science attributes these effects to natural causes, but the scientific idea of cause is necessarily correlated in thought with the idea of one Supreme, self-existent, and creative cause. The causes attributed by science in the law of development are merely secondary. The aim of science is to formulate laws of sequence to which phenomena, as effects, are due; but these finite causes, impressed on the phenomenal world, imply the existence of an absolute First Cause, of a Divine being, in whom all secondary causes and laws have originated. The induc-

tion of physical facts and the unification of the laws of nature, through the correlation of forces, necessarily lead to the idea that there is Divine Superintendence in the laws of development in nature. "It is not easy to perceive, indeed, how modern science, which makes its inductions, concerning natural forces, from observation of their manifestations, and arrives at generalizations of different forces, can, after observation of nature, avoid the generalization of an intelligent mental force, linked in harmonious association and essential relations with other forces, but leading and constraining them to higher aims of evolution" If you deny that there is divine superintendence in nature, then you invest force and matter with self-creating and self-sustaining properties, which is a conception requiring a much greater exercise of faith in scientific hypothesis than that which, through faith of another order, regards the design as a product of a mind, correlating the most minute and insignificant as well as the grandest phases of natural law. Will it be regarded as a reasonable explanation that such orderly contrivances have arisen by chance, or through the demands which nature at large has made upon her own resources? Has the wondrous interrelation of cause and effect between different animals, between insect and flower, between pollen and seed, been induced and continued entirely by the operation of surrounding conditions? Can we rest satisfied by assuming that nature has determined her own impulse, effort, and directions? We can hardly form any conception or such a state of existence.

The natural kingdoms are all subservient to one another. The vegetable kingdom subserves the animal, and our animal organization subserves our mental. Every creation of God seems to look beyond the occasion, and to have reference to a general plan of system.

Nature is intelligible and can be expressed in the terms of science,—such as law, system, order,—because "it is a manifestation of a creative intelligence, which works according to intelligent plan and purpose." If we would understand the laws of nature, we must grant

that there is divine superintendence in her laws of development.

"It is almost impossible for any reflecting mind to regard the ordered array of physical forces, and to rest satisfied with this order, without going on to ask whence it came, what placed it there? Thought cannot be kept back, when it sees existence, from inquiring how it came to exist. And the question is a natural and legitimate one, in spite of all that phenomenalism may say against it, and it will not cease to be asked while there are reasoning men to ask it." We cannot rest satisfied with a "physics without a metaphysics, a natural without a supernatural, a material without a spiritual, a sensible without a supersensible world, and, consequently, a natural without an intelligible order, natural law without mind, natural forces without will-forces, and, in fine, a Cosmos without a Logos."

A world of forces working in harmony, implies a primordial power which originated and governs them. All nature proves that the development of her laws is a scheme, not fixed but progressive, ruled by an allwise, almighty, absolute being who is the absolute unity of the world; and in accordance with these laws, the earth was brought into existence and clothed in the beauties of nature preparatory to the abode of man.

Divine superintendence is demanded by both science and philosophy. The revelation from heaven to man has ever been progressive. I care not what view you take of the Biblical account of creation, you cannot deny this: "Our earth passed through many stages in its geological history before it became the possible home of man." "Once mere nebulous matter, then a glowing ball of fire, a molten sea, a dark rock, a shallow ocean of warm water." This is God's evolution—a grand movement from the lower to the higher. First were made the lower order of the animal creation, then those which were higher, and last of all the wonderful being called man. "In all the myriad bundles of living machinery enfolded in animal forms, there is not an organ, not a feature of construction, wherein human wisdom could

suggest an improvement, or devise a change that would be beneficial." The deeper the researches into the mechanism and physiology of plants and animals, the greater must be our admiration. But this does not imply that all existing organisms have been by slow degrees developed out of a few simple forms. The trees and flowers, the birds of the air, the beasts that roam the field, as well as man himself, are so many creations originally called into existence by his almighty power. This view of evolution is not Darwinian, and men need not be afraid that it contradicts the Mosaic account of creation.

The entire universe is an harmonious whole, composed of parts linked together so closely, and so obedient to law, that we cannot deny the existence of an overruling providence, for "Who thinks of asking if the sun is light, observing that it lightens?"

When we study the rise of humanity, and see the progressive development of mind towards an ideal of culture and civilization, there is also clearly implied one absolute Mind, which directs and governs all in truth and wisdom. Is there anything yet discovered in the universe of matter or mind that is not being employed in the cause of human improvement? Is not commerce rising constantly into a more powerful auxiliary of knowledge, uttering in the darker places of the earth her authoritative mandate, "Let there be light?" Have not land and water alike bowed to the dominion of steam, so that distance is almost an unmeaning word; while the electric telegraph rivals almost in velocity the thought which it conveys? What will be the condition of our earth five hundred or a thousand years hence?

Often, in the history of nations, every thing seems confused—nothing but disaster; yet the great law has been at work from the lower to the higher. Can any one doubt that some mighty power has been at work in the development of these laws among men, by which humanity has been raised up from the mire of Paganism to the heights of a Christian civilization? Does the abstract theory of law contain any innate principle of

development which tends, *per se*, to raise humanity, without divine superintendence? Past nations have not conceived it thus.

The approximation in classical antiquity to what we understand by divine superintendence is found, not in the anthropomorphic deities, but in that vague, mysterious, awful power, personified as Fate or the Fates, which ruled irresistibly over the generations of mortal men, and also over the gods of Olympus and the Roman Pantheon. Sophocles summed up the whole matter, as the classical mind conceived it, when he said that "there was no deliverance from the Fates allotted to mortals."

Deep down in the heart of the ancient world, and underlying all religious conceptions, was the idea of a Supreme Will, irresistible, inexorable. This all pervading Fatalism is the key to the religion and philosophy of Paganism. To them human life was a struggle with destiny. They did not conceive of deity, however, as the guardian of the moral law, for "ancient Polytheism enshrined no ethical ideas." Thus Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome each had its day and perished; but each, as it rose, was an improvement upon that which went before it. Each died to give place to something nobler and better. Throughout this dark period, as one nation would be supplanted by another, the movement was towards the better. Not one of these nations was at any time an ideal nation, but the movement throughout the succession was always upward.

When we take a glimpse at the Mediæval view of the supernatural in law we find that it differs from that of antique Paganism in its nature and in its sphere of action. In the middle ages we find the great theistic conception, which had been transmitted from the Hebrew people,—"a concepton of a living God, the fountain of life, the supreme disposer of events, but a hearer of prayer, as merciful as great." This was the day-spring from on high, before whose bright beams of light the dark and abhorred vision of Fate fled away like the phantom of the night. This seems to be the essential difference between the classical and the mediæval view

of the powers invisible to man's bodily sight but potent over human life.

There is also a difference in the sphere of action. To the antique Pagan the material universe had been very nearly all in all. To the Mediævalist these were not regarded as the end of life, but instruments of probation. Mediæval religion considered of paramount importance the immaterial side of man's nature, which was ignored by both Greek and Roman. Did this development of the idea of Divinity come about alone? The surest foundation of divine superintendence is found in man's spiritual intuitions, and the voice of conscience, in the sense of the infinite. No student of human nature can deny the cogency of such reasons. Materialistic philosophers may deny it, for they know not human nature. They only see a part and take it for the whole. Their learned ignorance will not long close the ear of the world to the voice of the heart, telling of things which report not,—"revealing that which is not opposed to, but above the senses."

In studying the heathen faiths and ideas, we find that in their inmost essence they were not merely superstitions, or Satanic delusions, but genuine religions begotten of the spiritual element in human nature, and "exhibiting the ways in which the soul dimly felt after God and in some measure found him; and that amid all their defects and errors, they have not been powerless for good, but in the absence of revelation have done something toward keeping alive faith, sustaining morality, and preparing the way for that one divine religion in which they all find their correction and complêtion." We find the same grand law of development pervading the whole religious world.

Have there been developments in Christianity? How many grand streams of thought have flowed into it! Have not Jews, Greeks and Romans all made contributions to it? The Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Ohio all empty into the Mississippi; it is only at the point of confluence, and not at the gulf, that we can plainly see how, "the father of waters" is tinged by all of these

tributaries.

In tracing the growth of Christianity, let us go back to confluent points in the historic stream. Study Judaism in its relation to Christianity, or Greek ideas and usages upon the early church, and you will see that they have made important contributions. After all, Christianity is but a higher form of Judaism.

Before the coming of Christ, the Emperors of Rome had built fine roads to all parts of their provinces, which greatly facilitated travel; all the known world was at peace; one law prevailed throughout, the Roman law. Who can say that providence did not guide and direct these things preparatory to the coming of Christ; that they were not overruled by providence for the reception of Christianity and the propagation of the gospel? No wars interrupted; missionaries could be sent quickly to all parts of the Roman world; no matter how far from Rome they were, they could appeal to Cæsar for protection, for there was one law, and only one, throughout the whole dominion of the Cæsars'. On one occasion, when Paul was persecuted in one of the provinces, he had only to whisper to one of the guards, "I am a Roman citizen," and he was immediately set free.

Did not these conditions favor the introduction of a higher form of Judaism? Christianity was dependent on all these circumstances. "There is no event, or movement, which does not depend for its occurrence on some further thing, perhaps unknown to us; we cannot give the whole account of any one thing."

Reasoning from the analogy of nature, no one can doubt that the development of Christianity is a scheme, larger and grander and more lasting than the evolutions of nature. The church has ever gained and will continue to gain, though it is virtually founded on the principles of Judaism.

We are indebted to the Jews for nearly all the great blessings that we enjoy. A people that had a history for long years before the Babylonian Empire laid the foundations of its power; before a dwelling rose on the Capitoline Hill; before the confederate Greeks assembled

beneath the walls of Troy. Once the visible church; now, no priest, no city, no temple. Their genealogies are lost. They know not who are the tribe of Levi, and who of the family of Aaron. We may well look with Christian sympathy upon such a people that lived to bless the world, and who were the parents of our religious belief.

One of this number alone gave laws to all successive generations. A man so wise, so pure, that the great soul of Michæl Angelo loved to ponder, and which gave to his creations the power of supernal majesty.

But this truth is seen not only in the life of this Jew, for history has thousands of instances where the worst of men, moved by selfish motives, have acted, yet their successes or their failures under the Divine hand were made to serve the progress of the race.

Man is a free agent, and can, to a certain extent, map out his own independent course through life; but Providence may use our actions to bring about results which we had never imagined.

"Our thoughts are ours; their ends none of our own."

A PAGE FROM MY DIARY.

Sunday, June 18.—Spent the night with my old friend Goodman last night. Fine man, Goodman. But he keeps a dog, a small, insignificant dog that makes lots of fuss. Just like some insignificant people I know. One of the children shut him out, unbeknowing, at bedtime, and about midnight he came to the gate and vociferously proclaimed his preference to "be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman," or any other kind of Roman. At last I went down and let the pesky little fice in. The gate was a little bit open already, but he couldn't quite squeeze in. And that's the way some people want to squeeze into heaven. Ah, me! thy sonl must be

smaller than the smallest soul of a small little dog. Then we will not have to descend from our couch in an upper eastern chamber to attend to little dogs; mind and soul and matter will not be so tantalizingly mixed up then.

When I came down stairs Goodman's children were playing at telling one another to "shut your eyes and open your mouth." Then the first drops in some sweetmeat or candy. Ah, William Wordsworth, truly didst thou sing, "The child is father to the man;" for thus have I seen grown men, newspaper editors and politicians, blindly shut their eyes and, obedient to instructions, open their infinite mouths in hopes that something good might come their way.

One of the little children got his finger bit playing this shut-eye game. I wrapped it up in my handkerchief; but my sympathy seemed to do him more good than anything else. It just struck me why it is that when a nice, sweet girl is sad and melancholy, and half in love, it is so comforting to have a big, strong boy hold her hand; kind of "fellow feeling," you know.

Going to church I met up with my old classmate Hanson. Looked like he's had a hard time of it. Had that meek, submissive air of a man who had at last succumbed to the unkind buffetings of fortune. Alas, alas; strange world this. "Men must work and women must weep." I never did exactly understand that; because there are lots of things that wear pants and don't work. See them walk around the big cities and glare at ordinary people indignantly with an eagle eye—eagle eye because money has an eagle on it, and by money they were born again. For by their mothers they were borne low, but now by their money they are borne high. But I speak treason. Be still sad heart. Cringe low, smirk sweet before the republican throne where swag-bellied monopoly hugs his bloated paunch.

Worshipped at the Methodist church to-night. I like to hear those Methodist preachers. They are so earnest and seem to want to save souls more than other preachers do. And then they sing such grand hymns; verily,

the wails of an afflicted soul and the exultant Hallelujahs of salvation.

Now to bed, and tomorrow another week of work.

D. W.

A True Tale---With Variations.

With two young men this sad tale deals,
And one was short and one was tall;
And both did take their daily meals
At the famous Alumni Hall.

Alumni Hall, that in the distance
Looks just like a county jail—
Alumni Hall, that with persistence
Keeps its boarders lean and pale.

Yet I doubt not through the ages
One unerring purpose runs,
And our rations are increasing
With the process of the suns.

On a radiant Sunday evening
They sat upon their portico,
Cast their dreamy, listless vision
Out where tall magnolias grow.

Both of them thought the selfsame thoughts
Upon the selfsame theme—
How they could better each their lots
In a maiden's sweet esteem.

An idea strikes the longer one
And fills him with delight—
"I'll take a big magnolia, sure,
When I call on her tonight."

The other smiled a stern, grim smile—
A smile, tis well to dread—
And formed a resolution strong
That he'd come out ahead.

He wrote his name upon a card,
And with malicious spite,
He slipped it down between the leaves—
Oh, it was out of sight.

"Here, what you doing there, I say,"
  The longer brother cried.
"Just looking at your pretty flower,"
  The shorter straight replied.

In the making of this statement
  The shorter sinner lied;
For, as we said, between the leaves
  His blooming name did hide.

The longer gave the treach'rous flower
  To the girl, with smiling face,
Who thanked him kindly for his gift
  And put it in a vase.

He grinned and smirked and smiled and grinned
  Upon the blushing maiden fair,
And for about two hours chinned
  Her, like an angel sitting there.

Bnt morning saw another sight
  When full-blown was the flower fair,
Revealing card serene and white
  Like new-born infant lying there.

"The dear sweet thing," the maiden cried:
  "I knew he'd come or send;
And that tall rascal falsified,
  And turned this to a selfish end."

And when upon a festive night,
  With friends all gathered round,
The shorter told his unique tale,
  The longer one was downed.

He slowly rose from out his chair,
  And scratched his troubled head,
And gazing round in sheer despair,
  In mournful tones he said:

"Of all the mean and low down tricks,
  That ever I did see,
The meanest of them all is this
  Which thou hast played on me."

By J. D. Wallace.

Wofford College Journal.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

Obligation to Wofford.

Wofford College,—glorious Wofford! To behold thy prosperity; to be a partaker therein, swells our heart with gratitude and pride. At the close of nearly fifty years of hardships and struggles she mounts on, and like a glad morning star shines out a fit exponent of Methodist education. To her prospering sisters she sends congratulations; to the downcast she gives assurance of hope. We take it as a sign of better times coming that despite droughts and shortages and storms and crises still colleges prosper more abundantly.

The student is a distinct factor in society. He is just beginning to be a man. Larger interests and responsibilities settle upon him, trusting to find larger conceptions and capabilities. The family name is committed to his keeping; the future reputation of honored institutions is put in his power; a cluster of splendid possibilities stand at his disposal. His absolute right to himself

ceased when he rose to higher occupations than the manufacture of mud pies; and ever since he has been a debtor with a constantly increasing account calling for settlement. Never yet have we seen the man that the world owed a living: few, few, have we seen who owed the world nothing. Now that we are able let us diligently pay back what we owe. Did you ever get any good out of Wofford College? A great deal. Did you ever do Wofford College any good? There are no debtors' prisons to compel the payment of such debts; but render by voluntary service to her reputation, her curriculum, her societies, her JOURNAL, full compensation. Let every man, from the Senior, whose account has run with partial payments for three years, to the freshman on whom she is just beginning to bestow her rich benefits, heartily reciprocate her blessings, and thus also re-enrich himself.

One of the highest compliments to Grover Cleveland is the wide-spread admiration in which he is held by college students and college professors.

The more noble a thing in perfection, the more revolting it is in decay. We do not care much for a dead rat; but a mangled body, especially if it is a beautiful woman's body, moves the soul to compassion.

About Plagiarism.

An individual in Georgia, named Wm. Franklin, has of late, insulted certain students at Wofford College by offering to write their speeches and essays for half a dozen dollars or so. It is well that he elaborates his scheme at a distance; for had he been within stone's-throw his treatment would have been more decisive than polite.

We hope that Wofford College harbors no man so de-

praved, so absolutely wanting in honesty, so completely given over to the devil, as to present before his peers as his own production a plagiarized, illegitimate, bastard abortion of a speech bought of an oratory peddler. If such a one be found spew him out and trample him under foot. A tempter of men in any line is bad; but the venal scullion who would sell his intellect to poison the manhood of young men; who would steal away the strength of the coming stays of society, is especially a criminal against his country. You cannot afford to take time from lessons to write good speeches; say he. No; and many cannot afford time to make the money on which they come to college. Therefore, grab from the convenient repository of some neighbor; only be careful, as said the atheist, that ye yourselves are not grabbed. Aye; and the plagiarist will as quickly steal ten thousand dollars as a speech, risk of penalty being equally unlikely. The State penitentiary is the place for both.

This wretch cannot wait till young men get out of College to see how vile the world is,—or at least a certain part of it,—but even in its rising must insinuate his putrifying fraudery into the leaven of society.

May all such artisans starve to death.

To kiss a girl in a public park in Baltimore is punish e by a fine of twenty dollars. For a girl to permit this sweet amenity of civilized life is five dollars.

GEN. LEE'S ONLY POETRY.

Almost every youth has at some time scrawled some lines of verse, usually about some fair Dulcinea. Gen. Lee, however, never wrote any poetry except these noble lines, and them, it seems, in his old age:

In early youth I freely shed my blood
For what I thought to be my country's good.

In my old age I only crave to be
Soldier of Him who shed his blood for me.

*CHAPMAN'S HISTORY OF SOUTH CAROLINA.**

The ancients had a grand name for the earth. They called her "mother of all things." History reminds us of this. Like the earth, it rolls on, grand, unending, unconcerned, and out of its immensity and simplicity all things are. Everything we touch and do and say is a part of history. Every science and language and nation and country help make it up. Its history is it. With a peculiar interest we approach history of any kind, and with a much deeper and closer interest we approach a history of South Carolina.

We are sorry Mr. Chapman, although writing a school history, did not write a book more suitable for general use. The best part of the book is the first. The colonial period is described well. The business, ways of life, disputes and wars of the colony are set forth with a vividness that is admirable. So with the Revolution. But when we come to the Civil War this excellence is wanting. The remark that Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania was unwise and a mistake reminds us of an old English epigram:

> "Treason never prospers; what's the reason?
> For if it prospers, none dare call it treason."

In the chapter on Emancipation Proclamation the historian jumps clear of his track and enters a partisan argument against Lincoln. Very good patriotism, but rather poor history. Taken all together the history of the War is as disproportionate as would be a man with feet the size of his head.

Mr. Chapman's history has been declared better than Weber's, until now the leading history of our State. In the first half it is better. But from the times of Calhoun on Weber is much superior. Mr. Chapman is very meagre in his mention of great men, merely mentioning them. Weber is better on this point. On the Civil War comparison is useless; for both are worthless. Now comes Weber's best. He explains fully the Reconstruc-

* School History of South Carolina. By J. W. Chapman, M. A. Aull & Houseal, Newberry, S. C. One volume, $1.00.

tion period, how things were done and who did them; dwells on the uprising of the whites and tells of the stirring times of '76. Mr. Chapman gives small space to Reconstruction; never intimates the terrible state of society, and simply states the election of Hampton, giving the '76 struggle, the most remarkable of its kind in history, only one page—not half the space given to Governor Tillman's first inaugural alone. Something like the camera, which exaggerates disproportionately things nearer to it. The historical perspection of the book is very bad.

Give us no such history as this. Tell us of the wisdom of Calhoun; the eloquence of Preston, McDuffie and Hayne; tell us of the heroism of war times; the miseries of '76 and the liberation by Hampton; tell us how South Carolina has stood with her neighbors,—tell it as it should be told, and hand down this record of the past, "a rich legacy," and then will we say that the history of South Carolina is written.

We find much fault in Mr. Chapman's book; but also much good. It contains many interesting things not easily found elsewhere. The style is pleasant and the book is withal readable and profitable.

The readers of the JOURNAL will notice that we have not followed the precedent of publishing both prize essays in the October issue. It has been decided, for substantial reasons, to print the other in the November issue. We state this to assure our readers that they are not to be denied the pleasure of reading both these compositions.

Since the last issue of the JOURNAL Clemson College has begun. We are glad to see an institution of this kind in South Carolina. Literary colleges need feel no apprehension from the large patronage of Clemson. Its line of action is essentially different, and the State needs the services of both. The professions have long been

supplied by literary schools. The lack and need of anything like Clemson justifies its establishment. President Craighead has our best wishes, and his successes will always be heard with pleasure by his old friends at Wofford.

Good minds are of two kinds. One works through organizations, societies, arbitrary forms, stereotyped usages. The other walks no roads but of its own making No arbitrary lines constrain it. One is the gymnast with his apparatus. The other is the Viking born to slay great beasts. One is the railroad train that follows a narrow track. The other is the steamship that goes out independent on the infinite ocean, guided by its own individuality. The railroad train is more speedy; makes more clamor. When the steamer, finishing her task, comes to port, she lands more passengers than a dozen rattling railroad trains.

THE COTTON GIN AND OTHER MACHINES.

Just one hundred years ago, at the house of the widow of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin. It was cotton picking time; and Mrs. Greene remarked what a pity it was that there was no better way to get the lint off the seed. Whitney set to work, like a good patriot, to find something, and invented the cotton gin. The model was stolen and poor Whitney reaped no benefits from his machine.

There is something significant about this. Since his day the patent office has recorded inventions great and small by the thousands,—appliances capable under right application to feed and clothe in comfort every mortal on the continent. Yet, as by the thieves who stole Whitney's gin, these are too greedily usurped from humanity; and men who could not invent a brickbat feast in luxury while, yea, because, honest men by countless thousands waste away to the moaning dirge of

a hundred million spindles. One hundred years have danced away to the hum of Whitney's cotton gin, and the widow of a young republic sighs,—soon will wail and shriek it out,—Would that there were some better way to get the lint off the seed!

Since 1793 in geometric progression the problem has complicated itself, and the end is not yet. No; not the beginning of the end. And yet ninety reverend Senators cannot see with sixty days of gazing whether the precipice lies on this or that side of a paltry silver question. Indeed they know not whether there be a precipice. There is something; but whether a precipice, chasm, ditch or wall, they know not. They are only certain that there is a fence; and on it many of them do sit. Since 1793 the country has grown; but we fear the men are still about the same size. May the Lord grant us some giant, who will rear his mighty statue "like a pillar of state," and frown into oblivion misers, who would legislate money into their own pockets and demagogues, who offer husks to cure the people's hunger.

Under Literary Department F. M. Lander is mentioned as Editor. This should be W. T. Duncan.

Exchanges.

Only a limited number of our exchanges have arrived so far. The State press seems busy—the Tillmanites barking at Cleveland the antis barking at Tillman, the principle difference being the difference in the size of the objects barked at. There are, we are glad to say, some parties doing their own thinking and not simply carping at other men's doings.

In the college world we note some bright contemporaries. Such are the Wake Forest Student, Silver and Gold, a weekly from the University of Colorado, with ten editors, five of whom are ladies, and the Mnemosynean, by the young ladies of Agnes Scott Institute, one of the brighest and prettiest journals we have yet seen. Fair vistor, thou mayest play Venus to the Peabody Record's

Adonis; for ye two are the goodliest to look upon of all our acquaintances. And there is Our Monthly, full of charity to all mankind and its fostered orphans in particular. But we cannot stay longer; we wish a better acquaintance with all our friends.

Clippings.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near the infinite: we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspises us.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Charon's passengers are all deadheads.—*Truth.*

A contemporary says a kiss is like a trunk, because it is easily expressed, but if you don't want it to go too far you had better check it.

"The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'ral rule)
To every critter born o' woman."
—*Lowell.*

During the administration of Chas. Pinckney (1806-8) suffrage was made free to all white men citizens of the State, no regard being had to property.

"Some men regard the world as a trough and life as the process of extracting swill from it, with more or less scrambling and squealing."—*Galaxy.*

On January 9, 1861, the first gun of the War was fired from Morris Island by Citadel cadets into a steamer attempting to reach Fort Sumter. She never reached it.—*Chapman's S. C. History.*

The first cotton was exported in 1784, from Savannah. In Liverpool the captain was arrested for defraudiug the public, it being held impossible to raise ten bales, the amount exported in America.—*Chapman's S. C. History.*

Lawyer:—You say you were never in Dublin?

Witness.—No, sor.

Lawyer:—Well, how do you account for this document which says you were there in 1876?

Witness:—That wor me daughter. She wor born there about thot toime.

Unto a little Negro,
A-swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly
A hungry crocodile:
Who with that chill politeness
That makes the warm blood freeze,
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat
Without dressing, if you please"
—*Anon.*

"Rise to a Point of Order, Mr. President."—Plato, in his Protagoras, bringeth in Prodicus in scorn, and maketh him make a speech that consisteth of nothing but distinctions from the beginning to the end. Generally, such men, in all deliberations, affect a credit to object and foretell difficulties; which false point of wisdom is the bane of business.—*Francis Bacon.*

In every well-conditioned stripling, as I conjecture, there always blooms a certain prospective Paradise, cheered by some fairest Eve; nor in the stately vistas and flowers and foliage of that garden, is the tree of knowledge, beautiful and awful in the midst thereof, wanting. Happy season of virtuous youth, when shame is still an impassable barrier; and the sacred air-castles of hope have not shrunk into the mean clay hamlets of reality, and man, by his nature, is yet infinite and free! —*Thomas Carlyle.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT

E. S. JONES - - Editor.

'94.—F. F. Ott is teaching at Clifton.

'92.—Thomas F. Wright is teaching this year at Donalds.

'93.—W. C. Kirkland is taking a theological course at Vanderbilt.

'92.—C. C. Herbert is at Vanderbilt following theological research.

'93.—W. T. Haynes is taking a post graduate course in English at Vanderbilt.

'91.—Kemper D. Senn is in charge of Blenheim School, Marlboro County.

'92.—W. D. Lesesne is now in charge of a school at Brownville, Marlboro County.

'92.—W. D. Daniel is inflicting the pain of lesson getting on the scholars of Hebron School, Marlboro County.

'92.—A. S. Pegues is teaching in the South-western University Fitting School, Georgetown, Texas.

'93.—J. D. Craighead is principal of the school at McColl, Marion County, S. C.

'94.—J. M. Giles is working with an Atlanta surveying firm. He expects to return soon.

'93.—Henry Stokes is principal of Lickville High School, Greenville County. He has the good wishes of his college mates.

'95.—W. Clyde has charge of Union High School at Gaddy, Marion County. He expects to return next year.

'92.—Frank Fooshe has been elected principal of Woodford School. Woodford is a new station on the South Bound road. The population is rapidly increasing and Frank has an excellent opportunity to do honor to his Alma Mater. *Carpe diem.*

'76.—Prof. J. F. Brown has been following school teaching with increased success. He was for some time principal of Johnston Graded Schools. In 1890 he was elected principal of the Newberry Graded Schools. After but one year's service there he was called to a higher position, Professor of Mathematics in Columbia Female College. This position he filled two years. 1893 finds him Professor of Mathematics in Converse College. Much success to this representative of the class of '76.

'71.—Mr. W. H. Wallace of the class of '71 taught a year at Reidville. He was then elected Professor of Latin and Science in Columbia Female College. In '75 he removed to Newberry and began the practice of law. Having followed this for two years he became editor of a newspaper. He always avoided active political life, refusing to run for any office. He established and became editor of the *Newberry Observer*. As an editor and

scholar he is well known. In 1891 he joined the South Carolina Press Association and at the same meeting he was elected president of that body. He ruled well, and at one of the conventions delivered a speech that did him much credit. This year he has been called to lay aside the pen and take up the text book as Professor of Mathematics in Columbia Female College.

As a literary society worker he was very active. As a fraternity man he was an esteemed Kappa Alpha and presided over the convention of that fraternity which was held in Spartanburg. We wish him much success in developing the intellects of pupils in our sister institution.

On June 16, 1893, the soul of James Tupper Wrightson severed all earthly bonds and sped away to its eternal home.

The deceased was born October 30, 1867. At the age of seventeen he entered the Freshman class, but finding himself not fully prepared he returned home, preferring to spend another year in preparation rather than come below marks of distinction even in his Freshman year. His thoroughness and accuracy of work made him an exemplary student. His home in those days was three miles from college; but snow, nor rain, nor cold, ever kept him from punctuality to college duties. His character was above reproach, and never did he give the faculty any trouble. We mourn his loss, and trust that the bereaved family may have the abiding presence of the Comforter.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

F. M. LANDER, - - Editor.

COMMENCEMENT.

Wofford's Commencement was substantial and wholesome. To begin with, Bishop Fitzgerald's sermon on Acts xxvi, 19, "Whereupon, O King Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the Heavenly Vision," was replete with good sense and good religion. Rev. J. Walter Dixon, of '72, preached to the Y. M. C. A., at night. Monday morning Hon. J. Wofford Tucker, of Florida, delivered the annual address before the societies. Judge Tucker was a member of the first Board of Trustees and is the only one living. We fear there were many present who did not fully appreciate his address; for he spoke too feebly for a large hall. The orator being so familiar with the young days of Wofford College and with the life of its founder yielded to the feelings natural to such circumstances and devoted some time to reminiscential remarks. Then he took up his theme, which was for college students, in view of the misconceptions and misunderstandings between different sections of the Union, to regularly meet in national convention to fairly consider such questions as will promote charitable relations and larger, more useful citizenship. The address was as finished a piece of English as we have heard in many days, totally unassuming, not vainglorious, not striving for oratory; but just such a natural, scholarly address as we like to hear.

Monday night the annual joint debate, better known as "Junior debate," was: Messrs. Wm. M. Alexander (Preston) and Geo. F. Kirby (Calhoun) for the affirmative winning from Messrs. B. W. Crouch (Preston) and M. L. Banks (Calhoun) the resolution that education should be essential to suffrage. Next Dr. Watkins in an excellent speech on literary endeavor and earnest appli-

cation presented the Calhoun essay medal to Preston B. Wells. Hon. Stanyarne Wilson presented the Preston essay medal to Mr. Wm. M. Alexander. Mr. Alexander handed in his debate as his essay also, a very frequent custom.

Tuesday morning was glory day. The Seniors scaled the sublime heights of eloquence, attained the climax of their lives and slid quietly down into the common world. May they some time be as important in it as they were on their aforesaid glory day.

The alumni address was delivered by Mr. J. L. Glenn, of Chester, of '79; after which was announced the banquet at "the Hall that Alumnus built," whereupon every Alumnus "blessed his maw destined to that good hour," and thither straightway did repair.

The banquet was more than ordinarily a success. Beautiful floral decorations added to the charms of a splendid repast. Rev. J. Walter Dixon, the unexcelled toast-master, presided. A great stroke of genius is this plan of putting the banquet last. Verily, commencement is a booming line of poetry closing with a mighty spondee, or rather "*responde.*" Now, with each alumnus, sits calm and beautiful in the memories of the recent past the sweet recollection of those glorious prandial beatitudes (not to mention the affecting post-prandial sensations). Ah, me! "After the ball is over," as the poet sings,—and almost every body else, too. Surely each one will return. Adieu, sweet banqueters; adieu, kind friends and visitors; adieu, dear graduates; and hold yourselves in readiness till '94 shall make the chapel lurid with brilliant polysyllabic eloquence and by its score make a score and one more full-fledged sons of Wofford.

Rise and roar.
One and a score.
Who wants more?
Noble ninety-four!

WOFFORD'S OPENING.

The opening of Wofford College with her largest enrollment is a fact as wonderful as pleasant. The register shows one hundred and forty-seven men, several have not finished their entrance examinations and it is safe to say that within the next week we will show our figures one hundred and fifty. Count with this our two Fitting schools, and our number is doubled. Gentlemen of the Alumni, raise your hats to your Alma Mater and feel proud that she leads all literary schools in the State! May it ever be thus!

Great credit must be given to Prof. John Kilgo for his earnest work for Wofford this summer. His vacation was not entirely spent in the cool breezes of Western North Carolina, but he rushed over the State making friends for himself and the college, and the results are to be seen in the faces of some sixty-five Freshmen on the campus.

The annual glad-to-see-you-how-are-you-come-to-see-me-handshake in the college chapel Thursday night, was a success. Everybody came and all were glad they came. Sharply at eight o'clock the choir sang "Welcome, Wanderer, Welcome" and the meeting was opened by Dr. Carlisle who called the roll of counties, giving the origin of the name of each. It was discovered that every county in the State was represented—from the storm swept Beaufort, to the rugged Oconee, the "land of the Black Viper."

Mr. Bomar, president of the Calhoun Society, presented a hearty welcome to the new men, while Mr. Snyder kept Preston's "banner flying."

Mr. Lander in behalf of the Seniors told the men we were glad to see them and offered our Senatorial services, if desired.

Mr. Jones introduced the Y. M. C. A. and urged all to join. Mr. Trusdale on the part of the new men thanked the older classes and Faculty for their welcome. All the

speeches were *extempore* and we applauded to the echo.

Prof. Kilgo spoke beautifully of our prospect for a fine year's work.

Prof. Easter, our new German and French professor, told us to keep a good eye on the modern languages. Prof. Rembert represented the Fitting school ably.

The new men were shown through the Society Halls and everybody felt good. The boys assembled again in the chapel and were dismissed by the Rev. Morris, of Union, S. C. Thus ended a happy time for old and new students.

WOFFORD'S Y. M. C A.

The Young Men's Christian Association of Wofford, under the efficient management of Mr. E. S. Jones as president, begins the year with unprecedented enthusiasm on the part of both old and new members. Let it be said to the credit of a number of the new college boys that they are taking active interest in the association.

With the interest manifested by them and by the guidance and experience of the older members, the association is destined to do a greater work in Wofford College than ever before. The Y. M. C. A., men have recently re-organized and are about ready to start the year's work. A cordial welcome is extended to all to the Wednesday afternoon and the Sunday morning meetings which are held in Dr. Carlisle's room.

It is with kindliest feeling that we remark the fact that our President, Dr. Carlisle, has braced himself against the hot summer and is back at his work with that vigor and earnestness which has characterized his teaching for so many years. The Doctor has many years yet for Wofford College and the students who know him best are those who hope most strongly that his connection may be long, and that he may derive great pleasure from the contact with the youths assembled here during these later years of his life.

What's the matter with the music at Wofford? The glee club should get together as soon as possible and organize for the year. We could wish no more competent instructor than Jones. Crosland, McGhee, Hollis and others sing tenor. Watson, Bomar and Lander with a host behind them can hold up the bass clef. Let's get at it and show these folks a thing or two. There are several guitars, numerous flutes and piccolos and various other musical instruments in college. A concentration of talent would make some fine music possible, while the individual man can do nothing but worry his room-mate and landlady. Our chapel singing is good as led by Mr. Abney, but there is room for marked improvement on this score.

———

Wanted—by a Freshman, the words and notes of "Home Sweet Home." A better way, Mr. Home-sick Fresh, to drown your sorrow is to go out these fine afternoons and play "After the Ball."

———

The student body is urged to look at the advertising columns of the JOURNAL and find out who our patrons are. These gentlemen who help us should have our first custom down town. Most of the men who have placed an advertisement with us have doubtless found it a good investment. Let us make it more so and prove beyond a doubt that Wofford men appreciate the kindness of our patrons down town.

———

Prof. Russell, a full graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music, has organized a class in vocal music. He will train the Glee club and we all are looking for better singing in chapel and everywhere. Mr. Russell's class is composed of the best musical talent in college and it is safe to predict that all who avail themselves of this opportunity will be benefited to a degree not measured by five times the money invested. Let all sing!

The Freshman class was about equally divided as to its choice of literary societies. Calhoun got some thirty men. Preston about the same. "Mischief, thou art afoot, take thou what course thou wilt!"

There are about ninety men boarding at Alumni and Wightman Halls. The good judgment of the founders of these two institutions is daily exemplified by the good conduct of these men. The boarding departments are well kept and honest, plain fare, neatly cooked and decently served keeps the bodies and souls of the men together. A committee of control elected by the men have the halls under their eye and good order and gentlemanly conduct is expected and exacted. The days work in each hall is finished by a song service and prayer. The Wightman men look to Mr. Taylor to provide the pantry, while Mr. Watson keeps the Alumni larder well stocked.

The great improvement in the general appearance of the campus is remarked upon by all returning students. The semi-circle, which used to bear a fine crop of pepper grass and saw-weed, now shows a beautiful lawn of Kentucky blue grass. The circle of euonymus, which encloses our beautiful imaginary fountain, has been trimmed and the cedars show up to marked advantage. The walks are no longer gullies, but neat and well cut. The outer campus near Prof. DuPre's house has been sown down in peas preparatory to blue grass next year. The authorities have also made a good walk around the campus, leading from Prof. Thomas's by way of Prof. Gamewell's to the College and on to Alumni Hall. The new cinder track drive from Church Street to the College shows that some one else than Juniors have studied the parabola and blipse. Of course the boys are glad of these improvements and we hope to see some more in the near future.

"After the ball,"—the man in centerfield.

OLD ENGLISH.

Prof. Snyder thinks that the schooling in old English literature which a student gets in the ordinary course is too sparing for such a subject. He therefore proposes to take a class of volunteers from the Senior and Junior classes through a thorough course in the grammar and literature of the Old English. The class will have one recitation of two hours each week and will receive such training as will thoroughly fit them for a university post graduate course. Besides the pleasure and inspiration from studying this sturdy primeval literature the Professor shows that only by such study can the most complete command of the English language be attained. We are indeed glad that Prof. Snyder has taken this step.

The annual election for Marshall Staff was held last Friday night, and resulted as follows: A. M. Chreitzberg, Chief: from the Calhoun Society, J. F. Lyon, R. E. Copes, Thos. Evans; from the Preston Society, B. H. Henderson, A. E. Holler, J. H. Purifoy.

These gentlemen are the same dignitaries who have in charge the general arrangements at all public entertainments and at commencement. Mr. Chreitzberg is to be congratulated on the men who are under him. They represent the best looking and most accommodating men in college below the Senior class.

ATHLETICS.

The foot ball men called a meeting of the athletes Monday morning and reorganized the athletic association. Two challenges were read, one from our good friend, Furman University, and one from the Asheville team. Committees were appointed and the work of starting up begun. About thirty men have agreed to join and we propose to have the strongest team we have ever put out. The grounds have been put in first-class order and the goals, lines and boundary rope will be ar-

ranged for in a few days. Humbert and Shuler are the leading spirits, although everybody is enthusiastic to the core. The athletic-literary success in Greenville last spring should serve as an incitement to further effort. Surely Wofford will win in the coming contests. Our Faculty will likely give consent to our trips and encouragemeut to our efforts.

The lighter weight men in college have not been idle since coming back. The old turf court, laid out years ago by Prof. Woodward, has been scraped off and leveled, so that there is a good tennis ground on the lower edge of the campus. The new-made association has not as yet adopted a name; some witty Fresh has suggested that they call themselves "the soft smashers" or "the slothful servers." They will, however, likely style themselves "The Forrest Primeval Lawn Tennis Association." Profs. Snyder and Easter will play with the incipient Barber, Wait and Wannamaker and try to show Edwards and Banks that the recent law which says that the ball may be batted over the net if possible and necessary. These gentlemen have our sympathy and we hope that they may soon have the "Yale" and "Newport" strokes and challenge the town for a set-to at the sport.

THE FACULTY.

It became necessary this summer for the trustees to revise the faculty. Prof. Snyder was given all the English and his former German students go to Prof. Easter. There is no tutor for the Freshmen this year, they reciting wholly to full professors. To fill the Greek chair the trustees elected Prof. A. G. Rembert. Prof. Rembert is so attached to the Fitting School, which has attained such proficiency and success through his exertions, that he would not consent to leave it entirely; but retains Head Mastership of it and only teaches part of Prof. Craighead's chair, namely, Greek, the French being taught by Prof. Easter. Prof. Kilgo, who has been filling the chair of Metaphysics and Political Science at

the request of the Faculty, has been regularly elected to that chair by the trustees.

To better acquaint the students with them we give a short sketch of the other two

NEW PROFESSORS.

Prof. D. B. Easter fills the chair of modern languages, which position he has held in Randolph Macon since he graduated there two years ago. The esteem in which he was held as a student is testified by the faculty having made him through his entire college course a tutor. His method of teaching French and German is to cultivate in his scholars a familiarity with the literatures of the languages. He will also teach conversing in German The cardinal idea, however, is to bring students to read French and German with the same intelligence they would English authors. Prof. Easter is active in Christian work. Our physical culture friends will be glad to learn that he is quite a gymnast and athlete.

Prof. John B. Thomas takes the place in mathematics of Prof. S. R. Pritchard, who now holds a position in the Virginia Agricultural College, at Blacksburg, Va. Prof. Thomas graduated in 1887 at Emory and Henry College with A. M., making the highest grade in college The next year he attended Johns Hopkins University; then for several years he taught. He comes to us direct from Vanderbilt, where he stood highest in mathematics, thus winning for the next year the distinguished honor of a full fellowship. He preferred, however, to enter active professorship, and when Wofford called him he accepted. Prof. Thomas is a hard worker and wants his students to be such. He wishes to make the mathematical course more extensive.

Prof. Thomas's father and mother and younger sister come with him and his family, and Prof. Easter's mother comes with him. Prof. Thomas occupies the first two stories and Prof. Easter the third story of the house nearest the railroad. We heartily welcome these new comers to Wofford's campus.

BRIEF MENTION.

Rupert Calvo ('96) is in Washington D. C. in civil service.

Augustus Flud ('97) is attendidg school at Patrick's Military Institute.

Gus Sanders ('93) is reading law in his father's office, Spartanburg, S. C.

Jake Rogers ('94), who dropped out in Sophomore class, is seen again on the campus as a junior.

A. Mason DuPre ('95) is tutor in mathematics at Clemson College. He will return in December.

We regret that Mr. Jason Hall ('94) has failed to return. He is taking a course of lectures in medicine in Philadelphia.

Mr. J. O. Norton ('94) has decided to take pharmacy as his life work. He is reading chemistry under his father. Success to our friend Jack.

Geo. R. Rembert ('93) stood the competitive examination for the West Point Cadetship. Mr. Rembert won his place with 35 per cent. to spare. He will report in May for duty at West Point.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. T. DUNCAN, W. WM. WATSON, - Editors.

French Influence on the Restoration.

Nations have a psychology which is governed by the same laws as that of the individual. Science as concerns life or literature happily does not exist; else Emerson's law that "there is one mind common alike to all men" would prove equally true when applied to nations. Different countries are swayed by different forces. The same forces stir each nation differently. French speaking people produce French literature. English speaking people make English literature. Different seasons yield not the same fruit. The fashion changes. The era of Queen Elizabeth differs from the era of Queen Ann—both produced literature, essentially unlike in quantity and sort. The growth of neither is unphilosophic.

Till recently it would be impossible to contrast any two eras or to name the causes of any event, but to the modern scholar it would be a difficulty not to account for certain incidents and give history a philosophy. It is no insoluble problem to tell why Elizabeth's reign was so grand in literary achievement. It is a difficulty, one which reason cannot fathom, to tell why Shakespeare came into the world. We do not know whether he was promised to us through the prophets or not, but he came,

the gift of an allwise Providence, priceless and eternal. But we can tell how his works came—*via* English people; and the same may be said of other Elizabethan writers.

Upon individuality in nationality does the development of art depend. Hence an important factor in its growth is national unity. A salient feature of the reigns of Elizabeth and James was the maintenance of pride and unity; but not so with the age following. Unwise rulers divided the land into parties, promoting hostility in the effort of each to gain promotion and power. The chief of these parties were the Puritans and Royalists—the one, a sect intensely moral, rejected the proffered follies of the world and clung fast to their faith only the more because the other treated it with contempt and scorn: the other became more vile because their rivals hated vileness. This feeling is not productive of art; the equilibrium of the nation must be preserved. However, the Puritans gained dominance and naturally their morbid air found its way into the laws and restrained the system of both public and private government. But in their zeal for strict adherence to what they thought divine will, they carried their religious sternness to such an absurd extreme that their cause not only failed but caused a reaction entirely opposite to its former aim and thus effected the ascension of the Stuarts. Then the Royalists again in power found expression for their curbed scorn and in their efforts to jeer at the Puritans began to mock at their manners and religion and losing all sense of morality or decency sneered down with a sickening laughter all that was good or worthy of respect. The Drama was revived and carried to the utmost limit of licentiousness only because the Puritans had suppressed it. Wickedness was again freed by the opening of sin's sewer and the current rushed into the stream of life with such force that even virtue and honor were dashed to pieces and an irreverent feeling, so intense, so widely diffused, prevailed that between man and beast there was but little difference. But half the tale is not yet told. The true condition of the Restora-

tion man is revealed by the literature which he bequeathed to us, which exhibits the life and in which lies embodied the taste and conception of the age. No other period of English history has produced men so ardently divided in opinion or so different in manners as this, and no era has seen literature so diversified or so essentially varied in character. Butler and Milton may have had one point in common—the vastness of intellect, but in manner, theme and thought they were totally unlike. While some writers may have been purer than others, the ideal was low and there were breathed into life sentiments less pure than the sepulchral air and less holy than a serpent's guile. But strictly speaking, the works cannot be said to be depraving. The writers were no worse than the times, "For of thorns men do not gather figs nor of a bramble bush gather they grapes." Frivolity was encouraged at the court and in art fancy took the place of feeling, intellectual display of creative power and depth. In an effort at imitation they left untouched the distinguishing features of its worth and utilized only the lewdness, the eccentricities of a great literature shining across the channel. From a point of wit and acuteness of mind the writers must be admired, but these they applied to all, to peasant as well as to courtier. In this respect they misrepresented English life. No real conversation ever displayed that brilliancy and alertness as is put forth in the dramas of this time. They are clearly marked by a deficiency of the very thing for which they strove. The writers desired wit; they attained immorality. The two are different. They did not know it.

Differing from all others and standing out in simplicity and grandeur and displaying a great original personality is John Bunyan, who in a prison cell meditated the "Pilgrim's Progress." But towering over all is another figure, so high above the prevailing ideal that he seemed alone in genius. No wonder while vice and furious sin were raging below, Milton from his lofty eminence sung the grandest epic ever written save that of Homer. He like the Greek bard was blind, but darkness affects not

the beauty of music. The seriousness and self-restraint of the Puritans, their extreme piety, a fervent religious love and an unwavering trial for peace and order blended with a consciousness of the defeat of a cause dearer than his sight to him only serve to make his contemplation grander, his genius more gigantic, his conception sublimer and his purpose god-like. Among the fickle writers of this period he cannot be numbered. Their characteristics affected not the loftiness of his thought or the sublimity of his ideas. Yet in him is united the present as well as the past; his predominating features were the heritage of the former reign.

But with Dryden the case is different. He possessed all the irresoluteness of this age, but seemed rather to look toward the future, and felt the force of that phase of thought which founded the next best era of our art. In him were the faculties of a giant mind, but his fault lies in his lack of determination—in the subjugation of his genius to his will.

He was a creator, not of "lofty verse" or of poety divine, but a creator of uncreative poets, who appeared the natural offspring of the Restoration and the thought of the times, and under whose guidance a literary change occurred, hand in hand with the social, moral and political revolution. The nation grew tired of profigacy and dissolution. Man was aroused to a consciousness of his true condition and ceased to regard life as a mere means of pleasure, but a powerful responsibility. This, we readily see, was a step in ethical science. Add to this the state of government and society and the psychological equation will be complete. Under an established peace the country was given ease, and all hailed "Good Queen Ann." There was not yet a perfect peace: for the old factional strifes had not yet been firmly settled, only the pen was exchanged for the sword, and controversy smoked out of the smothered fires. Society was in a disjointed state so that satires naturally grew. Well was Swift's misanthropic nature suited to such a time. In some respects his smile was genial and helped to raise the tone of morality, but the outward world was shut up

within him and he breathed out the dark emotions of his soul in scoffing words of blasphemy and shame. He wrote satires against society, against science and truth and he himself may be called a satire against mankind. Irony and wit were the demands of the time, and to these confined and narrow limits literature was chiefly clasped. The golden era of French art was still in splendor and was operative in producing in England a school of imitators. The Renaissance had not yet declined, for the human eye still depended upon Greece for sights and the brain fed upon things gone by. To the scholar the past was glorious, the present dark, and he tried with all the force of might and will to make the future like the past, to breathe into the dead carcas of Grecian art the breath of a new life. But "old bottles cannot stand new wine" and the result was only a grand, clashing noise. Artists in their efforts to restore the dead to life and to make perfect and polished the outer appearance only painted a picture with a Grecian back-ground, upon a French canvas, with an English brush. The muse of poetry was silent and man not content with her silence in his mad desire to be correct wrote not by inspiration but by study, skill and philosophy. The people artificial in their taste were callous and insensible to what true art should be. They listened to the majestic music of Pope's verse and termed it good and had they heard the soft Lydian lay they would have termed it unrythmic and disconnected. It requires but little thought to see that the verse was but a form of the Restoration poetry, less immoral, but a revolution intervened. A remarkable feature of this age was the pre-eminence of prose over poetry. The two are distinct forms of artistic development, each thriving in an atmosphere suitable to its respective growth. When æsthetic emotions dominate man gives himself wholly up to the worship of the beautiful and we call the age poetic. But when philosophical thought is expanded and man desiring only a physical form of art lives a practical life, all affections for poetry are converted into a strenuous effort for the attainment of ideas as they are conceived by the

times. Hence during the age of Addison and DeFoe, the emotional temperament was subjugated by speculative philosophy, political science and a desire for seeking profit, entertainment and ease. Man cared nothing for a poetic art which could not touch his tenderest feelings. The Drama did not suit his new-born taste. He needed something stirring. The novel was given him and to this he still clings.

In many ways has the Restoration affected art. The prevailing idea of metrical composition is in many respects the same. The fault of Pope was his being almost totally devoid of creative imagination. He occasionally borders on it, but soon again he hurls a polished sarcastic lash. The fault was not in his ideal being low. Shakespeare came no nearer his own ideals than Pope did his. But Pope's fault lies in the quality of his ideal. His project was to become correct, in which he thought superiority lay. His fault was in his conception and he spent his energy laboring under a delusion. Even now, it seems that we cannot get out of the idea that poetry belongs to something higher than is in us and often we are constrained to stifle the genuine poetic spirit with obnoxious notions of law and form.

SAM'L. H. MCGHEE.

Our Christian Civilization.

Anniversary Oration for the Calhoun Society, by P. B. Wells.

Christian civilization is the true destiny of man. The whole creation and the whole process of history have been tending towards this end. When we turn and gaze on the nations of antiquity, we find that their better natures were developed in proportion to the height of their civilization. Nations have their responsibility as well as individuals, and the greater the nation, the greater is its responsibility.

God never intended to realize a perfected mental structure in any of the primal elementary races of men; but they were merely integral parts of a perfect whole, contemplating that perfection of mental development which entered into his design gradually and ultimately to secure to his creature man. It may be regarded as a fixed law, from its universality, that of all the nations that have contributed to the moulding of modern life, no one of them contained all the various elements of a complete mind, in harmonious and symmetrical proportion; while each of these primal races contained, in a greater or less degree, some of the characteristics that enter into a perfect civilization. America has, more than any nation, solved the problem of civilization. But this development did not come about in a moment. Civilization has been rearing her proud columns through the ages, and has been placing in position her architraves and arches, like those of some mighty temple of old. We can go back for sixty centuries and there behold the germs of what America is to-day. Beginning with the man who gave the first recorded impulse to civilization, and coming on down the ages till we are lightened by the mother of arts and eloquence, and further still till we behold the proud mistress of the world seated on her seven hills, we see that mankind has been gradually building up that civilization which we of the 19th century enjoy. "She has defied the elements of disintegration, and around the tops of her lofty pillars there cluster the buds of eternal spring."

The triple sisters, Science, Freedom, and Protestantism, came in a divine alliance of spirit at the beginning of this century to bless us with their three-fold power and splendor of enlightenment. That was a glorious period of Grecian history when the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle" embalmed his poetic spirit in the Iliad; when Phidias gave us the Parthenon—the pride of Athens, of Greece, of all the ages. It was a wonderful century in Roman history that witnessed the ascendency of the Caesars, the building of Colosseum, and the writing of the Aeneid.

That was a great age in Italian history which saw Michael Angelo build St. Peter's, and Raphael paint "the sweet immortality of his Madonnas."

It was a memorable time in English history which had shed upon it the light of Baconian philosophy and the genius of the immortal Shakespeare.

But a greater century the world has never seen than that which has given to us the enlightenment of the present age. Problems, both social, political and spiritual, are being solved. We have truly entered into an age of renewed and intense mental activity. We have arisen to the glorious destiny of a Christian civilization.

In order to have a perfect civilization there must be present, in proper proportions, three great elements: the practical, the aesthetic and the reflective. The first brings society into the relation with the visible, external world. The second, being concerned with refinement, is related to the beautiful and grand. The third is concerned exclusively with those abstract principles that underlie all human interests. It seems that Providence has specially designed it that each nation should have some predominant characteristic of a perfect civilization. The Greek mind was the embodiment of the æsthetic faculty; the Roman of the judicial. The German mind is the reservoir of reflective faculty, while America is characterized by an excess of the practical element. It is necessary, therefore, that we should receive from other nations, by the law of amalgamation, the remaining characteristics of a perfect Christian civilization.

We will be thus exalted, however, not for our own sakes chiefly, but that we may be a blessing to mankind. Civilization has not reared her head like some lofty pillar, pushed up from the bosom of the earth; but her pillars seem to have been uplifted by the everlasting arms of Omnipotence, for the elevation of mankind as long as the "eloquence of thought and the melody of song" fill his being.

A high Christian civilization is our inheritance. The Anglo-Saxon race seems destined to secure the leadership of the world, under the law of the survival of the fittest. But in order to win in this magnificent conquest we must cultivate every source of influence within our reach. "We must be ready like the Roman Senator to die with curule dignity, or laying aside the garments of old, grapple with gladitorial skill with the athletes of the hour."

There are foes on every hand, and we must meet and conquer them. We must help to build up this civilization, which we have reason to believe has been planned from time immemorial.

Truly our age has stuck its roots into the "centuries gone by, and drawn nutriment from them." We have received a rich inheritance, and we can stop at nothing to defend and transmit it to future ages. It is our duty, then, to overthrow error, and to uphold truth, preserving in all its integrity our Christian heritage.

There are enemies confronting us on every hand, threatening to destroy our civilization. They attack our social, political and religious institutions. If they are successful in any issue, then our doom is sealed. We must not lose sight of the fact that under all conditions man is a unity. One part of him cannot ascend while another part is letting down. We must either stand or fall as a whole. We may seem to have a reserve of vitality in one direction after it has quite expired in another; but it is only a semblance of life, and it will be only a matter of time when the whole fabric of our being will go down. If we would make the most of our opportunity, we must build up all of our many-sided civ-

ilization. Special attention must be given to religion and learning—those two factors of civilization that have developed such a strange harmony and affinity in the sphere of man's growth. It is especially necessary, then, that we should meet and conquer the opponents of religion on their own ground, and that we should give to our youth that broad, Christian culture which will enable them to battle with dangers that threaten our birthright.

Every age has had its own peculiar style of skepticism, and we have ours as well. Christianity has had its natural growth, and along with Christianity has grown up civilization. In the New Testament days the assault was from Judaism and heathen religions. But each enemy was met and vanquished on its own field.

Turn your attention for a moment back to Greece. Coming down from the Acopolis of Athens ascend the time-beaten steps that lead to the Court of the Areopagus. Rising to the left of you is the Parthenon. Yonder at the foot of the Acropolis is the theatre of Sophocles and Aeschylus. Away beyond, on the plains, you will behold the majestic columns of the temple of Jupiter Maximus. Beyond the Agora, and to the right of you, is the platform on which Demosthenes stood when he delivered the Philippics. But there is a greater spot there than any of these. On this spot by you St. Paul stood and revealed to the men of Athens the Unknown God. He appealed not to the Prophets, but to the Creator of all things. He gave them the great argument from nature, thus treating them as rational beings, and making them realize the fact that manhood had been redeemed; that foes must be met and conquered on their own field. In the third century it was denied that Christianity met the requirements of the Old Testament. Next came the great swarm of heresies. In latter times Herbert made an assault upon Christianity, denying our need of it, and holding that nature could give all that man required. This was answered by Butler in his Analogy.

But in our own times the boldest attacks are being made. The attempt is made to sweep away everything

at one stroke. These assaults must be met and overcome by scholarly faith, if we would keep upon our civilization the princely diadem of her power. Some of the great leaders in thought are being borne away from the old anchorages, and are endeavoring to impress their sentiments upon all humanity.

John Stuart Mill would retain religion in the region of the imagination. Tyndall says "that he has touched upon a theme too great for him, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds, when you, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past." Prof. Clifford says: "We have seen the spring sun shine out of an empty heaven upon a soulless earth, and we have felt with utter loneliness that the Great Companion is dead." The spreading of such sentiments will destroy the very foundations of our Christian civilization, and make us a curse to mankind, instead of a blessing.

Another danger is from German philosophy. The remarkable balance and soundness of the English mind give us a sufficient guarantee that we shall not be absolutely rationalistic as the German mind is. But there are causes now at work in America which might readily aid in grafting these exotics upon our civilization, and thus a baneful influence.

The first of these causes is socialism which, resting as it does upon a basis of interpretation that repudiates much that is evangelical, occupies a position that places it in ready sympathy with rationalism. The other of these is found in the utilitarian tendency which is so very characteristic of the American mind. This utilitarian tendency, fostered as it is by our material surroundings, is obtaining an ascendency over faith just as the speculative faculty has obtained in Germany. Being concerned much in material progress, it is not surprising that the effort is made to reduce all truth to the standard of the senses. There is a kind of mental culture in vogue which fits us only for groveling utiliatrian life, and precludes that necessary adaptation to the characteristics of a Christian civilization. Even the higher intellects have

not altogether escaped from this tendency. Such a tendency acts as a center of attraction toward which all skeptical affinities irresistibly tend, "a mighty organism, that has been potent to mould everything within its reach, from congeniality and adaptation, it had power to gather up and to assimulate." These ideas find much sympathy even in our literature. Emerson, Parker, Dewey, and others are its apostles in America. Their ideas are invested with an air of originality, and the popular mind is drawn toward them. Their extended contact with the public mind, inviting the diffusion of rationalism and mysticism, is opening the way for the introduction of infidel philosophy.

We do not mean to say that this is the spirit of all German intellect. There are achievements and specific results of German intellect that take rank among the most valuable of the conquests of the mind, and that have a most important bearing upon many of the highest departments of human intelligence. We are indebted to them for the improvements originated in methods of learned criticism. For the clear and satisfactory light they have thrown upon the subject of the human mind, and especially the analysis of the mind which has been given to the world by Kant. We are indebted to them also for the tendency which the literature of Germany has to secure the necessary balance to all other existing civilizations, by imparting to them the needed speculative or reflective mind.

It follows then that our special aim should be to separate the gold from the dross around us. We want some great impelling motive to stir us to action.

There are times in each individual's life when he longs for a great thought to compensate for the littleness of his being; and it is just so with a nation. We want some great national thought to stir us to action, and that will go sweeping down the ages as the product and impelling force of our existence. Now what shall that thought be? Shall we go forward or backward? Shall our nation be a success or a failure? We are in a war with giants and our champions must not be wanting.

The push and hurry of modern life is carrying us forward at a mighty speed, and it will require great skill on our part to steer safely through Scylla and Charybdis. We must beware of blunders. "God never forgives a blunder." Our nation is moving at an increasing rate, and our dangers are becoming greater. One blunder, and we may be a national wreck. Spain blundered in consigning thousands of her subjects to the torture of the inquisition. France blundered on the night of St. Bartholomew. England blundered in trusting a certain one of her officers, and she lost a continent, and South America lost the opportunity of becoming a protestant empire. Let us then beware of blunders. If we fail to see our day of opportunity, we must drop into the rear and our destiny be an ignoble one. There is nothing too extravagant for us to hope for. Let us find our mission and then set to work to do it.

The prevailing opinion is that we have been put into this western world simply that we might become a great people. If we do not get rid of this foolish conceit, then we are lost. There has never been a great power in human history that occupied such a position as we occupy in the world today. Our great thought should be to build up our temple of civilization with her "marble front to the future;" build for all the years of time and eternity.

This can be done by scattering broadcast over the land choice reading, by missionary work, and by Christian education. I shall not speak of the necessity of choice reading, and the crowding out of the vile matter that is flooding our country. You are also well aware of our missionary debt to the world. But there are a few remarks in reference to our educational debt to mankind that might be pertinent just here.

A high Christian culture is the most potent faculty for meeting the requirements of the century. There are those who, from lack of culture, imagine that science and religion are contradictory, but this is not true in any sense. In the words of Cardinal Gibbons, "science and religion, like Matha and Mary, are sisters, because they

are daughters of the same father. They are both ministering to the same Lord, though in a different way. Science, like Martha, is busy about material things; Religion, like Mary, is kneeling at the feet of her Lord."

Enumerate the thousands in our schools and colleges, and you will see what a power they form. The teachers in these institutions are more than ten times as many as there were citizens of Athens when she ruled Greece; more than twelve times as many as there were soldiers in the army of Hannibal "when he slid down the Alps into the plains of Italy, and made Rome shiver with mortal fear." Yea, and the time is upon us when Rome must shiver again. We cannot calculate the elevating power of all of these workers. They are demanding the secrets from nature, "and lighting their way into new discoveries with the burning mummies of Ancient Gods."

There is but one course left for us, and that is to go forward. The great struggle of thought in our time involves consequences which it is impossible to foretell.

Imagine yourself standing out in space and viewing the great drama that is being enacted on the American stage. From the spot where the waving folds of the stars and stripes catch the first gleams of the Atlantic sun, across to the placid waters of the Pacific, you will see abysses opening to swallow the unwary, while efforts are being made to turn all of this nation into the path of right. There is something majestic in the man who is striding down the ages, combating against the wrath of his creator, overwhelmed with the gloom of a rayless and hopeless despair. But infinitely above this, and beyond the comprehension of man, is that nation which can draw knowledge from the unpoisoned fountain-heads of light, rejoicing in its Christian civilization, and fulfilling the glorious destiny that has been set for it from time immemorial.

Let us then give elementary and higher education our unfaltering support. In the name of political and religious freedom, we must perpetuate in all its American integrity our educational systems. Our higher education must be protected against the prostituting influences of

superstition and bigotry, and the baneful influences of rationalism and materialism. We must protect those studies by which the immediate future is to be characterized, and from which the most universal faith and enlightenment will come. As widely as liberty may spring so far must Christianity, and especially Methodism, accompanying her, as her divinely appointed and eternal companions.

Those before us have felt this necessity, and the result is that we are to-day at a grand old institution of learning founded by Benjamin Wofford, who felt the truth of the statement that Christian culture is the means of developing our Christian civilization.

There must be neither lack of breadth nor lack of consecration. Several steps have been taken in the right direction and the battle cry must be forward.

The past beams upon us like some meteor in its resplendent beauty. This should encourage us to take up the duties of the present, and fill us with high hopes for the future.

As I picture to myself the 20th century rolling in upon us with all its possibilities, a vision presents itself to my gaze. I see the rich men from the North and South and East and West coming and laying down their treasures for the promotion of Christian culture. I see our youth from every quarter coming and seeking the means of advancing our civilization. Those of other nations, too, are coming to get the secret of our success. And in my vision I can see that ray of light in the eastern horizon of this sin-stricken world, that has already begun its triumphant march, burst with untold splendor upon an astonished universe, and revealing the fact that America recognizes the glorious destiny of her Christian civilization, "and is forming one of those radiant points from which the blessed rays of knowledge and religion will go forth, to aid in forming that halo of light which shall at length encircle the whole earth, and make it noonday among all nations."

Our Ideals and Their Realization.

Anniversary Oration for the Preston Society, by W. J. Snyder.

The Divine purpose can be traced from the time the first nebulous mist drifted out into infinity and formed the foundations of the world on down the ages until the earth stood ready for the reception of man, God's noblest work, the culmination of His plans, His own ideal. The characteristic that differentiated him from the beast of the field was that he had an ideal nature, separate from his actual life. Both confined to one body, but as distinct from each other as the east from the west. The vision of one is confined to the objects in its immediate neighborhood, while the sight of the other extends backward into the ages that are gone and forward to those that are to come. In the past it looks into the lives of earth's greatest men, in the future it builds ideals that it expects to attain. The world of one is bounded by the horizon, but who shall limit the boundaries of the other? In the actual world our explorations are limited by place and time, but in the ideal naught can hinder our progress, whether it be in search of thought, while wandering through the mazes of ancient and modern literature, or treading with the stars their silent pathway in the skies It is pleasant to wander through a conservatory inhaling the fragrance of a thousand blooms, but how much more pleasant to revel in the "flower gardens of the soul." It is grand to stand under the starlit sky and view those shining worlds, but how much grander to picture in our own hearts the star of a noble purpose which shall forever shine and guide us to a still nobler end. When Demosthenes thundered forth his Philippics, when Socrates taught his philosophy, when Aristotle reasoned and Plato lectured, then Greece was great. When the Forum resounded with the eloquence of Cicero, when Cæsar clashed arms in thought as brilliantly as he did in battle, when Horace and Virgil sung their sweetest lays, then did Rome stand forth the proud mistress of the world. But when these countries laid aside their ideal nature and each sought only to gratify the physical de-

mands, then they fell: only their writings and the ruins of cities and temples are left to tell the story of their grandeur.

Our forefathers came to this country having high ideals of liberty and freedom of worship. They braved the terrors of the forest, defied the Indian's blow, and when England endeavored to oppress them, gave their best blood to maintain those ideals. The result is that today we live under an ideal government, one of which we are justly proud.

There are young men before me who will enter the various professions of life. To each one of you would I hold up the ideal life. If the political world calls you to fill important positions, take for your ideal John C. Calhoun, the mighty reasoner, or William C. Preston, the illustrious orator. If law is your choice make it your aim in life to defend the helpless and to see that justice is meeted out to the innocent as well as the guilty. If you are endowed with the rare gift of oratory, let your purpose be as high as that of Henry W. Grady, whose whole life was given up to uniting the bands of brotherhood that had been severed by the war. Like some flashing meteor he sped across the sky of fame and left in his wake a light which will illumine the pathway of his followers and enable them to set in motion those influences that will some day cause the

"Chords that were broken to vibrate once more."

If you are called to that high and noble work of binding up the broken hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and opening the prison to them that are bound, take for your ideal that character who, "at early morn in noontide's heat, at day's decline and midnight's solemn hour" could be found accomplishing his mission of love. But to be more practical: you are now students in this institution and you have an ideal life to live within these classic walls. If John C. Calhoun were here he would tell you to live it; if W. C. Preston were here he would urge you with eloquence sublime to live it; if all the men who have left this rostrum prepared to battle with the world were here they would tell you to live it.

It is not always to obtain the highest mark or win the most medals, but so to improve the opportunities at hand that you will be able to cope with the duties of life.

But is it possible for these high ideals to be realized? Are they not unreal, merely fancies of our brain which are seen through the hazy atmosphere of a youthful imagination? True it is that many fail in attaining their ideals, not because they are unattainable, but because they are forsaken before they are realized, and in after years when looking back over lost opportunities and fruitless lives, those ideals which were abandoned in the mad rush for wealth, will arise and sternly demand the recognition which was promised when life seemed but a golden dream and fame allured them on. But because some have failed in attaining their ideals does that prove them unreal? Is not Hamlet as real as any Danish prince we know of, or Christian of Pilgrim's Progress as real as Cromwell? Many there are who do attain their ideals and not being satisfied with the results have gone on to higher achievements. Some sixty years ago a humble Methodist preacher in the upper part of this State, realizing the need of an educated ministry, left at his death a hard-earned fortune for the establishment of an institution of learning. We behold to-day the result of his Ideal, a college, in grandeur excelling all of her contemporaries, in usefulness exceeding his most sanguine expectations.

Little did Benjamin Wofford think that such men as Bishop W. W. Duncan, Dr. Jas. H. Kirkland, Chas. Foster Smith, and many others of similar fame would come forth from her walls equipped for the battle of life. When Grover Cleveland was sheriff of Erie county, though he had high ideals he never expected to become the head of such a mighty nation as the one he now rules with so much grace and justice. When Livingston gave his life to open up the way for missionary work in Africa, he never thought that such a flood of light would be shed over that darkened continent. Truly "Unto every one that hath shall be given."

Since our ideal nature is a divine gift it is our duty to

cultivate it and assist others in cultivating theirs. Gray standing in a church-yard mused thus:

> "Some village Hampdem that with dauntless breast,
> The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
> Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
> Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

But we are not compelled to go to the tombs to find men who would "Thrill a nation with a grand romance and elevate a generation with a sublime poem." Poverty has bound many a man to the earth who, had he but the opportunity, would startle the world with his great achievements. One of the highest ideals that man can aspire to, is to lift from the shop, the factory, or the farm some life that longs to rise above its surroundings and to give the world something that will elevate humanity and inspire others to similar efforts.

Young men, you have your ideals of life; they are real and sometimes fascinating: the bright prospects that flit across your imagination are only fore-runners of what your lives may be. Take for your models the best and noblest men of our country, above all as your highest ideal, the character of the lowly Nazerine, then, when there is need of men to represent any great principle, South Carolina as an ideal State, yes, even Wofford College as an ideal institution, will be able to stand forth and offer them to the world.

"Confessio Amantis."

My heart is sad tonight, love;
  My thoughts are wandering, dear,
Far, far away to thee, love;
  I'm wishing thou wert here

The days are lonesome now, love,
  From care no longer free;
And at night when I lie on my pillow
  Still, still I think of thee.

I dream sweet dreams of thee, love,
  And my heart is filled with peace;
But I awake with sadness
  After love's dreaming feast

If I thought thou dreamt of me, love,
  All pain would flee my soul;
And blessedness unmeasured
  Would o'er my sadness roll.

O.

A Thought

On reading certain resolutions adopted by a body of men in South Carolina.

If in a prideful moment I
  Should choose as my best hobby,
To look up genealogies
  And be quite ultra-snobby,

With Darwin, Charles, I'd rather be
  Descending from a monkey,
Than that disgrace of mankind's race,
  A politician's flunkey.

D. D. WALLACE.

Wofford College Journal.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, NOVEMBER, 1893.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

Citizenship.

The import of great things is sometimes not realized at immediate proximity. Such, we think, is the case with the Columbian Exposition. Its object was declared to be a friendly comparison of progress for the last four hundred years. That was a good motto to begin with: now that the world has beheld the display, the wording should be changed to say that the nations go home to see how they can improve in the coming years. Perchance at the next centennial to Columbus all the nations will be republics. Perchance this Union will be somewhat changed ; the old bird of freedom may have to re-arrange a ruffled plume.

Americans are not notable for national congregations. After we had somewhat sated the desire to "see some new thing," and indeed because we had seen several new things, the value of such expositions was forcibly presented. The greatness—shall we say ponderousness—of the United States as shown forth should awe that braggart patriotism whose height and depth are comprehended in a political war-whoop, and make men think.

Americans need to feel more patriotism for America, and to cultivate it we need such meetings as that at Chicago. Our patriotism is not catholic enough; State against State, section against section, party against party; while local plunderers rail against the President of us all. Unprofitable antagonism. We remember an acute philosopher to have said that this harmonious universe grew out of chaos by the "removal of contraries." Much truth is here. The American nation should harmonize or split. These fierce sectional divisions prevent prompt, efficacious action when society is ailing.

In 1860 the United States met a political cricis. She has never met a social crisis. When in Chicago we contemplate her wealth in cumbersome abundance and in the same city find two hundred thousand unemployed workmen with here and there an anarchist, and here, and here, and here, and here again, can we doubt that she will have one? And when the country is in a nightmare of concrete misery will it wait for months while "leaders" contrive a compromise to "suit the Southern Senators?" No. We have never met a social cricis.

Two years ago the United States Army tactics were rewritten to suit the progress of the times. A special division is given to street manœuvres, so that at street corners four mobs can be handled at once, a neat army officer driving a four-in-hand, so to speak. Ah, gentlemen, far better weed your hearts of inordinate "state pride," localism and individualism. We need to learn that we are citizens of the United States and above all, citizens of humanity. The social lessons of the Columbian Exposition, and in Washington, press upon Americans the necessity of broad, magnanimous statesmanship, and catholicity and humanity of citizenship.

Whatever may be said of esoteric senatorial courtesy, not much courtesy at large is bestowed on the body. A writer in the *Forum* classifies the senators by name into five groups, two of which are deadbeats and old fogies unable to make a living otherwise, and general nondescripts.

Every man should have his philosophy by which to guide his footsteps. But, friend, be careful to divulge it not; for succeed as thou wilt, and be thy philosophy as sweet nourishment to thy soul as it may, a flock of underlings will prove thy philosophy foolishness and thee a fool to follow it.

Homicide.

The public mind is perverted on the subject of homicide. The idea that a man can casually slay his fellow-man and still be a respectable, or even safe, citizen is an intellectual and moral absurdity. Until late years murder was legalized by the duelling code; and standing under its receding shadow it is easy for malice to convince itself that in taking off its object it is virtually engaged in the sacred combat of honor. This unfortunate idea is aggravated by a lingering spirit of aristocracy, or rather, the lingering spirit caused by the collapse of aristocracy. Aristocracies are privileged: why not exempt them from rude laws? They are not dealt with like other classes: is there not ground to pardon their indiscretions?

Our man-slayers are totally wanting in sympathy with organized society; they fail completely to comprehend its nature and requirements. Leaving out superficial culture, they are identical with savages. In theory they are republicans; in practice they are anarchists. They recognize no man's rights but their own. In fact, they feel somewhat better than their fellow-men. Therefore, white men of good family or able means feel free to "shoot the infernal scoundrel;" and shoot they do, and acquit them we do, and more than this, often subsequently elevate these men of the mark of Cain to high official positions. Lynching and homicide are whelps of the same dam. The idea which excuses them is founded in fallacy. It puts peaceable citizens under bondage to assassins; it gives over the community to the worst element, and that in its worst mood. We will welcome the day when, waiving race and condition, the law shall move with the majestic tread of confidence.

Having killed an individual is of no account to a dead man; but the outraged State still lives; and no matter how respectable the offender, he has trespassed against a hundred thousand better men than he, and for their sakes he deserves to die. "State of South Carolina against John Smith," the indictment reads.

We are glad to see that the courts have of late had the courage—nothing more than any court should have—to condemn to death two powerful white men. South Carolina has got the indigestion, and it is going to gripe her to get of rid it; and certain "wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air" must be ground to very fine pulp in the process.

Pure truth is a glass of clear water. Every man who sticks his finger into it gives it a different tinge according to the degree of dirtiness of his finger, until the thirsty imbiber finds it so tainted that it curdles on his stomach.

Exchanges.

The *Furman Echo* is our nearest neighbor. It is a well printed magazine. We beg leave to suggest that the local editor abridge his funny column.

One of our new exchanges is the *Howard Magazine*, from Howard College, East Lake, Ala. Its typography is excellent. The contents are good, the leading article, "*De Rerum Natura*," deserving especial credit.

The *Georgia University Magazine* is interesting, well edited and has about it a pleasing air of stability. The article on the decline of literary societies is a sensible explanation of the situation.

The *P. M. I. Journal* contains an excellent essay by Prof. Ayer on Hamlet's Madness. We note that Mr. A.

S. Flud, who attended Wofford a while last year, is an associate editor.

The *Methodist College Magazine* is a new exchange coming from Arkadelphia, Ark. Its best article is a romance by a young lady, Miss McKinnon. The scene is the college itself, it being co-educational, thus furnishing the two essentials, a boy and a girl.

Since speaking of the *Furman Echo* as our nearest neighbor we have received the *Converse Concept*. The young ladies have made a good change in taking on the pamphlet form. The matter of the *Concept* is better than heretofore. We congratulate our fair contemparary.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*, from the Southwestern University, is one of our handsomest exchanges. The contents of the literary department are all good. "The South and its Literature" is an admirable article. We clip the following from its editorials: "Prof. A. S. Pegues, A. M., is a graduate of Wofford College, S. C., and brings complimentary recommendations from President Carlisle, of that school. One thing that would very naturally draw him to the students of Southwestern University, is his kinship to our honored and lamented Prof. Sanders."

Clippings.

"Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,
We Sinais climb and know it not."—*Lowell.*

The University of Michigan graduated last year the largest class ever sent from an American college. It numbered 731.

The first college paper ever published in the United States came from Dartmouth College, with Daniel Webster as editor-in-chief.

The failure of a Sunday paper in Chicago proves that the citizens would rather play seven-up on Sunday than read.

Furman breaks the record of South Carolina colleges this year by adopting co-education. Two young ladies have registered so far and more are expected soon.—*Furman Echo.*

"Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rests in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."—*Bacon.*

"Courtship among the Australians consists in watching the village until a desirable woman comes out alone and knocking her down with a club and carrying her off."

A traveler, recently returned from the Holy Land, says that part of the way to the Mount of Olives is disfigured by advertisements of Dublin stout, and bands play dance music Sundays in the Garden of Gethsemane. —*Printers' Ink.*

When a timid young Tarheel wishes to express himself to his girl, he takes a piece of fat pine, trims it in the shape of a capital I, and passes it to his girl. That means, I pine for thee. If she rejects him, she strikes a match and sets the splinter on fire. This means, I make light of your pining. If she likes him, she hands him a lightwood knot, which means, pine not. When the boy goes to leave, he gently puts his arm around the girl, kisses her, and puts some soft pitch on the end of her nose, which means, ta(r) ta(r) till we meet again.—*Ex.*

"I gazed abashed,
Child of an age that lectures, not creates,
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful past,
And twittering round the works of larger men,
As we had builded what we but deface."—*Lowell.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - Editor.

Preachers From Wofford.

See what our Alumni are doing in the ministry.

Of Wofford's four hundred and sixty-six sons not including class of '93, seventy-two, about 20 per cent., have entered upon ministerial work. They occupy positions ranging from the dignified office of bishop to the humble yet important station of a circuit preacher. The representative in the college of bishops is Rev. W. W. Duncan, of the class of '58. Some of the leading stations in the S. C. conference are filled by our alumni,—Trinity, in Charleston, by Rev. W. R. Richardson; Beaufort Station by Rev. J. W. Kilgo; Central Station, in Spartanburg, by Rev. W. A. Rogers. Important stations in other conferences are occupied by graduates of Wofford. Rev. R. D. Smart is pastor of one of the leading appointments in the Arkansas conference; Rev. A Coke Smith has charge of the principal pulpit of the Methodist churches in Norfolk, Va.; Rev. H. F. Chreitzberg was transferred to the Western N. C. conference last year and stationed at Asheville.

Congregations of other denominations have as pastors graduates of Wofford. The principal missionary work carried on in Brazil is by our Alumni. Revs. J. W. Wolling, J. W. Tarbourx, J. W. Kogar and J. McP. Lander have given their lives to this field.

Of these seventy-two Alumni upon whose shoulders have fallen the privilege and responsibility of directing men into paths of peace and righteousness, death has hushed but three, Revs. E. G. Gage, C. Thomason and M. O. Ligon. The first and second constituted the class of '64. Rev. M. O. Ligon was of the class of '91.

These remarks are about Alumni only. Many who spent from one to three years in college are doing excellent clerical work in this and other States.

'92.—E. L. Asbill is reading law at Edgefield.

'92.—W. A. Dagnall is reading law in Atlanta.

'93.—W. M. Hamby is teaching in Marion county.

'93.—Rev. W. A. Pitts has a school in Clarendon county.

'93.—H. W. Ackerman has a good school in Lancaster county.

'92.—W. D. Dent has a flourishing school at Irmo, Lexington county.

'93.—Howard M. Lanham is studying medicine at Jefferson College, Philadelphia.

'95.—T. M. Sessions is in charge of a thriving school at Hinesville, Ga.

'93.—R. W. Allen practices pedagogics at Eutawville, Berkeley county.

'89.—R. A. Few will join the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist church this fall.

'91.—H. F. Jennings has completed the South Carolina College law course and has been admitted to the bar.

'92.—E. M. Bearden is in charge of the ginnery of the Produco Cotton Seed Oil Mill, Spartanburg, S. C.

'93.—Sam Clyde, who spent one year in college, is preparing to enter the South Carolina Conference this fall.

'79.—Rev. E. E. Bomar has resigned his pastorate in Kentucky and accepted a call from the Baptist church of Aiken, S. C.

'92.—H. W. Fair is principal of the Spartanburg Graded school. His scholars speak well of him and his Spartan friends are glad to have him with them.

'91.—G. Roquie is travelling agent of the *Greenville News*. He loves and has talent for journalistic work, and we are glad to see him moving forward.

'92.—W. E. Willis is now one of the teachers in Bamberg Fitting school. He and J. J. Riley render Headmaster Sheridan excellent services as educators.

'89.—A. M. Muckenfus is now professor of chemistry in Milsap's University, Jackson, Miss. Wofford's sons keep in the forefront and we are proud of them.

'79.—Rev. J.McP.Lander,of Brazil,is back in his native land on a year's furlough. He is now at Rev. Moody's school making further preparation for missionary work.

'82.—J. L. Weber has been elected professor of English at Trinity College, N. C. Previous to this call he was connected with the *News and Courier* editorial staff. We wish him much success in his new vocation.

'93.—Rev. J. D. Major, now a member of the East Columbia Conference, reports progress in his work and calls for more Wofford men to help extend Chistianity in that comparitively new country.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

H. L. Bomar, Pres.; F. M. Lander, Vice-P.; D. D. Wallace, 1st Critic;
S. H. McGhee, Sec.; S. J. McCoy, Treas.;
H. M. Cleveland, Librarian.

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. D. B. Easter, Mg'r.; F. H. Shuler, Capt. Foot Ball Team;
W. L. Walker, Sec.; Frank Lander, Treas

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tan Omega; Kappa Alpha; Pi Kappa Alpha;
Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

W. W. Watson, Caterer of Alumni Hall.
Smilie Taylor, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

F. M. LANDER, - - Editor.

Founder's Day.

On Friday night Nov. 3d, the anniversary exercises were conducted in the Wofford College Chapel. It has been the custom here for several years to celebrate the 19th of October in honor of our founder, Benjamin Wofford. This being his birthday; but for the past few years the literary societies, which have sole charge of the evening's exercises, have been unable to observe the real day of Wofford's birth, and often the time is differed for several weeks. This matter should be looked after by the proper authorities and rectified. Men who are to deliver speeches on this occasion should be notified at the time of their election that they are expected to be ready by the 19th of October, and if by any means it is absolutely impossible for them to be prepared by the appointed time, let them send in their resignation in due time so the societies can elect others to fill their places. Better dispense with the anniversary altogether than to celebrate it when the birthday is two or three weeks old. Our illustrious founder deserves more consideration at the hands of Wofford's sons.

The speakers of this occasion, Messrs. P. B. Wells and W. J. Snyder, acquitted themselves fairly well. Mr. Wells' oration on "Our Christian Civilization" is particularly worthy of special mention. In the judgment of this editor it was a thoughtful, well-prepared production, and well delivered. Mr. Snyder also showed that he had found some use for the rules of Rhetoric, but his speech was entirely too hortatory and didactic for a college student speaking to fellow students.

The reception, which in the judgment of some has come to be a necessary appendage to every public exercise in the college chapel, was beyond question a roaring farce. This practice of having a reception at every bell-

tap for public exercises in the college is of very modern usage, and could be easily eliminated without any serious detriment to college or students. In many respects, however, the anniversary was a very pleasant and profitable occasion. Even the fact that we were celebrating the anniversary of Carolina's greatest benefactor was enough in itself to awake every dormant spark of beneficient manhood and inspire us to thoughts of nobler living.

Dr. Carlisle's Lecture.

Our Faculty has decided that once in every month, there shall be given to the students and friends of the college, a free lecture. The lecturers will be chosen from the Faculty, each in turn speaking from a subject connected with his department. The first one of this series of addresses was delivered by Dr. Carlisle, Oct. 29th. He spoke for an hour from the subject, "The Patriarchs of the Bible."

The Doctor held a large audience thoroughly interested and wonderfully appreciative during his whole speech. He looked at the patriarchs as men and not as demi-gods. Very aptly did he quote from Joseph Cook, "I am glad that Abraham made a fool of himself."

The apostrophe to Truth was magnificent. We cannot undertake a synopsis of the whole lecture; for it needs the whole accompaniment of Doctor's delivery to be most effective. However, it will be long remembered as a profound, intellectual, pathetic appeal to Wofford's men.

The next lecture of the course will be given by Prof. H. N. Snyder.

Athletics.

It is a noted fact in college affairs, that when the body of students go in for athletics, the general moral tone of the college is raised. There is an accumulation of force in a man's make up which must of necessity have a vent.

If this is not worked out in the honest sweat and ruddy glow which shows on the athlete's face, it will take other channels.

We are glad that there has come with the return of boys to college, an intense feeling of enthusiasm along the line of sports. It is truth to say that Wofford's men were never of a higher type than now. Athletics will help to raise them still higher in every way.

Football fun increases. The official bulletins show about ten new cases daily and as yet no deaths or discharges. The team is working hard every afternoon, and those mile runs before breakfast will give them as much wind as a day in March. We expect to take the whole body of students over to Greenville on the thirtieth when we play Furman our annual game. Those Furman men, if they don't know very much about foot ball, are a fine set of fellows and have always given Wofford men the most cordial welcome and have shown them every attention. Although diametrically opposed to Furman's foot ball team, we give them all the regular Baptist "right hand of fellowship." We'll "meet them at Philippi."

The "Snyder house" has organized a tennis club. The grounds are just in front of the college and in the grove of pines. This new association starts off well and some of its men will make fine players. Others, however, seem to think a racket is an axe and every strike at the ball is hard enough to send it to Church street. This, of course, is not correct; for then somebody has to go "After the Ball."

The F. P. Tennis Club will likely move its scene of action from the Woodward court to the old court of the Eureka's, near the Archer house. This is a wise decision for the ground could not be made sufficiently level for the best playing. The "old four," Lanham and Chreitzberg *vs.* Ray and Lander, have not been able to decide the championship for doubles. They often tie in games and sets and it is very interesting to speculate how it will turn out.

It has been suggested by several, that we appoint a

day, some Saturday in December, for field day. There would be prizes offered for the best individual work in running, jumping, vaulting, putting the shot and various other feats. There are some record-breakers in college if they will train carefully for it. The Local Department thinks it a fine idea and will do all it can for it.

Who reads may run.

Foot Ball!
Hear 'em squall!
Great and small,
Short and tall,
One and all,
How they fall,
After the——

The Young Men's Christian Association is awakening from a lethargy and has decided to make the Wednesday afternoon services amount to more than an aggregation of sluggishness and dragging songs seasoned with an experience meeting. We congratulate them for this move. Mr. W. T. Duncan is chairman of a newly created committee to seek the best talent in town and bring before the Association men of brain and experience who will teach by lectures, the great truth of Christianity. The assembly room was crowded Wednesday afternoon to hear the boys' own friend, Prof. J. C. Kilgo. He lectured on his trip to Chicago. It was beautiful to see that the Professor did not worry his audience as so very many returning World's Fair folks do. The boys appreciated the speech and hope for a further discussion of the same line of thought.

On October 30 the Senior class met in the chapel to elect a class historian in lieu of Mr. J. O. Norton. Mr. Preston B. Wells was elected. A prophet is a necessity for an aspiring and hopeful class, and Mr. Frank Lander was accordingly elected. The prophet, after due meditations and incantations writes on his scroll the future

of each member of the class and speaks it out on commencement day. The Senior class organization is as follows: President, E. S. Jones; Vice President, W. W. Watson; Secretary, O. M. Abney; Historian, P. B. Wells; Poet and Prophet, F. M. Lander.

The election of officers in the Preston society last Friday night resulted as follows: E. S. Jones, President; P. H. Edwards, Vice-President; W. W. Watson, First Corrector; Olymphia M. Abney, Second Corrector; William Coleman, Recording secretary; John C. Daniel, Treasurer; C. C. Leitner, Librarian; A. E. Holler, First Monitor; Clarence Boyd, Second Monitor.

During October, Mr. Lyon, '95, went home to Abbeville on a business trip. He returned after a week's absence. Mr. Barber, '96, spent his holiday in Greenville with his grandmother. Mr. Lander, '94, was off duty for ten days. He went home to court.

The latest acquisition to the Physical Labratory is a new air pump recently bought for the college by Prof. DuPre. The instrument is a double action, compound pump, set on a handsome red wood base. It has a brass receiving plate and is highly finished. Many modern improvements are seen in its working, prominent among which is the change of the old mercury column indicator, for the impressed "siphon guage." It registers over ninety-nine per cent. vacaum, and cost $125.

The Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies promptly and gladly elected Professors Rembert, Thomas and Easter, honorary members of the Societies. These gentlemen will be welcomed in the halls whenever they see fit to come. We expect a visit from them in the near future.

Mr. Strother, '96, took a flying trip to Chicago during the last of October. Jack reports a fine time flirting with the Javanese beauties and whirling in mid-air on the Ferris wheel.

The musical element in college continues to run scales and jump octaves under the masterly tuition of Prof. Russell. When we hear these sounds we are "compelled by compulsion" to exclaim with the poet, orator and statesman: "O, Music! Music! Thou that softeneth the Senior, and quieteth the Junior, quelleth the Sophomore and quickeneth the Freshman,—how many crimes have been perpetrated in thy name!"

The old foot ball ground has been plowed up and rolled. There is not a stump on it. The goals and lines will be provided in a day or so. The team now practices in front of Capt. Carlisle's residence.

Those men in the Senior class who are expecting to study medicine, and those who like that sort of work, are taking a special course in Quantitative Analysis. The work is entirely elective and is strictly labratory work. No lectures are given, but Prof. DuPre superintends the work himself. Edwards, Snyder, Lanham and Lander have started in it, others will likely follow.

Brief Mention.

Hoo, Hoy! Hoo, Hoy! Hoo, Hoy! Wofford!

Black and gold.

Juniores a rostro.

The Chapel is comfortable.

We congratulate our friend, Mr. Horace Bomar, on the masterful way in which he sang his part in "Esther."

Mr. W. W. Watson, '94, is in Washington, D. C., repre-

senting Sigma Chapter of Chi Phi in the convention of that Fraternity. Of course he will have a fine time and a profitable trip.

Mr. Jason Hall, '94, who finished Junior with the class, was on the campus for a few days in October. We regret to lose him from our class and wish him luck in the Doctor's trade.

Professors D. A. DuPre and J. A. Gamewell went to Chicago together. Later Prof. Kilgo with a party "did the fair in a week." They all report a great time. Many of the men from college enjoyed the fair during the holidays.

The annual sale of periodicals from the library is set for Wednesday, Nov. 15th. Among many valuable collections and files may be seen the following: The Forum, The Century, Harper's Monthly, Scribner's, Popular Science Monthly, Quarterly Review, Review of Reviews, Educational Review, etc. Besides these magazines there will be sold files of Scientific American, Harper's Weekly, Youth's Companion, Christian at Work, Young Men's Era, and many others.

The friends of the college will, doubtless, be glad to learn that the students have access to so valuable a line of outside reading.

Wanted—to impress on the students that our advertisers are due the first consideration when we spend a cent down town. "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways!"

Mr. Rupert Calvo, '96, who has been for some time in the employ of the Government in Washington, D. C., has not forgotten his relation to the Calhouns. He procured a splendid likeness of John C. Calhoun and sent it to the society. This is the tangible appreciation of the society's advantages, which is beautiful to see. Success to Mr. Calvo in his every undertaking.

There are seven bicycles on the campus. Prof. Kilgo, J. H. Carlisle, jr., Crietzberg, Hydrick, Hardin, Law and Wannamaker are the riders. They are all fairly good riders and some of them find no place in town so beautifully smooth as East Main street. Guess why.

Senior—Gazing steadily at Orion—"Ah, how appropriate the name of Job's coffin is!

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First speaker, resuming: "Mr. President, I think the electric light is of more benefit to Spartanburg than the water-works. I believe that is all I have to say, Mr. President."

One of the wits of the school remarked yesterday, that he was seriously tickled.

Prof. Rembert now has Greek for breakfast, dinner, and supper, and for lunches between meals.

Professors Fuller and Blake are now numbered among the wheelmen and are looking ruddy and happy.

Senior Latin class took a turn at several pages of vocabulary this week. Professor Fuller thought it would be good for what ailed them.

The meetings of the Y. M. C. A. are lively and spiritual. ORTHOS.

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W. T. DUNCAN, W. WM. WATSON, - Editors.

My Christmas Gift.

A winter's sun had gone to rest
  Upon the lap of dying day;
Her silvery radials from the west
  Had melted into mist away.
    We rode alone,
Engaged in conversation gay
    Of lowered tone.

No voices stirred the starry night;
  The air was still—so strangely still;
Yet were our spirits light, so light;
  A soft sweet influence seemed to thrill
    Our inmost heart—
Love—Love Divine—was there to fill
    Each aching part.

O, sweetest Love! what need for song?
  Nature, keep silence, hearts can sing,
And love's sweet passion, deep and strong,
  Can heal e'en Jealousy's dark sting—
    Cover her blot
When touched with her angelic wing—
    That cankerous spot.

Then welcome, Love, speak with that voice
  That charms the heart where never thou
Hast tuned thy harp and made rejoice
  The soul sublime with faithful vow;
    A sweet, sweet word
Speak as 'twas never spoke till now
    Nor ever heard.

What easier task is to be found
  Than this, to tell my love to thee,
Thee whom my affections cluster 'round,
  And there concentered seem to be,
    Thy heart, my heart?
Communing spirits then may we
    Our love impart.

O, Tongue! what use have I for thee?
  O, words! how passionless and vain!
Come, Spirit-love, speak, speak for me;
  Oh, tune my soul a Heavenly strain,
    And let it sweep
A chord as sweet as dewy rain
    When clouds do weep.

Love, thou art mine—I've found the key
  That ope's a heart, a soul Divine,
And gives a secret sweet to me;
  'Tis this: an angel girl is mine,
    Will be my wife—
Her sweet soul my rough one to fine,
    Her task in life.

M. LUTHER BANKS.

Manhood.

This is an age of variety. Man is touched at all points on all sides. Contact and competition exercise the various faculties. Every virtue is brought to test. Wounded error writhes among her worshippers; while eternal truth, evincing her eternity, is asserting eternal sway. No virtue is more prominent or assumes more attention than that of manhood. It is deep and broad; brave and masterly. The word itself is full of meaning; full of Pauline philosophy.

Manhood is based on freedom, wisdom, truth and integrity. Aye! What a basis! Nothing less than the Rock of Ages. Founded on freedom, not because it cannot live in bondage, for manhood is immortal; not because it can be crushed, for it is eternal; but because true grandeur is attained only when joined with liberty.

Founded on wisdom, because knowledge gives self-respect, nobler conceptions of life and closer relations with God. Occasionally manhood flickers across the horizon of barbarity; but only as the mere flicker of an intense celestial flame. Only in the blaze of wisdom does it shine with unclouded lustre.

Founded on truth; for manhood is true to self, true to mankind, and true to God.

Founded on integrity, before which the pomp of magnificence and the splendor of conquest are odious and perishable. Yea! True manhood is the sublimest thing in nature. Based on naught but the true, the good, and the beautiful. In this age it should be displayed in every sphere of life. The right is developing day by day. Truth is being found and embraced. Manhood, knowing the right, presses onward toward the mark of its high calling; spurns natures bounded reign and the jilted sneers of the world. Many a brilliant mind lies inactive, because of the want of manhood to assert its superiority. Weaklings complain of the cold world; pout when not petted; satirize when their talents are not universally admired, instead of spurring their own squeamish sensitiveness. But the valiant man never sulks nor shuns

trials; for the shrine of true success is not fancy's flash, but reason's ray. Every institution of economy and advancement is the shadow of manhood; for without manhood humanity is a mere mass of thriftless brutes. The right is ofttimes sacrificed to policy, but manhood, seeing the right with clear conscience and humbling itself before the King of Kings, bows to no tyrant, neither callous wrong nor pleasant public opinion. The soul of resolution, deaf to all temporary tantalizers, dies only for want of matter and speaks what it resolves, though hell itself should gape.

A courageous heart is never pricked by the blockhead's insult; but shielded with manhood, cleaves to duty and asks no recompense. Manhood is never idle; it pursues a purpose, holds itself in respect, whether wallowing in the mire of failure or enjoying the bliss of success. It never questions the worth of living, but accepting life as a gift from God, soars into regions where logic would droop on weary wings, and beats the pulseless ether of abstract thought with confident, buoyant pinion. Shakes off all naturally degrading habits, and placing every step on divine support, mounts into regions of divinity, where verbal formulae cannot penetrate. Rejects the map of mammon and with fixed eyes on the truth and the light, sails into the haven of security, never stopping to pick up vain proposals of phantasy or scurrility.

Manhood crushed to earth will rise again, exulting in both rise and fall. It curses any compromise, spurns duty half done, and claims naught but *summum bonum*. Although the air of pleasure fans the spirit and time and trial well-nigh crush the soul; yet, manhood, *noble manhood*,

> "Will either live in glorious victory,
> Or did with fame, renown'd for chivalry."

CANTEY.

Thoughts on Byron and His Works.

As one who dares not, from want of close study and easy familiarity, to pose as a critic in the poetical field, I desire to give a few thoughts suggested by reading Byron's works. It is scarcely necessary to add that this feeble tribute comes from a heart, if not eloquent, at least sincere. While there are many who condemn Byron and many of his productions simply because of his life, still it should be borne in mind that he lived in the giddiest age the great commonwealth of England ever saw, when the majority of youths plunged headlong into the Maelstrom of revelry and debauchery. But surely a genius, like that innate in Byron, when studied, brings forth admiration of the truest type.

To my mind his great fort was his facile, easy descriptive powers in treating on any subject. Who can read the "Prisoner of Chillon," "Coliseum at Rome," and his description of "Venitian Moonlit Nights" without feeling to some degree the greatness of the ideas which the poet would impart?

His poetry produced an effect almost unparalleled in the world's history. From a gay indolent youth, who after spending several months traveling in Europe and returning home to submit to the literary world that great poem "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," he awoke the next morning and found himself famous.

Another phase of his writing, peculiarly touching to us, is this: He made his poems his own life-picture, seeming to let the world view him openly, not wishing to hide his immorality or other faults under the mantle of secrecy and respectability, and to rather choose that it judge of his merit accordingly.

It was just before leaving England for the last time that he penned his celebrated "Fare Thee Well," to Lady Byron, his wife. In this poem he shows up his character at best. For instance in the following verses:

"Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride that not a world cou d bow,
Bows to thee, by thee forsaken,
E'en my soul forsakes me now."

Can any one after reading these lines have the timerity to say that he was only a profligate, licentious libertine, who had no regard for the wishes or reputation of his wife? Again, after the world had commended the course of his wife in procuring a divorce and that treacherous flickering "Will-o'-the-wisp" public opinion flitted away, there was only one who remained true to his side—his sister, and it seems but meet that to her he should pen the finest of his shorter poems, which was the faultless lines, "Tho' the Day of My Destiny's Over." He realized that he had one friend who would always remain true.

His ambition was the towering pinnacle to the great structure of his mind, and he cared not where it was found just so it was attained—either in the House of Lords, the literary world, or in far-away Greece, then struggling under the heel of Turkish despotism.

When we consider the extraordinary genius with which he was gifted, and the utter neglect of its proper care and training, we are amazed at such productions as the "Giaour," "Corsair," "Seige of Corinth," "Don Juan," etc. "Darkness, a Dream," is a most singularly striking production, that borders on the supernatural, with that sublimity of life-picturing that none but a master-hand can impart to render it to a wrought-up imagination almost a reality.

In the way of a philippic, containing sarcasm of the most caustic nature, we think the poem entitled "A Sketch," is the best we have ever seen.

Of an invalid's disposition from birth, nervous disposition and ungovernable will, his nature was always restless and craving new things.

He was not altogether void of religious emotions and susceptibilities, as by reading his poem "The Adieu," will show. He was quite young and in the primé of life when he died.

He died away from home and his native land, actively engaged (almost to the time of his death) in helping Greece in her struggle for freedom, with no kind, loving hand to minister to his last wants.

Let us hope that he, who woke the muses in such a

manner as even to shade Homer of classic Greece, who wandered blind and meaninglessly by the dim Laurentian seas, as he sank to sleep far away in Greece, found an eternal rest, and that the tongue which formed such beautiful expressions of thought, found before too late ample time to plead for repentance. Let us hope "that on his pale and wasted brow he felt the breath of eternal morning."

Wherever the English tongue is spoken, wherever true poetry is liked and appreciated, and when English literature, as a reaper, goes out to find her choicest sheaves to gather in the great granary of universal memory, Byron will be among the first to be taken in.

Ein Schreiber.

Lynching.

It is not the purpose of this essay to offer a solution to the serious question of lynching, but rather to examine the provocations that cause an outraged people to rise up in its implacable wrath and, forgetting for a moment their time-honored respect for law and order, besmirch their hands with the blood of humanity.

The chief, and I might say the only incitement to lynch violence is the heinous and horriying crime of rape, and the perpetrators of this outrage against law and humanity are confined almost exclusively to the negro race. Before the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, the crime of rape was scarcely known. There is only one instance where negro violence was perpetrated against Southern womanhood, before he obtained his freedom. This was the case of a negro in Alabama and, as the public well know, death was immediately meted out to him as a just recompense of reward. But since this untutored and ill-disposed race, which but a short while ago emerged from the savagery and barbarity of African life, was turned loose upon this sunny clime and clothed with all the privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship, "and my people commanded to make good at all hazard his free and equal rights," he has sought to ravage the virtue of that daughter whose mother he protected while his master was fighting against his freedom. Another fact, which I might mention, is that the crime of rape is committed more frequently in the South, where the majority of negroes live, than elsewhere.

South Carolina for the past year has especially been a field where the rapist has done his most dastardly work. What have been the influences that conduced to the frequency of these infamous outrages in the borders of our own Carolina, I am not prepared to say; but it seems to me to be high time that every man, that has a scintilla of Southern chivalry in his whole fabric and that hugs the virtue of womanhood and young girlhood to his bosom as a priceless gem, was bestirring himself and seeking out the causes that lead to this hellish out-

rage and arresting and throttling them at all hazard. Rape must stop; Southern manhood cries out that it must stop. The chastity of our women says that it must stop, and that Anglo-Saxon spirit, which has always cherished woman as Heaven's greatest boon to man, cries out in its inexorable wrath that rape shall stop. Just the wisest and most judicious step to bring the offenders to justice so as to check these fiendish beasts in their licentious course is a question, about which opinions greatly differ. Some claim that we ought to protect our women against negro outrage through the courts of justice. This plan seems at first glance to be right and proper; but there are some circumstances connected with a trial before a court of justice, that are very repellent and which cannot be explained away. First, those who are familiar with the statute concerning rape know how hard and difficult it is to convict a man of that crime, and, besides, no self-respecting and woman-respecting man, I care not who he is, nor where he is from, would allow his wife or daughter to be dragged into a court house, and have that most galling of all grievances aired before a gazing public. Think of it, all you who hold womanhood as a jewel that adorns and elevates home? How would you like to have your precious wife or darling daughter placed upon the witness stand, and subjected to all the minute details of cross-examination before the ribald jest and scoffing sneers of a heartless rabble?

It is a very easy matter for Walter H. Page, the editor of the *Forum*, to sit up in New York and write about "The Last Hold of the Southern Bully" (which of course is false, for the South has never had such an institution), and theorize about lynching. It is a very easy matter for Chief Justice Bleckley, of Georgia, to sit upon his supreme bench, and dispense the law and say that negro outrage does not justify lynching. But let the matter be brought home to them, let them look with horror upon the lifeless form of their own sweet daughter mutilated and mangled by the hand of some lecherous black brute, and I would not trust either of them.

Those who think that lynchers are composed of a lawless rabble and should be treated as common criminals have failed to understand and appreciate the spirit and chivalry of Southern manhood. There is an unwritten law in the heart of every man born under this sunny sky that the fiendish scullion who dares to lay the hand of violence on the purity of woman shall perish; and to talk about prosecuting a people for defending that which it holds most dear and sacred is simply worse than folly. You are not indicting an individual, but a whole people. Edmund Burke, the greatest statesman that lived before our Jefferson stepped upon the arena of State-craft and diplomatic activity, never said a greater thing than when he declared, "you cannot indict a whole people." I have no patience nor sympathy with that pusillanimous editor or politician who sits up in his editorial sanctum or law office, while his wife and daughters are protected by a municipal police system, and sheds crocodile tears over the victim of an outraged people. I am free to admit that lynching for any crime has a tendency to engender lawlessness and breed anarchy, but it will never stop as long as rape is committed. Stop rape and lynching will cease, and the only way to stop rape is to educate the moral character of the negro up to a point where he will appreciate and prize the virtue of woman.

W. T. DUNCAN.

The Cause of the Crime.

There is no question in the political or social life of America which is of more importance and which demands the more earnest consideration of the American people, and especially the American statesman, than that of the negro. Thinking men have been studying this problem for more than a quarter of a century, and within the past few months it has been especially agitated and written upon by some of the greatest minds of both races. Churchmen and statesmen, both white and black, have commented and prophesied. They have tried, by extensive and logical argument, to show the cause of the increase of crime on the part of the negro, and that of lynching on the part of the white man; they have advised and suggested what should be done with the African race in America, and the "race question" remains yet to be decided. Ex-Senator Ingalls, though a Republican and very radical in some of his views, and a man whose political opinion is rightly condemned by all those who entertain democratic ideas, yet a man of great intellectual powers and ability and a statesman of no mean order, has during the past summer written several articles in the leading papers and magazines of the country on "The Disposition of the Negro." Bishop Turner, of the African Methodist church, one of the wisest churchmen of his race, has declared and proven, at least to his own satisfaction, that the negro must return to the land from whence he came and there found a government that shall stand until the Nile shall cease to flow. Fred Douglass, greater than whom is not to be found among the sons of Ham, and who is peer to the majority of white statesmen to-day, differs with both Mr. Ingalls and Bishop Turner and thinks that his brethren should remain in America, where they will eventually obtain political and social equality.

Bishop Haygood, who is broad-minded and liberal in his views, whose writings are characterized with common sense and good judgment, and who has been for twenty-five years a staunch advocate of negro education,

has written by request, an article in the October number of the *Forum* entitled "The Dark Shadow of the South." In this article, after commenting on the burnings which occured in Texas and Kentucky recently, he gives from his standpoint, the causes of the increase of assaults on white women and children by negroes, and the lynchings which almost invariably follow. He locates the causes in the misguided opinions and teaching of the Northern people, the outside criticism of the Northern press and the ignorance of the negro race.

Mr. Chas. Smith, of Georgia, in an article in the same magazine, while he agrees with Bishop Haygood in reference to the Northern people and press, is in direct opposition to him on educational ground. Mr. Smith says that the negro is receiving too much education and substantiates his statement with good argument.

Thus we see that thinking men differ in their opinions as to the cause of this growing evil; but all exclaim as with one voice that lynching must stop, and that means that rape must stop, and that in turn necessitates the finding and eradication of the cause of this crime. But where is the cause? The gentlemen cited have given us various causes, but it seems to me that they have omitted one, and to my mind the most direct cause in the whole catalogue, and that is the licentiousness in which the white men, and especially the young white men, of the South indulge with negro women.

No one has stronger faith than I in the virtue of Southern women and valor of Southern men, and shame on the South Carolinian who would not shed his life's-blood, if necessary, in defence of the virtue of our women. But when we consider the men, one has only to open his eyes and look around him to see that they have very little or no virtue themselves. I mean the great majority of single men in the South. In this, we believe, can be found the principal cause of rape and the lynching which follows. Negro women, as a rule, have no virtue, and think it an honor to be the mistress of a white man. That a great many white men have mistresses of this kind is seen by the appearance of so many mulattoes

throughout the Southern States. Negro men, and especially young negroes, see and know that this state of affairs exists, and the result is jealousy, envy and malice, which naturally develop into a spirit of revenge. Hence their assaults on white women.

The brevity of this essay will not admit of an elaborate discussion of the opinion which I have advanced; but let us notice one or two substantiating points. One of the strange things connected with the crime of rape is that it is almost invariably committed in rural districts. Now why is this? The reason that is generally given is that in the towns and cities there is more protection. This is in the main true, but behind and greater than this is another reason. In all cities and most towns are to be found, to the shame of our civilization, those houses of ill-fame, which are whirl-pools of destruction and sign-boards to hell. In these depraved men find the gratification of their licentious passions, hence they do not stoop to negro women. In the country it is different. Men in general are depraved and possess the animal passion equally as strong; but there are no licensed houses, winked at by a so-called Christian community, in which they can gratify their desires and passions. Consequently they resort to negro women. It is a sad fact, and one which should bring the blush of shame to Southern society, that young men moving in her highest circles should go from prostitution with a filthy, virtueless negro wench into the presence of a pure and innocent Southern girl. Such is being done daily, and the negro is not ignorant of it. He will retaliate, and the honor, nobility and virtue of our women being so high and pure that it is useless for him to approach them on this subject, he resorts to force to accomplish his beastly purpose. And we believe that the raping of white women will not cease until prostitution with negro women is stopped or a race war sweeps the black man from the American soil.

F. HAWKINS SHULER.

HYMN.

For the Journal.

I.

Jesus, when a stranger wand'ring
  Far away from God and love,
Thou it was who by thy spirit
  Turned my sinful thoughts above.

II.

Christ, my Savior, let me love thee
  More and more as years roll on;
Let me, by my life attesting,
  Tell thy power, God's blessed Son.

III.

Let my heart be daily moulded
  By thy Spirit's sweet control;
Form into thine own blest image
  My poor sinful, wayward soul.

IV.

Let me unto others, Saviour,
  Do as I would have them do,
Ever showing by my actions
  That the tale of Christ is true.

V.

Thus may I be good and happy
  In the service of the Lord;
For to serve thee, blessed Master,
  Is to serve thy Father, God.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER.

Wofford College Journal.

A LITERARY JOURNAL. Published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies.

Address all general matters to D. D. Wallace, Editor in Chief; all communications to W. T. Duncan or W Wm. Watson, Literary Editors; all Alumni matters to E. S. Jones, Alumni Editor; all local matters to F. M. Lander, Local Editor; all matters of advertising, subscriptions and finance to S. H. McGhee, Business Manager.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, DECEMBER, 1893.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

Monday Holiday.

Occasionally for the last two years the question of having the weekly holiday changed from Saturday to Monday has been discussed, much in the same way in which we would discuss the revolution in Brazil. But it has almost come to be a real revolutionary question with us. It appears that the matter has been debated long enough and that it should be either dropped or the day changed.

The question is, will the interests of Wofford College be bettered by the change? We are told that at colleges where the change has been made the best results have followed, and not a college has returned to the old way.

It is thought by some that the studying of text-books on Sunday will be lessened by the change. Where the change has been made it has been with this object; but it is only fair to state the effect of reducing Sunday studying has not been as marked as was expected. We believe that the change would decrease studying on Sunday morning and increase church-going; for after a week of hard work there would not be much inclination to get at it again Sunday morning. Many students have a

custom of arraying in their best clothes and promenading the streets Friday afternoon. If Monday was our holiday this aforesaid arraying in Sunday clothes and promenading would necessarily be transferred to Saturday afternoon; and on waking Sunday morning and seeing the Sabbath robes sitting suggestively ready at the bedside, like an accusing angel, what would be more natural than to put them on and go to church? Thus, after a week's hard work, rest and church-going would seem more like privileges. But we are not so sure as to Sunday night. True, the reason for studying would not be as strong as now. The tendency is to put off work as long as possible. This might save Sunday night. It certainly throws the probabilities that way; whereas now, for the reason given above, Sunday night suffers most. At all events, there is much to be gained here by the change and nothing to be lost.

At the openings of college in October and January we can, with Monday holiday, spend the last Sunday at home, then come to Spartanburg on Monday and get in an unbroken week's work, a thing absolutely impossible now.

The advantage of being able to prepare a recitation or examination on the day immediately preceeding is obvious. Now on Saturday of one week we must prepare recitations to hold over Sunday and recite another week. It is chopping the week's work in two, disconnecting it. On the other hand, if Monday is holiday, we prepare Tuesday's recitations on Monday and have no interruption of the week's work.

Perhaps the most apparent and least impeachable argument for the change is in regard to the literary societies. A large number of students are so devoted to the fine arts of music and elocution that they cannot suffer one of these Friday night entertainments at Converse College to pass without a desperate effort to adjourn the societies, that they may attend. The harm done the societies is patent to all. Men on duty prepare carelessly, or not at all, expecting to see an adjournment relieve them from duty; the societies convene in an unhealthy fever of

excitement and angry debates and distraction often ensue. In this way the societies have been seriously injured. If our societies met Saturday or Monday night this would all be avoided and we could attend the public entertainments at Converse College too; for do we not attend what we please during the week now? If no other reason than the interests of the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies demanded it we would still heartily advocate the change.

We believe it is for the good of Wofford College to work on Saturday and take holiday on Monday. At least let us try the experiment. Gentlemen of the Faculty, give us the change.

The question of forming new counties in South Carolina is being agitated in several sections. St. Mathews, Bishopville and Hartsville and other towns all want to be county-seat. Perhaps the fossil names of some of the mighty pterodactyls that now inhabit earth's epidermis may go down to coming generations as the cognomens of counties.

Dissatisfied With the Management.

In the *Southern Christian Advocate* of November 30th, Rev. Geo. T. Harmon writes an article inquiring minutely into the management of Wofford College and intimating that because he does not know the particulars there is something wrong. We are very sorry to see such an article; for, besides being totally useless, it is calculated to injure the college. Suspicious remarks are always damnatory. Some of the information wanted is to be found in the catalogue, and the particulars of the security of the endowment fund, interest on it, professors' salaries, etc., would doubtless have been given in answer to a polite letter to Prof. J. C. Kilgo, Agent; or Prof. D. A. DuPre, Treasurer. We have examined many college catalogues, but never have we seen one that gives the minutiæ of the economy of endowment funds and salaries.

Besides, the general public is not so ignorant as Mr. Harmon would have it believe ; for immediately following his article is one from another member of the Conference suggesting a "plan for raising the remaining $40,000 of the $100,000 endowment of Wofford College. We venture that Mr. Harmon's efforts to gather information concerning Wofford College have not been very strenuous, extensive or well directed.

Dissatisfaction is expressed also with the Board of Trustees. If dissatisfaction was ever entertained by the Conference it was before the present Board's term. The Conference of 1892 elected the Board, and surely it is satisfied with its own work. How a "college cast" is to be created by the Board being made up of alumni, is beyond our reach. They are no more college graduates than formerly, and it is to be presumed that bearded men will not have their heads turned by a trusteeship. Does it not seem that men familiar with the college from pratical experience, knowing its condition and needs, are best fitted to manage it? Are they not the most enthusiastic for its welfare? Why educate men if they are not to serve us?

As to electing the new professors, the Board was suddenly left in the lurch, and immediate action being expedient the executive committee acted. Moreover, the chairman wrote to every member before electing new professors and they advised that the executive act. And be the offending committee competent or incompetent and let it be revised, discharged or hanged, and let the result be "somewhat different," as is so tragically "intermated," the fact remains that the committee is to be congratulated on the result of its action; and under the present management Wofford College has taken on new vigor in every function. The glow of health is about her. The people patronize her more than ever, and with the continued favor of Providence she will go on to better things in the future.

Never before have we seen an honest institution subjected to such unprovoked ill usage. Why was Wofford selected instead of the Columbia Female College, one of

the Fitting schools or the Cokesbury Conference School? The public knows more of the management of Wofford College than of all these others. We suspect there is some hidden afflatus that renders our prosecutor so vigorous. We regret this vague, insinuating attack having been made, especially as a letter to the proper authorities would have served the purpose. Let our friends be more careful before speaking harshly of us.

Some old men think that a young man is a senseless being, totally useless except ultimately to make an old man. Such a one is a pest to the world whose only mitigation is that he will soon pass out of it. Fortunate is he who, having attained the gravity of age, retains the spightliness of youth.

One of the least sensational bills that the Legislature will act on will be to appropriate funds to complete the collection of State papers in London relative to South Carolina. Four thousand dollars have already been spent this way, and when the work is finished there will be a complete documentary history of South Carolina from the earliest settlement to the Revolution. With these and the papers since, some South Carolinian can write a complete history of his State. The ten thousand pages already obtained are deposited in the State House in Columbia.

THE JOURNAL is indebted to the Williamston Female College for a beautiful card of their Thanksgiving dinner.

Exchanges.

We hope *The Carolinian* (successor to *The Collegian*) feels better. We recommend that the next time a subscriber pays up, our contemporary invest in a bottle of soothing syrup.

We are always glad to hear from the *Horry Herald*,

conducted by J. O. Norton. If our old class-mate is as good a journalist as he was a student the State press will hear from him.

The *Carrier Dove* is a new exchange coming from the young ladies of Tuscaloosa Female College. This is the first number. It is small but neat, the articles being rather short. Several female colleges issue quite creditajournals. We hope this will be one more.

The *University of North Carolina Magazine*, for November is a brag issue, comprising some eighty pages. Long and short articles are tastefully varied, making the magazine neat and readable. This is one of our best exchanges.

The Tennessee University Student is a magazine of literary merit. The university is coeducational, some of the ladies being contributors. The November number contains an excellent picture of the President of the university and a write-up of his life.

In outward appearance the *Vanderbilt Observer* is indicative of its contents, clear-cut, neat, literary. Its several departments are well superintended. We notice, however, that the editor suffers the anxiety of us all, of what will we have for next time.

From the last number of the *Mephistophelean*, from Mercer University, we clip the following:

"Perhaps the two most excellent magazines we receive are the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* and the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, the one from Virginia, the other from South Carolina. They are always full of the best of matter.

We quote this to show the students the estimation THE JOURNAL is held in abroad, and to urge the necessity of their co-operation. Give THE JOURNAL some of your best work. You owe it to the college.

Among the exchanges we notice the *Livingstone*, published by the students of Livingstone College, Salisbury,

N. C., a college for negroes. The November number is in mourning for the death of its President, Rev. Jas. C. Price, D. D. The tributes to him are earnest and pathetic.

Dr. Price was one of the few negroes who have attained a national reputation. He was unquestionably a man of great ability. He was a pure negro and an ex-slave and kindly disposed to the white race. He lectured twice in Spartanburg, once in Wofford College Chapel, on which occasion the students presented him with a gold-headed cane. Dr. Price preached in Beecher's and Spurgeon's pulpits, traveled extensively and was entertained by members of the nobility of England. He was altogether one of the most notable men the United States has produced. The animosity for the white race which so characterizes Fred Douglas was altogether wanting in him. No matter what our opinions on the race problem are, we are bound to say that the country has sustained a loss in the loss of such a negro.

Clippings.

The whisper of the slanderer can be heard farther than thunder.—*Ram's Horn.*

Some of the organ's sweetest notes come from pipes that are out of sight.—*Ram's Horn.*

The pride of the Vassar girls is that none of their graduates have ever been divorced.—*Ex.*

There are now 2,255 prisoners in South Carolina jails. Spartanburg has the largest number, 203.—*Carolina Spartan.*

There are ten Indians at Wall and Mooney's school preparing for Vanderbilt. They will probably enter next year.—*Vanderbilt Observer.*

Student (translating)— "And er—the—er—he—er—went—er—."

Professor—"Don't laugh gentlemen; to err is human." —*Ex.*

There is a young man at college who keeps a book of all the things he ought to buy, but cannot afford. Perhaps this book is his ough-to-buy-ography.—*Ex.*

"In this country 3,000,000 women earn independent incomes. Since 1880 the post office has granted over 2,500 patents to women, and in New York City 27,000 women support their husbands."

Lives of poets oft remind us,
  If we use the proper means—
Discard metre, rhyme and reason—
  We can shine in magazines.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

To visions profounder
  Man's spirit must strive.
His eye-rolling orb
  At no goal will arrive.
The heavens that now draw him
  With sweetness untold,
Once found, for new heavens
  He spurneth the old
—*Emerson.*

His head was jammed into the sand,
  His arms were broke in twain;
Three ribs were snapped, four teeth were gone,
  He never would walk again.

His lips moved slow, I stopped to hear
  The whisper they let fall;
His voice was weak, but this I heard,
  "Old man, who got the ball?"
—*Silver and Gold.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - Editor.

'92.—J. W. Daniels is teaching at Elko.

'92.—J. C. Harper has a school at Enterville.

'76.—A. W. Lynch is principal of the graded school at Johnston.

'92—C. Waller is a member of the corps of teachers of of Union Graded School.

'76.—J. L. Glenn is doing well in the legal profession at Chester.

'76.—Geo. E. Prince is prominent at the bar in Anderson.

'63.—Dr. E. K. Hardin is the most prominent and successful physician at Batesburg, S. C.

'73.—W. W. Wannamaker is a large and very successful planter at St. Mathews.

'76.—C. Dantzler is the leading criminal lawyer of the Orangeburg bar.

'92.—Henry J. Cauthen, with an assistant, is teaching a large school at St. George's. THE JOURNAL wishes them success.

'82.—J. B. Henneman, LL. D., is professor of English at Vanderbilt University. His position shows his worth and popularity. Though he did not graduate he spent three years with us and we are proud of him.

'96.—Mr. B. O. Bourne who finished part of his Freshman year with us is now teaching near Georgetown, S. C. Mr. Bourne passed the Fitting School of this College with distinction, is a thorough worker and we wish him much success.

'82.—Dr. T. E. Nott having completed the Junior Class with us went to medical college from which he graduated meritoriously. He has been practicing with his father for several years and now has quite a reputation and successful practice.

It gives us pleasure to notice in the proceedings of the South Carolina Conference of this year that R. A. Few of '89, T. G. Herbert of '90, Peter Stokes of '91 and J. B. Holly of '92, were admitted to its membership. These are deserving young men and they have our best wishes for success commensurate to their real worth.

'93.—C. R. Calhoun is now principal of the Rowesville Graded School, Orangeburg, S. C. We congratulate the citizens of Roweville on their selection of a teacher. Mr. Calhoun is a man of marked mental capacities and sterling moral character, and is thoroughly competent to teach any of the branches required in our preparatory schools. He writes that he is preparing two young men to enter the Sophomore Class of Wofford College in October of '94, and four young ladies to enter the Junior Class of the Female College at Columbia, S. C. Our best wishes will always attend Mr. Calhoun in his efforts to up-build and better the young womanhood and manhood of our country.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

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W. L. Walker, Sec.; Frank Lander, Treas.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega; Kappa Alpha; Pi Kappa Alpha;
Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

W. Wm. Watson, Caterer of Alumni Hall.
Smilie Taylor, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

F. M. LANDER, - - Editor.

The Foot Ball Contest.

Our foot ball team and the Furman University team met on the gridiron at Greenville on Thanksgiving Day. The Furman boys won, but not easily. The game was a close and exciting one, and never was such dash of movement, exquisite interference, masterful judgment and persistence exhibited in this sport in South Carolina. The winning team has just cause to be proud of its victory; the losing team has no reason to be ashamed of the part it played.

The Wofford boys with a number of admiring and enthusiastic friends left the Air Line depot Thursday on the 1 a. m. train of the Richmond & Danville road, which had generously awarded low rates for the occasion, and arrived in Greenville after a pleasant run of about an hour The Furman Athletic Association had engaged quarters at the Exchange Hotel for the Wofford men, and thither they wended their way to secure a few hours of needed rest preparatory to the impending contest, which, as the event showed, tested brawn and muscle to the utmost. Others repaired to the Mansion House another popular hotel of the "Mountain City," and were treated with a consideration highly creditable to Greenville hospitality. In point of fact every visitor was made welcome, and fared sumptuously at greatly reduced rates. Every attention that courtesy or kindness could suggest were shown the visiting team and their friends, and things went as merry as marriage bells until the hour for the struggle for victory arrived.

It had been arranged that the game should begin at 3:30 p. m., but long before that time upwards of a thousand people had assembled at the park, and the grand stand was crowded with an array of feminine beauty that could only be produced in the genial clime of the fair South-land. A look at that stand, at the representations from the Greenville Female College with badges of purple and white, at those who were waving the black and old-gold, was an inspiration to every combatant. As each team entered the field, they were received with round after round of applause. The excitement was intense and contagious Expectation was on tiptoe. The Furman men, with purple and white, presented a body of young men whose physical development was the admiration of over two thousand beholders. The Wofford men, with old-gold and black, challenged attention by the air of

confidence with which they entered the arena, and many of their friends deemed it a sure sign of victory for them.

The day was all that could be wished for, the players were in the best of spirits, and the crowd, therefore, expected much in the line of brilliant playing. In this they were not disappointed. Though the Wofford half backs played an excellent game, their gains were small; for the Furman line was impenetrable All the boys were worked hard, and it would be an injustice to speak of one without naming all.

The playing in the first half of the battle was a little to Wofford's favor, our manly men playing like giants and keeping the ball in Furman's territory The first touchdown was made by Snyder within twenty minutes after the game commenced. At this point excitement ran so high that it was with great difficulty that policemen kept the crowd off the grounds It was then very encouraging for the Wofford boys; but on the second line up, Furman started with the wedge and Stewart ran over the goal line after evading by superb dodging our entire team. The first half ended with Wofford 4, and Furman 4. The second half was not quite so encouraging Furman seemed to have everything her own way. Three touchdowns were scored in quick succession. Within eight minutes of the time to call the game, Furman secured her last touchdown, and as there was no prospect of our making another score, Capt. Shuler decided to let the game end with the final score, Furman 18, Wofford 4.

It was a source of great regret to many present that Prof. Young, of Furman, and Messrs Evins and Fleming, of Wofford, were not permitted to enter the game on account of not being students of the institutions. It is whispered that Mr. Evins will organize a team to meet Prof. Young's boys

Although several players were slightly injured, the game was by no means a rough one. There was none of the slugging and kneeing that usually makes a foot ball contest detestable to lovers of a harmless sport. Nickel's nose was slightly injured. Walker was the only player so seriously injured as to be forced to leave the field Below is given a summary of the struggle:

FURMAN.	POSITION.	WOFFORD.
Toole	Left end	Walker, E. T.
Wells	Left tackle	Nickels.
Mason	Left guard	Cottingham.
Proctor	Centre	Shuler (Capt.).
Sams	Right guard	Humbert.
Holland, W.	Right tackle	Barber.
Lott (Capt.)	Right end	Woods.
Nixon	Quarter back	Dendy.
Holland, B.	Left half back	Allen.
Lipscomb	Right half back	Snyder.
Stewart	Full back	Chreitzberg.

SUMMARY.

First Half Score—Wofford 4; Furman 8. Touchdowns, by Snyder, Stewart, Holland. Injured—Walker, (Evins, T., substituted.) Playing time, forty-five minutes.

Second Half Score—Wofford 0; Furman 10 Touchdowns, by Stewart and Lipscomb. Goal kicked from touchdown—Stewart, 1. Playing time thirty-seven minutes.

Total score, Furman 18; Wofford 4.

Umpire, Mr. Fleming, of Wofford. Referee, Mr. Beatie, of Greenville.

Altogether the trip was a delightful one. We were defeated, but our spirit has not been broken. We will yet retrieve the fortunes of the Thanksgiving contest, and justify the expectations of our most sanguine friends. A. S. HYDRICK.

The Y. M. C. A.

As was announced in the last issue of THE COLLEGE JOURNAL, the Y. M. C. A. has inaugurated a new feature in its general work. Instead of making both the Wednesday evening and Sunday morning meetings entirely religious, the Wednesday evening services have been devoted to literary purposes. The committee have been very fortunate in securing men of ability to conduct these meetings. Professors Easter and Thomas very kindly consented to speak to the students at the last two meetings. Prof. Easter gave a very instructive lecture on "The Early English Drama." This subject was handled with marked ability by the speaker and was greatly appreciated by the students. Prof. Thomas read an interesting paper entitled "Reflections on Butler's Analogy," which he treated in a very clear and philosophic manner and which was very beneficial to all persons of literary or philosophic taste. The committee to secure men of talent to conduct these meetings desire to make these Wednesday evening services one of the most attractive and profitable features of the college, and hope that every student, that has any appreciation of that which is good and noble, will show that appreciation by being present at every service.

Dr. Carlisle has met the students at these Wednesday

meetings for the last two meetings. It goes without saying that the Doctor had a large audience and an appreciative one.

Prof. Snyder's Lecture.

The second lecture, of the series mentioned in our last issue, was given in the Chapel by Prof. H. N. Snyder, Dec. 5th, at 7:30 o'clock.

The Professor had chosen his subject from his department and a fair statement of it might be seen in the phrase: "The Democratic Element in Our Modern Literature."

After quoting many definitions of that indefinable thing, literature, he drew from his quotations and his own opinion a definition of literature which was at once lucid and satisfactory. Contrasting Scott and Dickens, he instanced the first out-cropping of Democracy. Victor Hugo clashed with the sentiment of Burns when he sang: "A man's a man, for a' that." Byron and Burns go hand in hand against the aristocracy in literature, while the growth of Democracy in Germany is seen in the work of F. von Schiller. Starting in his "Die Rauber" and advancing always through the "Don Carlos" and "Die Jung Frau von Orleans" till it reaches its highest perfection in "Wilhelm Tell."

The realistic school did not fail to be noticed. Zola in France, the real of the real, with our Mr. Howells who tries so hard to be realistic and yet fails so beautifully —both these men had their hands full defending their falsely assumed tennets. "The nearest approach to realism in America," says Prof. Snyder, "is found in the works of a woman, a Southern woman, a Virginian—I mean Miss Reeves."

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" was analysed and it was found to contain no humanizing element. And yet thousands of us have read it and enjoyed it. Crowded city life and the hasty mode of action which has come with the introduction of scientific discoveries are accountable largely for this morbidness of literary appe-

tite. The most popular books last season were "The History of David Greve" and "Robert Elsmere." Mrs. Ward applies the scientific tests of nineteenth century fanatacisms to an eternal gospel. We are all glad to get hold of something like this. From these facts, and many others which we have not space to mention, Prof. Snyder drew the conclusion that later American novelists have not written safe books for young men to read.

An attentive and appreciative audience heard this lecture and enjoyed it to the full. The college community feel under many obligations to the Professor for his masterful effort and hope to hear him again.

The next of the lecture courses will be given by Prof. D. B. Easter, on the subject, "Greek Literature."

Health at Wofford.

Wofford is to be congratulated for the unusual degree of fine health which its students enjoy. Never, since this generation of students entered, has the college been more free from the "ills to which human flesh is heir."

With fine water, splendid drainage, pure air from the Blue Ridge and a very even climate, what else could we expect? The men take plenty of exercise and so we are, of necessity, healthy and strong. There has not been a serious case of sickness in the college this fall. Spartanburg for health and happiness all the time!

The order of things is somewhat reversed from that of last year. Prof. Gamewell meets the Latin classes in the old Math. room, Prof. Easter has the German and French in the former Greek room. Prof. Thomas shows the Fresh across the "*Pons Asinorum*" in the room where Prof. Gamewell used to tell us about the "*ut* of purpose." The Greek element go to Prof. Rembert in the newly fitted-up room under the English room. Here they rise to Attic heights and sink to Doric levels. The English room is the same as formerly. It was too much trouble to move Prof. DuPre's work-shop up into

the town so that gas factory remains down stairs. Doctor Carlisle meets his classes in his old room. The chapel is in the same place as forty years ago.

Prof. A. G. Rembert is showing himself abreast with the move of progress at Wofford. He has placed on foot a movement which will prove a good thing when completed. The Greek room is to have a library of its own. Here will be found books which will help materially in the education of the men who do not take the modern courses. Already a neat sum has been contributed by the Professors and students; who of the Alumni will be the next lucky man to hand in his contribution ?

There's Nothing New Under The Sun.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead"
Who cannot frown and scratch his head
And write a stack of poet's lays
In some fair, sweet Eliza's praise;
We've all our dear Elizas
But find me those who fail to think
Of him who pays for printer's ink;
For when down town they go to buy
Their goods, they look with eagle's eye
Uutil the welcome sign they spy
And make a bee-line as they cry
"Trade with our advertisers !"

The Senior class was born to be lucky. The latest good fortune which has fallen to its lot, is the series of lectures which Dr. T. E. Nott, Jr., has consented to give it. Dr. Nott has delivered two of these lectures and we are hungry for more. The Doctor is an old Wofford man and is rising into prominence in his profession. He studied under the tuition of the best medical talent North and so it goes without saying that he will take a

fine place along with his kinsmen who have added fame to their names and reflected credit on their profession. Success to the Doctor.

Those of our readers who see the *Southern Christian Advocate*, will remember an editorial from Dr. Kirkland relating to the Wofford men who fell in the war. That article mentioned the matter of a monument to those heroes' memory. No more fitting place in the whole South could be selected for this structure than that beautiful circle just in front of the college. It looks as though our worthy authorities up here are getting ready for the unveiling of this shaft. The outer ring of euonymus and arbor vitae has been taken up and put along the rear fence and all the beauty that we can well imagine will be lavished here to make the place in keeping with the sentiment which raises the marble. We earnestly hope that this enterprise which has the patriotism and glory of thirty years ago to back it up, will not share the same fate as has befallen our "Science Hall." Hit 'em again, Doctor, and we'll have that monument!

The elections in the Calhoun Society for the term ending January 19th, 1894, resulted as follows: Pres't., Frank M. Lander; Vice-Pres't., Geo. F. Kirby; 1st Critic, P. B. Wells; 2nd Critic, W. L. Walker; 3d Critic, W. M. Ellerbe; Rec. Sec., W. H. Wannamaker; Cor. Sec., S. H. McGhee; Treas., F. H. Shuler; Censor Morum, Olin Wannamaker; Librarian, Marshall Moore. The President appointed Messrs. Blake and Roper, Monitors, and Messrs. Lyon, Banks and Wallace, Chairman of Hall, Query and Library Committees, respectively.

In the Preston Society Messrs. Wm. Coleman and Geo. C. Leonard were elected on Junior debaters. The Calhouns will be represented by Messrs. S. H. McGhee and F. H. Shuler. Mr. B. H. Henderson, of the Preston Society, will preside.

The college has been fortunate in securing the services

of Prof. James H. Rayhill as Elocution teacher this fall. It is needless to speak of this gentleman's ability and thoroughness. He is known throughout the South as a fine teacher of a beautiful art and his reputation is well merited. He has a class of some twenty men whom he has been training for some time. There will be a prize contest in the opera house on next Friday night. A beautiful gold medal is offered by Prof. Rayhill and the preliminary contest showed that these following gentlemen will declaim: Messrs. Kirby, Wells, Ellerbe, Davis, Dibble, Cantey, Evans, Coleman. Prof. Rayhill will give an exhibition of his own powers of Elocution and of his grace and ease in club swinging. Miss Masson, of Converse, will have a conspicuous place on the programme.

The men of Alumni Hall have no longer the misfortune of wading, knee deep, to the front gate when it is a rainy season. The slushy, muddy path has been replaced by a causeway leading from the steps to the fence. Of course this little arrangement will be everlasting, nor will it ever be washed away by the water which it proposes to bridge. If the money put into these planks had been invested in a walk which was protected by a low wall with frequent terra-cotta piping, the men's feet would have been kept dry and the accumulated sediment above the walk would have helped make a terrace which would add much to the front view of a very pretty building. When these planks rot, or are stolen by wood thieves and when some man breaks an ankle in the holes in it, then will the structure properly be called "The Bridge of Sighs."

The two Societies in joint meeting have unanimously requested Prof. J. C. Kilgo to preach to them on next Sunday in the chapel. Prof. Kilgo has consented to preach and a large body of students and friends will doubtless hear what he has for them.

On Sunday, Deccember 10th, Dr. Carlisle lectured in

Central Methodist church. He spoke from the character and work of Peter. A large number of college men heard him and enjoyed the discourse.

Mrs. J. A. Gamewell entertained the lady members of the Converse College faculty and some of her lady friends of the city since our last issue.

To those who have been favored with an invitation to Mrs. Gamewell's home it is useless to speak of her happy way of entertaining. However, to those of the writer's sex, it will be sufficient to convince them that the occasion was all that might be wished by saying that two of Spartanburg's loveliest young ladies presided at the table. The house was lighted with tapers and handsome lamps. The tea table was lighted by a tall, bronze lamp with an exquisite pink silk shade, the light of which falling on the beautifully decorated cakes, the artistically arranged table and other surrounding *things* presented a glimpse of the fairy land.

The docorations of the front parlor were superb. The subdued lights together with the mellow, musical voices of hostess and guests effected a most desirable scene. Be it sufficient to say that the whole house was in keeping with the dining room.

Soon after the appointed hour the carriages with the guests began to arrive and long after the appointed hour did they leave.

From the expressions of the guests and from the glimpses which we got it may be said that the affair was enjoyable, yea thrice enjoyable.

Brief Mention.

Field day!

Hoo, Hoy! Hoo, Hoy! Hoo, Hoy! Wofford!

Who said that Juno was Shakespear's wife?

We were glad to see "Parson McRoy" ('92) on the campus this week.

Rev. R. A. Few ('89), called by to see us on his way to Conference.

Rev. Mr. Kelly, of Glendale, conduted morning prayer some days ago.

M. M. Lander ('90), of the Railway Mail Service, was on the campus in December.

Cadet Taylor, of Clemson College, spent a few days visiting his brother, Mr. Smilie Taylor.

We congratulate our good friend Lanham on his recovery from a month's sickness. His has been the only case of real sickness which has been on the hill this fall. Doubtless his was contracted elsewhere and our fine climate made it show up on him. Luck to our "Baby."

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. Wm. Watson, Editor.

SOUTHERN LITERATURE.

The question of whether the South has a literature, or whether what there is has any real merit as literature, has ever been a sensitive point with the patriotic Southerner. He is not inclined to boast of his accomplishments in this line, but it enrages him for one to make the unjust charge that the want is due to mental poverty. It is his nature to boast of his possessions, his heritages, to excite the envy of his Northern brother and his foreign neighbor, for his broad and luxuriant fields of cotton and grains, his sleek horses, his fatted hogs and his blooded cows; his "Sunny Southland," where every thrifty man may live at his ease, even in the "lap of luxury," but strives to avoid a comparison of literary accomplishments. It becomes then a sad and conspicuous fact that he has neglected to too great an extent, literary culture, beyond a fair knowledge of the three "R's," "reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic." Surrounded by peace and plenty, a "darkey" ready to come at beck to do his master's will, he thought little and cared less of what was going on in the rest of the world, and never dreamed of perpetuating his name by contributing a book to the South's meagre literature. He had no taste or appetite for such, nor did he attempt to acquire or encourage anything that was not realistic—had form, feature and outward beauty. His imagination was checked in the South. Give him his horse, his hounds and his horn and he could soon stir up enough enthusiasm and harmony in his soul to usurp the place of fine writing of facts and fiction. The music he rung from his bull's

horn and the answer in the same note by his blooded fox chasers, was of much more worth to him than the sublimest verse of any Shakespeare or Milton. We may say, then, the primitive Southern man was purely selfish, interested only in "me, my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more." He enjoyed so much his out-door life, the endowments with which bounteous nature had surrounded him, that he had no time to stop and leave by pen a trace of his existence.

Then the Southerner took less care of the discipline of his mind than his Northern neighbor; the one could not stay indoors, the other could not live outside; and since it is the nature of man to do something, the one gave himself up to the occupation of an indoor life, his books; the other, son of the planter, no sooner in the school or college walls than he began to realize the restraint thrown around him, the want of freedom, and the forest near began to becon him, the first "bob-wite" call of spring whistled him back to the woods and fields, and the fresh turned sod had a sweet, inviting savor to his nostrils. Down go books, out goes boy! We are then, to some extent, creatures of circumstances; our delightful climate, the source of our health and vigor, while it has bestowed upon us innumerable other blessings, has not fostered the seeds of literature. We excuse ourselves, first, in that we have been allured away from naturally studious habits. There is no fault with the intellecual conditions which might have created a noble literature; but the physical conditions were adverse to its production and too potent to overcome. "The people of the South were an agricultural people, widely diffused, and lacking the stimulus of immediate mental contact." We think the above the true state of affairs during many years of the early history of the South.

Another reason, often suggested for our paucity in literary attainments, is the solution of the perplexing race problem. Here much energy has been wasted. The landing of the Dutch vessel off the coast of Virginia in 1620 gave rise to the question; but little then, nor for years afterwards, did anyone anticipate the direful consequences of the Black man's coming. Battles have been fought, blood shed, lives lost, energy wasted, time spent and indolence encouraged; everywhere now in the

South the races are mixed, and mingle, if not in social equality, as illiterate servants in our homes, exercising a most lamentable, demoralizing and corrupting influence on the morals and language of our children, whom we foolishly leave too much to their training. In order to have a literature other than dialectic we must be masters of our best language. It is hardly possible for one to give expression to noble thoughts and sublime ideas when even his conversation is hampered by "negro talk" imbibed in his childhood. Of course every literature wants some dialectic writing, representing the plain, the common, the uncultured part of a people, characterizing them in their every-day life. In this respect Joel Chandler Harris portrays in his "Uncle Remus" very successfully the Southern "darkey's" habits, propensities and his blunt simplicity, representing the slave, however, better than the modern negro. Another example of this kind is Gordon and Page's "Befo' de War" echoes of negro dialect.

Owing to the position occupied by the South, because of the institution of slavery and the difficulties thereby engendered the whole life fabric of the South was infused with politics, and oratory was universally cultivated. The profession of law was the popular pursuit as through it the path to oratory was plain, leading to the slavery and other hot questions of the day. Writing then, of course, was neglected as a too indirect means of combating the difficulties. The writing done was of an invariable form of political discussion; and in this art the Southern politician is said to have attained a rare degree of perfection. The philosophic works of Jno. Taylor, Madison and Calhoun, and other products of the time, refute the villainous charge that the lack of literature is due to mental poverty.

Our just complaint, before intimated, is that the South has never appreciated her men of letters. If so, why does the writer, beginning to attain success, invariably seek congeniality among his more appreciative Northern friends? Like an orator, a writer cannot live, nor put forth his best efforts, unless he has a sympathetic, appreciative audience of readers. The time has been in the South when the life of a literary man was one of hardships, when he undertook to make his bread as a writer.

Mental stimulus between mind and mind was lącking, and especially that essential inspiration, sympathy with literary effort—just as necessary to literary life as fresh air to a sound body.

Notwithstanding the difficulties mentioned, ever and anon there would be a "voice crying in the wilderness." The old Southland has at least given birth to a few who have been inspired by the virtues of their native soil; of which authors we have just reason to be proud, as they rank with the best of their kind born of other climes. Our writers are given to romance or novel making, at which we should not be surprised when we remember how suggestive, from a historic as well as a natural standpoint, our portion of the country must be to the imaginative mind. Perhaps our best representative composer of historical novels is William Gilmore Sims. He was a lecturer, biographer, essayist, dramatist, part and in a small degree almost everything else that a literary man may attempt. Though an undertaker of many kinds of writings, perhaps the only works which will be lasting are his novels. While some Northern critics try to discount his merits, still there is much more lasting literature among his works than many are willing to admit. Even the titles at once attract attention—a very essential feature in introducing an author and his works. "The Partisan—a Romance of the Revolution," "Southward, Ho! a Spell of Sunshine," are fair examples. Some one has said that in taking up "The Wigwam of the Cabin," or "Mellechampe, a Legend of the Sautee," the very names make one feel that a literature has sprung from the sod.

Along with Sims comes John Esten Cooke, a vivid portrayer of Virginia life. His descriptive powers are wonderfully exhibited in many passages taken from his "Mohun," "Surry of Eagle's Nest" and "Hilt to Hilt," all beautiful and impartial historic novels of the Civil War. He lacks no power of making his heroes great.

Thomas Nelson Page, though noted especially as a lecturer and reader, has given us several books becoming much read and highly appreciated. "The Old South" is made up of lectures and essays, the pervading purpose seems to stir up an inquiry into the true, untold history of the South, and to clear up many of the dark and

ugly charges under which she has so long suffered. Among others of his works are "Newfound River," "In Old Virginia" and "Two Little Confederates," all very creditable productions.

And finally, Edgar Allan Poe's peculiar ability as a rose writer, and especially as a poet, has demanded a recognition and eulogy from almost every critic and historian of literature. Though addicted to personal faults, he has given to himself a name of fame as lasting as that of Emerson, Longfellow or Lowell. 'His style is essentially characterized by a wild, vigorous and truly poetic imagination, a fertile invention, varied and curious learning.' Clearness of rhetoric, a necessary of force, is secured in his "Gold Bug," and a more complicated and successful scheme has never been executed by his imitators or rivals. It is said that in analytic reason, no American author ever excelled him; as to his "Raven," though now worn thread-bare, some think it the most popular lyric poem in the world. Poe is a true poet, however, and his fame "will live long after our bones are dust." We of the South claim him as our own.

W. WM. WATSON.

DEVELOPMENT OF BRITISH MAGAZINE WRITING.

The novel and the essay are two forms of literature that have been perfected in modern times. In olden days the wandering minstrel and story-teller satisfied the appetite for romance, while the "letters" and pamphlet-sized productions of classic literati have the cast of features that proclaims them the nearest archetype of the modern literary essay. But there was not, until modern times, the convergence of causes which in the earlier half of the present century produced the acme of periodical writing.

In the opening years of the eighteenth century the first bright glimmer is shed across the path of journalism. So far, newspapers had been under such close restraint that even existence was barely possible. But the heaviest restraints were removed in 1695, and then they came by tens and twenties flocking. Among these public prints one stands peculiar and pre-eminent, namely, Daniel

Defoe's "*Review*", a departure and an improvement. This is the first milestone on the road of English journalism, and a long and dreary mile it was. It took more than fifty years to cover it.

During the second period of development the press was the reforming influence on a coarsened society. The "*Tattler*," born 1709, and the more illustrious "*Spectator*" by their easy familiarity, gained for the press access to all Englishmen. Men of genius began to see what periodical literature was. Swift loved it and patronized it; his vehemence and Addison's persuasiveness produced a "power press" more wonderful than the mechanical appliance that now bears that name. Lampoons and political tracts and such like group themselves into the "*Examiner*", the "*Whig Examiner*," the "*British Mercury*," the "*Gentleman's Magazine*" and others of less note. That these same street pamphlets were the natural ancestors of periodical literature is broadly suggested by the fact that gradually they were absorbed by these publications, the ablest of the pamphleteers becoming the most aggressive of the journalists. For the next twenty years, down to the '30's, the press held its selfrespect. But the men of genius and earnestness who had somewhat upheld it till then begin to drop off, and all along the line, yielding to subsidies and bribes, it sinks placidly down to a period of ignominy and corruption. In this time, when the sardonic smile of Walpole froze honesty out of politics, when there was no "honor in men and no virtue in women," how was the poor little newspaper to keep its integrity? It just didn't keep it. Dr. Johnson is left with his "*Rambler*" to ramble this third mile of English journalism, through the bogs and slush, the quagmire and slough of despond and murkiness, till the day dawn on this darkened time of journalistic history.

Till the day dawn, the day whose morning the fog lapped over. For away back in 1731 Edward Cave had started a miscellaneous journal like those we know today. This epoch is also notable as producing the first substantial English journal of original criticism, its predecessors having been little better than mere catalogues. In this matter of literary journals, England was nearly a century behind France, where able reviews had existed

ever since 1665. But after the half-way line of the eighteenth century these periodic essays begin to be more long-lived, some of the last quarter extending into the nineteenth century.

All along here, in a history of English literature we see magazines incidentally mentioned in connection with some great name—in fact, we have seen this ever since the days of Addison. But in 1802 the most notable of all periodicals, the "*Edinburgh Review*," arises. From its very inceptionit went forth with strength. Now, in the history of English literature, casual mention of literary journals cease; and in single file, nearly the whole of that "phalanx of writers that moved so gloriously across the century's eastern sky," and the last of whose rear-guard have scarcely moved off with Carlyle and Tennyson, march in review before the terrible "*Edinburgh*," or themselves enlist upon its staff. Great was the influence of this new Whig organ, the oracle of science, politics, economy and literature. In fact, its strength was one source of its weakness. Its truculent attacks, unreasonably savage, on young writers of real merit whom the management, not liking, attempted to crush out of literature, tended to lessen the implicit confidence once put in its dictatorship.

Following this Scotch leader, numbers of literary magazines were established, which mostly streamed like meteors across the night and died away from lack of sustained power. Probably no other periodical ever mustered such a corps as manned the "*Edinburgh*." But

> "When went there by an age * * * *
> But it was famed with more than with one man?"

Certainly not this age. In 1817 there was established a magazine whose liberalness, whose elegance, whose genius are attested by George Elliot's novels, by Christopher North's "*Noctes Ambrosianae*" and by De-Quincey's collected works. These are three distinguished contributors to "*Blackwood's*," the first of the magazines of the home circle, which have at present, especially in America, attained such excellence. A cloak of warm fire light, the rustling leaves and the delicate aroma of the newly printed pages make a pleasing prelude to enjoying the intercourse which a standard magazine furnishes with the best contemporary thought.

In these days the three most flashing lights of periodical literature came remarkably into conjunction—the three Thomases, Thomas DeQuincey, Thomas Macauly and Thomas Carlyle—the triumvirate we might call them. A authoritative critic pronounces modern prose style the best prose style in the literature; the triumvirate may claim much in gaining this distinction for their time. From the lilt of sentimental fiction to the burning scorn of satire, their powers range. DeQuincey's slow and stately sweep of majestic polysyllables resembles the swelling verberations of Homer's deep-toned spondees; Macauly has the nervous jerk of a quick, dactylic line, and Carlyle, with exhaustless flow of words and depth of soul, pours out sublimities of hatred and hero-worship in prodigal effusion. These three men are so important, as having elevated and set new styles for periodical writing and representing its three most distinct branches, that we may appropriately pause with them.

How often we find some trifling incident of ancient life immortalized by a good hexameter. Horace's patron was no better, doubtless, than some other patrons; but '*Qui fit Maecenas*' has made that name forever the synonym for a literary suzerain. In this respect DeQuincey is hard to equal as a classic. His analogical mind was constantly running parallels between the ancient and the present, between the exalted and the customary. The most commonplace objects and ordinary happenings assume a gentle luster from the apparel in which he dresses them. The most ponderous illustrations, the most circuitous allegories, like great machines worked by an eleciric key, move as easily in his hand as the shortest trope. Ease, such ease, such deliberate ease, shows extraordinary power of mental grasp.

For popularity the second of the group holds the palm. In a public library the worn condition of the volumes bearing the title, "Macaulay's Essays," witnesses that they are read second only to fiction. This is especially noticeable in a collection of books used by young men; for it is with them that Macaulay's crisp expressions, sublime assurance and dashing oratory, make their completest conquests. Nor is this popularity undeserved. Our literature has no other such brilliant assort-

ment of history, biography, criticism and controversy, all told in the most taking style conceivable. His "critical" essays are by no means critiques, but far better, invaluable condensed histories. Most of us, as some one suggests, would never know the old, old facts he tells if *he* had not told them.

Goethe said of Thomas Carlyle, the last of this illustrious three, that it was impossible to estimate the ultimate influence of his works, owing to their moral power. Carlyle's intensity of feeling inspired his works with a true Hebraic fire, which, with his eccentricities, made magazines a bit shy of this strange Scotchman. From one publisher to another he went, receiving here a little, there a little; giving here an ingot, there an ingot. Unlike Macaulay, always in full dress, he took not well with those "high-dizined folk" who clap their hands so loudly at each new literary legerdemain. He himself recognized that society is of four classes: noblemen, gentlemen, gigmen and men; and God be thanked, he wrote for the men. He is always on a crusade, inveighing with religious fervor against all that is hollow and hypocritical and false. Verily, he would strike the devil himself if he showed his head. Men call Carlyle the cynic, but for our part, we prefer to mine gold, though sometimes it lie encumbered with Carlylean blunders.

The great essayists wrote on themes of undying interest; hence their works endure. The reviews they patronized were started for political reasons largely, but it has so happened that the literary contributors, on whom the political partizans doubtless felt inclined to look as ancillaries, merely to tidy things up, forsooth, are now read and the spirit of the review is preserved in ponderous files of back numbers on shelves where the dust perennially roosts.

At present much good literature is to be gleaned piecemeal from the magazines; but emphatically it must be gleaned. One of the richest fields for periodical essays, the biographic, has much deteriorated from the fact that so many doting friends write the articles when the subject is scarcely dozing in his grave. One of the best, though by no means brilliant, biographical essays we have seen lately is on Henry Timrod, and it probably owes much of its excellence to the fact that Timrod has

been twenty-five years dead and the essayist is not a personal adorer.

But stretch optimism to its largest, it will not conceal the fact that magazine writing is not as excellent as it once was. As the drama caught and crystallized the Elizabethan times, so the press is the calendar where the age writes with mystic finger to be read by coming generations. The unsettlement of the times, the uneasy feeling that something has gone wrong, the smothered war in times of peace, cast their shadows across periodical literature, and much brain and energy are spent in simply mumbling to themselves. Literature cannot prosper in its highest, because men are too anxious about their affairs in this social and economic age. All the sweet singers, from Patti to Salvini could not hold an audience who had a lingering suspicion that their homes were being robbed.

But may there not be some vein of excellence running through all this rubbish in periodic form? A Lowell has just passed away, and we are publishing his collected works in ten red-bound volumes. Is there not another who, twenty-five years hence, will deserve as well? Let us so hope. D. D. WALLACE.

AMERICAN THEOLOGY AS LITERATURE.

To every great movement there are always two parties. Religious reformation has been to a great extent the outcrop of persecution—the persecuted rebelling against the persecutors. Luther had his supporters and opponents. The endeavor to quench a reformation only hastens its progress.

It was the persecution of the non-conformists to the established church of England that led to the settlement of colonies on the American continent during the seventeenth century, where freedom of religious and social thought might be enjoyed.

Landing on the American shore the Pilgrim Fathers were without a home and all around them was forest and wilderness. But soon the sound of the axe was heard felling the forests, hamlets and fields appearing instead. As immigrants arrived villages arose, and the

"wilderness was made to blossom as the rose." Systems of government were established in the various colonies, each being a little republic of its own. These afterwards uniting declaired their independence of the mother country and became known as the United States.

At first schools and churches were wanting, the spirit of God nevertheless being present. But these soon appeared, though rude, and often the humble worshiper, accompanied by his friends, was seen on his way to the house of God, where he might render thanks and make known his wants to the Father of Spirits. The church was the center of civilization and the minister controlled both church and state.

Though the Northern colonies built finer houses and established better schools than the Southern, yet it is noticeable that both North and South the colonists demanded an educated ministry—men who understood theology and could apply the gospel to the needs of their parishoners. Being independent of the mother country, various opinions arose as regarded the church. Several new denominations were founded, in support of which Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Unitarians and others wrote, each setting forth his faith. Papers pro and con were written, and volume after volume appeared. Publicly and privately theology was discussed, and even the children on the streets caught the inspiration.

Superstition was prevalent among these first settlers, and even witchcraft was practiced. Various forms of superstition are still extant, especially those relating to household duties. Can this be due to intellecual poverty? Though men believe in a personal God, yet it is their nature to be superstitious. Our ancestors believed in Christ and in the justice of God, yet they talked of ghosts and evil spirits. They often saw the prosperity of the wicked and the poverty of the righteous, yet they questioned not the justice of God, for they believed the Lord chastises them that love him just as the father corrects his child. The pulpit often entered into such conversations as these as well as pointing out the way of salvation. Sermons were prepared to suit the needs of the people, though often literary and learned. Such preachers as Jonathan Edwards and the Mathers have

left to posterity many valuable books, treating of every current topic of their ministry perhaps, but they are now only used as books of reference. Edwards' belief, that the "will is not self-determined," led to the publication of many articles only to pass into oblivion. The works of the Mathers are now read but little, while Shakespeare and Milton receive much attention.

Now the question arises, "Why is this?" Can these periodicals and books be classed as literature? Before answering these questions it is necessary to understand what is meant by the terms Theology and Literature, and what each includes.

The term theology, as the word implies, means a science or knowledge of God and his dealings with man; science, systematized knowledge, the power of using the mind at any time and in any way desired.

Literature as defined by an English critic means "the written thoughts and feelings of intelligent men and women, arranged in such a way as to give pleasure to the reader." It may also defined as objective and subjective. The latter only is true literature. To define its limits is difficult, for its border line is not geometrical, neither is it an imaginary line drawn in space.

That theology is a science cannot be denied. Just as well exclude geology as it, for it has its theories and deals with problems far more difficult than any other branch of science. Now if science be classed as literature, theology must necessarily be literature also, for what is true of the whole must be true of its parts. But can this be? Does science come within the scope of literature? According to the definition, literature is that which pleases. Does science do this? It may the scientific mind, but is science true literature? Will the reader exult over a page of Locke or Kant as over Milton or Shakespeare? Science is practical, commonplace, dealing with every day life; literature is ideal, imaginative, unpractial; science sweeps the universe, but literature is content to dwell with man. Science classifies the rocks and stars, literature gives them life. The day that literature becomes practical, commonplace, that day it dies, but the more practical science becomes the better science may change, but the literary page is constant. Kant's theories may be uprooted, but Milton

and Shakespeare live. Dealing with causes and effects, science has its purpose in view, literature has the purpose within itself. But while this is true of science and of theology also, yet theology seems to approach nearer literature than any other branch of science, since it is to some extent imaginative, ideal, and deals with the unseen. But still it is too practical for literature, since it reveals to man his relation to the invisible and gives him a mental view of heaven.

The theological works of Jonathan Edwards or the Mathers are not enjoyed like the essays of Emerson or Carlyle, because they are suited more for reference than general reading. Sermons are too objective for the literary mind which demands something rich and fertile, glowing and descriptive. Theology borders on literature and lends it a helping hand. Like Moses, it gets within sight of the Promised Land but must be content to find a resting place on this side Jordan's rolling tides. To say what books shall be and what shall not be classed as literature is not easily done, for no book will please two persons to the same degree. Suffice it to say that all books and papers considered literature are not true literature, because the marrow is lacking.

But because the theological works of the former and this generation are not true literature, can it be truthfully affirmed that they have had no influence in dictating as to what kind of literature America should have? Though theology is the main purpose of the minister, yet has he not written many books and periodicals which have the first place in American literature? For example take Emerson—an earnest preacher at first and not loath to give his opinion on any subject; then a writer whose works are found in nearly every American library. True, a good man may write a bad book and a wicked man a good one, but when it is remembered that once the church was the center of civilization and controlled the State, it assuredly follows that it has given to literature a religious hue. Politics and theology were often intermingled in the pulpit and around the hearthstone. The minister's son often became a distinguised writer, and surely he has not forsaken his father's God and given to his writings a cast of infidelity and idolatry!

Again, after studying the theological works of our forefathers and knowing what kind of a religion they preached, one would naturally conclude that good literature must be the result, for says Carlyle: "Tell me a nation's religion and I will tell you what kind of a people they are." The individual must write as he thinks, so must the nation. The Greeks wrote of their gods and sang of their muses; the Anglo-Saxon tuned his lyre to the denizens of the air and sang of his heroes; the American writes and praises his God with an "instrument of ten strings."

O. M. ABNEY.

THE SILENT CITY.

There's a long neglected place,
Where the form of age I trace,
Where the ancient cedars grow
And their heavy shadows show
Forms fantastic as they seem
Lying thick upon the green.

In this lonely place is found
Many a long uncared-for mound;
Some that now no more are green,
Nor are flowers on them seen;
Graves that now no more are kept
Long forgotten, long unwept.

Here's where heroes once were laid,
Resting 'neath the Summer's shade,
Waiting for the day to come,
When in yonder happy home
They should with their loved ones meet
Greeting them at Jesus' feet.

Here's where fathers then most dear
Were laid to rest with many a tear,
And mothers that were dearer still,
The hearts with desolation filled
Of their children as they gave
Their mothers to the cruel grave.

Here's where brothers, brave and true,
Now lie beneath the sparkling dew.
Underneath this deep blue sky,
With its glimmering stars on high,
Sisters sleep, once young and gay,
Kind and gentle, now passed away.

The little babes were buried here
Who charmed their gentle mother's ear
With their prattle and their glee
As they played around her knee.
Lovely, chubby, tiny things
For angel flight have plumed their wings.

Now these graves no one doth keep;
No one o'er them seems to weep.
The ones who cared for them one day
Now all as they have passed away.
The way of earth they all have gone
And now await the judgment morn.

Oh! may we all in passing by
This place once dear to mortal eye
Drop on these graves a silent tear
In memory of those who slumber here,
And pray to meet them up on high
Where none's neglected, none's passed by.

Where we shall know as we are known,
When gathered 'round the great white
Throne,
Where loved with loved above shall meet,
All joining in that song so sweet
Of love and joy and perfect rest
In that sweet Haven of the blest.

M.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. Wallace, Editor.

THE NEW YEAR.

New Year's has come and gone. Our past is one year longer and our future is one year shorter. Thus, by adding a year to each end of our existence, we are two years older than we were a year ago. Festivals and celebrations are chiefly valuable to mark the flight of time. Once a year human affairs come to a halt, then a week of feasting, retrospecting and regreting, and another year begins.

Did it ever occur to you that in the universe, even down to the smallest corner of this world, every day is new year's? The earth spins just as fast and transacts just as much business with ulterior space and does it just as well one day as another. Every day is new year. The first of June is just as good a day to quit a bad habit as is the first of January.

Usage and precedent have given New Year's a tremendous dignity. It seems more stupendous than ordinary days, and appears to move onward more inexorably. When it comes the year must end. But what an insignificant day it is. How few people are born on it and how few lives does it end. What great events of history happened on it?

Its regular recurrence forces on us how time is passing. It is hard to get a good perspective of the times we live in, hard to realize that while we work so much and accomplish so little hitory moves on in unending cycles. "History of Our Own Times," it sounds strange. What! Have our times a history? Are we parts of history?

We leave '93 with some regrets that we cannot drop the real year as well as its name. For this is 1893 as much as 1894. The same troubles impend the country and she enjoys the same blessings. May the balance tilt to the blessings and this year be happily remembered by all our readers.

The editorial staff, thinking that the best interests of THE JOURNAL would be advanced and that our exchanges could be more justly treated, has instituted the "Exchange Department." To make such action valid, the confirmation of the student body was necessary. This was unanimously given. Heretofore the exchange work has been done by the Editor-in-chief. The number and excellence of our exchanges, however, demand a separate department. Mr. W. Wm. Watson now has sole charge of the Literary Department. Mr. W. T. Duncan has the Exchange Department. We trust that his new duties will be performed as faithfully as were his old, and that our pleasant relations with the exchanges may continue.

THE READING ROOM.

The reading room at Wofford College is well supplied with periodicals. Magazines literary, miscellaneous, scientific and mechanical are there in abundance. There is one thing wrong, however. The faculty and students take the magazines out and frequently never return them. We do not know what this offense would be called in court. If a magazine is missing the answer is that some of the faculty has it. Of course the students are not wholly guiltless. But if the faculty vigorously abstained from abstracting books we believe the students would also.

It is not the privilege of the faculty to take books out because they contribute. The students have to contribute a contingent fee for supporting the reading room, among other things. Besides the injustice it is very unwise for the faculty to indulge in a practice that discourages one of the best habits of the college community, that of reading good periodicals. Of course the ones taken are the best. Nobody wants the shoddy ones. We have seen students put to serious inconvenience by magazines having been removed from the library. It is inconsiderate and presumptuous for the faculty to take books when they please and return them when they please. Even if they contributed every cent of the expenses it would still be so. The students will gladly avail themselves of a free reading room and thank their benefactors for it; but they do not enjoy being treated as menials to whom the scraps are throw. If the faculty propose to take the best magazines home and leave the students the poor ones, the students can with a few tears forego the whole. The faculty take the meat and give the students the bones. The student's don't want the leavings. It puts them in the dilemma of the old lady who, when asked why she never married, said: "Them I wants, I can't git; and them I can git, the devil wouldn't have."

There is dissatisfaction on the part of the students at the taking of books. No great cataclysm will ensue if it is continued, but much good will ensue if it is stopped. Let everybody read in the right place, in the right time, in the right way. But let us have no more vexatious, unjustifiable and injurious abstraction of magazines.

This is campaign year.

New Year's is famous for people making good resolutions. The day after New Year's is famous for breaking them.

THE JOURNAL wishes all its friends Happy New Year in a new dress. To tell the truth, we just got tired seeing that old dead man on the cover and so we decided to bury him. "Peace to his ashes."

Some of the students constantly ask the editors when THE JOURNAL will be out. We have been asked this almost every day of the month from the first to the thirtieth. THE JOURNAL is issued in the middle of the month, so that it may contain as much news of the month and still not seem late.

"*The Young Preacher*," by Dr. T. L. Cuyler, is one of the latest publications of the Fleming H. Revell Co., N. Y It is a book of an hour's reading, written from the full experience of a veteran preacher. The style is excellent and the matter better. It is a book valuable to every ministerial student or preacher.

If there are to be any inter-collegiate debates in South Carolina this year it is time to be stirring. It is peculiar to see literary institutions have dozens of physical contests and so few intellectual. There can be no more beneficial exercises. As Dr. Winnston said in Greenville last year, it reminds one of the old Olympiads. Let's beat Greece and have more than one every four years.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. T. Duncan, Editor.

SALUTATORY.

Heretofore the work of the Exchange Department has been performed by the Editor-in-chief under the Editorial Department, but experience has taught that the duties of the Chief Editor are too burdensome for him to notice the great number of exchanges that come to this office as much as the occasion demands, so it has been thought best to institute an Exchange Department separate from the Editorial, and give one of the Literary editors sole charge of the work of this department. The duties of this exacting and somewhat responsible position having been assigned to me. It shall be my highest purpose to review and give a fair and impartial criticism of all the papers and magazines that come to us. We will commend the meritorious and offer courteous criticism, when in our judgment it is necessary, irrespective of party, color or sex.

There is no better magazine, perhaps, that visits our office than the *Randolph Macon Monthly*. It is a very excellent journal, both as to its literary merit and mechanical execution, and has always an excellent variety of good reading. We hail with pleasure its monthly visits. Come on *Monthly*, you are a welcome visitor to our sanctum.

The December number of the *Furman Echo* is on our desk. The *Echo* is a very worthy, creditable magazine and reflects honor on its editorial staff and the institution, in whose interest it is published. We are very glad that the editor furnished its readers with a short history of the celebrated and much admired poem, entitled "Beautiful Snow." The circumstances incident to the writing of a poem often add interest to the reading of it, and we are afraid that this magnificent poem, with its fine blending of pathos and subdued wail of despair, is not fully appreciated by those unacquainted with its unfortunate author and the heart-rending circum-

stances that led her to pen those beautiful, yet inexplicably sad lines. Some may call it trite and "chestnuts," but such pathetic sentiments, couched in such exquisitly beautiful language, never become trite to persons of true aesthetic taste and whose hearts beat in sympathy with poor, fallen humanity.

The initial number of the *Erskinian*, a journal published by the Philomatheon and Euphemion Literary Societies of Erskine College, has made its appearance among our exchanges. We are glad to see that our sister institution has sufficiently recovered from the loss she sustained by fire to have her machinery in full operation, and we are also delighted to see that rising from her ashes she has taken on new life and vigor, and is determined to keep apace with the demands of the times. No college machinery is complete without a literary magazine. We wish the *Erskinian* much success.

We have received a copy of a magazine published by the "*American Humane Society*" of Boston, Mass., a paper published for the prevention of cruelty to animals. It is composed largely of autobiographical sketches and personal recollections of Geo. T. Angell, the president of the above named society, and has doubtless achieved much in the way of preventing the wanton and ruthless evil of cruelty to dumb brutes. We are told by the Wise Man that the righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, yet we see all around us church members, and even ministers of the gospel, ignore the truth they preach to others by their merciless treatment of domestic animals. We bid the socitey god-speed in their good work.

How many privileges are allowed young people because of cousinship.—*Randolph Macon Monthly.*

What a sad truth these lines express. How often do we see indiscretion to the point of gross impropriety among young people palliated and condoned on the stupid and complacent ground of "cousinship." The practice of girls allowing their male cousins to have

privileges which they would blush to reveal to their mothers is a very foolish and hurtful custom that has found its way into society and one which a high sense of propriety and the safety of girlhood demand to be corrected. No girl has a right to indulge in covert practices with her cousins that she would be unwilling for the pure eye of a mother, jealous for the reputation and welfare of her daughter, to see.

The faculty have decided to encourage work on the *Collegian* in a very practical manner. All college students who are members of the board will receive credit for their *Collegian* work. The editor-in-chief is to receive a credit of two hours a week, and Senior and Junior editors of one hour a week, while Sophomore and Freshmen editors will have one essay remitted.—*Colorado Collegian.*

Why should not all college faculties show a like consideration and encouragement to the editors of their respective magazines? There is nothing that advertises the true worth and merit of a college more than its literary magazine, yet, strange to say, there is no class of people that gets less sympathy and encouragement than college journal editors. It seems that the average college professor, with all his Latin and Greecian lore, English erudition and scientific investigations, has failed to learn the simple fact, that it requires a little wee bit of time to write literary articles and editorials, review exchanges and get up local items of interest. The *Collegian* is published by a literary board consisting of ten members, every one of whom receives a credit of time or is exempted from certain college duties. Most college journals, however, are published by an editorial staff elected from the Senior class, the membership of which is less by half than the *Collegian's* board, and although they are stinted in time and money, with which to defray the necessary expenses of a decent journal, with no encouragement from the faculty and oftentimes little sympathy from the body of students, yet they are expected once a month to get out a first-class literary magazine, up in every respect to the standard of the best

college journals, and in some unknown, inexplicable, mysterious way, be able to meet the demands of the printer when his bills are presented. We rise to remark that it is not only a matter of impossibility to meet such demands against such odds, but it is rediculously absurd to think of. If the faculty and students will rally around their editors, and aid them with their money, sympathy and encouragement, they will give them a magazine worthy of the noble body they represent and the institution in the interest of which it is published. Until you do this, friends, please spare us of your stupid criticism.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. Jones, Editor.

'80.—W. T. Hutto, after graduating here, spent some time at Charleston Medical College preparing for the medical profession, but he soon gave up the idea of following it as a life work. He is now a commercial traveler for the firm, Meyer, Rhinhard & Co., of Baltimore, and is making many friends throughout the State.

'76.—P. B. Langston is a member of the firm Williams & Co., of Pelzer. Despite "hard times" the firm is doing an excellent business. Mr. Langston is a man of fine qualities and high reputation and wields an influence for good among his fellow citizens.

'87.—Rev. A. B. Earle, during the six years spent as a minister in the S. C. Conference, has done good service as a herald of Christianity. His worth is proven by his promotion. This year he has been stationed at Williamston, a good field for useful service. Congregation and pastor are pleased with the appointment. May this year be the most successful of his ministry.

'92.—T. G. McLeod has a large school of more than four-score scholars at Boykin. He reports good work.

"Tony" rides a Rambler wheel,
But never a Texas pony.

'75.—Prof. W. S. Morrison is now Professor of Ancient and Modern History at Clemson College. Since Prof. Morrison's graduation he has been closely identified with the educational interests of this State. He was for awhile Superintendent of schools in Spartanburg, which position he filled acceptably. After leaving Spartanburg he was for some time Superintendent of schools in the city of Greenville. At Clemson Prof. Morrison enjoys the distinction of being the only one to whom all the students recite. Clemson College is fortunate in securing Prof. Morrison and he will, in the future, be an important factor in the success of that institution.

'76.—Prof. Jno. G. Clinkscales is one of that memorable class of 1876. Since leaving college he has been, at

one time or another, employed in educational work. He was for some time engaged in teaching in the military academy at Anderson, S. C. He also served the people of Anderson as School Commissioner. For several years he taught in the Columbia Female College. It was while engaged in that institution that he was elected Associate Professor of Mathematics at Clemson, and his long experience in teaching will enable his work to be a success at that place. All positions which Prof. Clinkscales has held have been filled to the perfect satisfaction of all concerned.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

F. M. Lander, Editor.

THE RAYHILL MEDAL CONTEST.

The Elocution Class, mentioned in our last issue, has finished its work and the excitement as to the award of the medal has about died down. Early in the history of the class, Prof. Rayhill held a preliminary contest for places in the exhibition. Professors Snyder and Easter were the men who picked out the eight speakers. These men had a fortnight's training and showed up in good style.

The last Friday night before the holidays, an audience of good size and attentive found its way into the Opera House. The boys were in fine humor and as the speakers would come in, round after round of applause went up. The curtain's rising showed Mr. Wells, of Charleston. His effort was, as all his declamation, good. Then came Messrs. Cantey, Davis, Kirby, Colcman, Ellerbe. Mr. Dibble easily won a place, but was too sick to make an appearance. Prof. Rayhill had asked Miss Masson, Prof. Brown and Dr. Watkins, to act as judges. When the speaking was finished this committee retired and in a very short time brought in a "true bill" against Mr. Wm. M. Ellerbe of the Senior Class. Mr. Ellerbe had chosen an extract entitled "The Unknown Speaker." His delivery was good and his ability to compose himself before his audience was extraordinarily fine.

The speaking of the whole class was by no means shameful and that of several of them was very excellent. The evening was enjoyed by everybody and the thanks of the college community are Prof. Rayhill's. We will always appreciate the Professor's thoroughness and grace and Wofford will always find him a class whenever it shall please him to come again.

THE READING ROOM.

The Reading Room of Wofford College is one of the many institutions connected with it that give it a quality

of atmosphere not unliterary but rather, not "bookish." When one comes from a struggle with Greek or a round with Mathematics, or a set-to with Geology, or a fisticuff with Metaphysics, he generally puts in his resting in the library. Its a good place to take your literary recreation. A good fire in winter and great, easy arm chairs with no class-room dignity (?) to hamper you—these chief requisites to students' comforts are all here. The leading reviews and magazines, secular and religious newspapers, all neatly filed for easy reference make it very pleasant for Wofford men to keep abreast with the times. The room is in charge of the Seniors, each taking it for a week at a time. These dignitaries are instructed to preserve order and this means generally that they shall keep an eye on the Fresh who vainly strive to be accounted Solons because they run through some Encyclopedia, or look wisely at a Turkish edition of the Lord's Prayer.

The library connected with the reading room affords abundant opportunity for extensive research in almost every line of thought. The room is used a great deal, it should be used more. It is not a lobby where one may sit and prate his views to the disgust of the other men present, but rather absolute quiet should be maintained at any cost. The Seniors will do well to remember this and if a polite reminder fails to bring about the desired end, the Faculty will doubtless be grateful for a reminder.

With that great interest in Wofford men, which so well characterizes his life in Spartanburg, our pastor, Rev. W. A. Rogers, issued a little circular New Year's letter to each man on the campus. He took the opportunity to turn his reader's attention to the cause he represents and with so much grace, as well as feeling that the effort will doubtless be fastened into the minds and hearts of them all. College men appreciate attention. There have been times, not very long since, when the students of the college were a flock without a leader. The pastor, however eloquent he may be on Sunday at Central, may well remember that a kindly grasp of a hand and a pleasant remark may preach a far more useful and last-

ing sermon than all the logic and oratory of a master. We are glad to see that Mr. Rogers takes an interest in Wofford College and we shall hope to see him over here often as usual.

Seldom is such a scene of wild enthusiasm witnessed in a college community as was presented here on the evening of January 5th, when it was whispered that Prof. E. B. Craighead was on the campus—that genial, scholarly gentleman, who for two years graced so efficiently and satisfactorily the chair of Greek and French in this college. The rumor of Prof. Craighead's presence spread like a prarie fire urged on by the violent winds of March, and in almost an incredibly short time the boys were hastening from all parts of the campus to the residence of Prof. Kilgo, where he was stopping. No sooner had the crowd gathered than the air was rent with vociferous calls of "Craighead!" "Craighead!!" "Prof. Craighead!!!" In response to these enthusiastic calls from his old students Prof. Craighead rushed out with extended hands to greet once more his boys of former days with that generous and familiar "how are you, Hollis," "how are you, Baskin," "how are you, Duncan," which awoke the tender chords of friendship and love of erstwhile days, and he spoke of Wofford College and her students in terms laudatory of her true worth and merit just as if he was still among us, and the other two members of the beloved triumvirate, Professors Kilgo and Snyder followed with speeches well wo.thy of the men and the occasion, in which they indulged extensively in laudation and acknowledgment of their companionship with their former colleague. Judging from the wild encores of applause with which the speeches were greeted, one would for the time have thought that he was at one of our "famous" campaign meetings, where the talented "Ben" had scored a point over an opponent with that brilliant repartee, with which he is so gifted. Truly may the former triumvirate and the students echo and re-echo in the lines of Tommy Moore:

"Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled,
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled,
You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang 'round it still."

W.

The Christmas holidays have passed and with them the joys and glories of a trip home. Most of the men went home. However, there were a few who lived so far from home that they decided to "tough it out" till June. Those who stayed on the campus were, Messrs. Baker, Covington, Gaines, McGhee, L., Purifoy and Taylor. These gentlemen report a fine, nice, large, long and lonesome time. Tennis and study made whatever of pleasure there was for them doubly enjoyable.

The boarders at Prof. Thomas's showed their appreciation for their landlady, by presenting her a handsome set of silver spoons. The "Gamewell House" was not left behind by their neighbors, and they gave Mrs. Gamewell a beautiful carving set. The boys appreciate the motherly interest which their landladies manifest towards them and will ever remember kindly their residence under their roofs.

It is stated that a Professor found so many "ponies" hitched behind the benches of his class room, that he is seriously thinking of having his benches protected by tin or sheet iron so that the gaunt, ill-fed beasts will not gnaw the paint off as they vainly struggle for food. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals might do well to look into the matter. Horses hard ridden should be well fed.

The Calhoun Society is putting itself in new dress. The old ceiling, such an eye-sore for many years, has been beautifully papered, the president's stand changed into a handsome oak with gold trimming, a new drapery will be put on, the walls newly papered and the windows and book cases repainted to match the new president's stand. The committee in charge, Messrs. Lander, Kirby and Shuler, desire to thank very heartily Mrs. Warren DuPre and Mrs. Rembert, of the city, and Miss Montgomery, of Concord, N. C., for their suggestions as to color and material. Wofford can't get along without the ladies.

The Faculty have passed an order to the effect that hereafter no man may enter the Senior class with any

back work on him. Juniors with "condition" will find examinations awaiting them in October. *Nota Bene!*

"There's nothing in a name"—but there is a great deal of fun when Senior E. meets a lady who afterwards mistakes him for Senior B. and chins him up and down from Union to Spartanburg. Senior B. has no idea who she is until Senior E. comes in and fails to be recognized by the lady. Moral:—Let no two Seniors wear the same curl to their respective moustaches!

The Christmas dinner at the Alumni Hall was a decided success. Miss Cornelia Jones, who for so long has filled the place of matron at the Hall, gave her boys her farewell treat. She has resigned her position and be it said in behalf of the boys who were with her, they were intensely sorry and are deeply grateful for her many acts of kindness while she was their foster mother. The management of that part of the Hall falls to the lot of Mrs. Reeder who will, doubtless, give great satisfaction. Mr. Watson is still the efficient and courteous manager.

Wofford for invention always! In tennis circles there is a stir about a new stroke which has been brought out by one of our new professors. The object of the stroke is to cause the opponent to run as far as possible in search of a lost ball. The action is under handed, full arm and strong. The ball rises as it goes and soon is "out of sight." The movement has been appropriately dubbed "*Thomasesque.*"

Mr. F. H. Shuler, '95, will represent the College Y. M. C. A. at the State Y. M. C. A. meeting to be held in Sumter, Feb. 11-14.

The Senior sees his work near done
He strolls the streets with haughty grace,
The Junior numbers one by one
The months before he'll end the race,
The Soph looks backward on a year
Of freshness, folly and regret,
The Freshman blindly looks nowhere
But proudly puffs a cigarette!

Mr. Wm. Coleman, '95, represented the Wofford Chapter of S. A. E. at their annual convention held in Pittsburg, Pa., during the holidays.

Many Wofford men enjoyed the Remenyi concert given at Converse College on January 5th. Such music is a rarity in this town.

J. K. Crosswell, '97, was on the campus in December.

Rev. J. R. Walker, of the Fitting School, conducted a Sunday morning service for Y. M. C. A. men during January.

There is no place where a college student can exhibit the clownish contemptibleness in him to a better advantage than on a train. A student very often, under the sad delusion that he is acting smart, renders himself very obnoxious to the common decencies and proprieties of life. A very painful instance of this kind came under the personal observation of this editor as he was on his way home Christmas, when at a certain station a student of low stature and red hair, with that ostentatious manner that always bespeaks a dearth of sense, boarded the train. After making a veritable ass of himself vainly attempting to attract the notice of the passengers by displaying all the contemptible buffoonery of a circus monkey, he gave the crowning evidence of his stupid pretense to intelligence and etiquette by grossly and without provocation insulting some young ladies from a very honored and reputed Female College of this State. Oh! Bobbie Burns, truly, thou dids't write more than a century ago:

> "Would some power a gi't to gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us."

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. WM. WATSON, - - - Editor.

February 14th.

To G.

I crave no language that would tell
  Of schoolboy's stuff, he calls his love,
Nor would I madly strive to swell
  Your praises to the stars above.
No, I am but of common mould
  And being so, I'm only bold
Enough to beg in accents cold,
  That you recall my story, told
    Some months ago.

Pray, look you well in your dear heart
  And see if in its keeping
Is to be found love's first warm part,
  Tho' silent, sweetly sleeping;
And rouse it gently lest it flee
  From your dear, slight confinement
And care for it, if 'tis for me,
  It will enjoy refinement.
    For all goes well that goes at all
      If love be the attendant,
      Then hear my words, tho' poor they fall
      Like echoes in a vacant hall,
        Which once shown bright resplendent!

Oh! sing me not your dear love song,
  Unless from out your heart of hearts,
  And not concealed by cruel arts,
There sweeps a tide full, deep and strong
That on its bosom bears along
    Some love to me!

And learn me better than to fear
That aught but truth is in my soul
And learn that you are doubly dear
Unto me as the long months roll.
Then take renewed my honest faith
And let your confidence be mine,
For destiny is but a wraith
Without you—my sweet Valentine.

F. McP.

Imagination.

Psychology defines the imagination as that faculty which enables man to form new images by a reconstruction of the qualities abstracted from objects of experience. By this definition the imagination is to a great extent originative and progressive. To say that it is not creative by no means detracts from its importance. Man possesses no creative power ; he cannot by taking thought add one cubit to his stature. His greatest power does not consist in the ability to create or destroy, but to rebuild, to reconstruct, to recombine over and over again the materials God has placed here for his use into new and better forms and shapes each day of his life. Therefore to the imagination is largely due man's progress in every department of life. All our ideals are products of the imagination, and our whole progressive tendency is continually pointing to the realization of some previously formed ideal. Men leading lives where this idealistic faculty is most useful depend almost wholly on the imagination for their working material. Sculptors, painters, poets and inventors must develop their imaginative powers to a high degree to make a success in their several professions. Men in general are learning more and more the subordination of the external senses to a dominant, utilizing intellect ; that the senses are receptive and transmissive only as directed and controlled by the mind. But to this special faculty of the mind—imagination—is the hand indebted for every progressive stroke and the foot for every advancing step. Were not man

possessed of that grand and noble endowment of the intellect, he would still be in the "Garden of Eden," having only the primary, instinctive knowledge of the first-created man. The world would be one wide-extended Paradise adorned by Nature's hand, and impotent man would be strolling listlessly about under the shade of the trees, enjoying his freedom along with the *other animals.*

Without imagination man would need no history to commemorate the events of past ages, for to-day would be as yesterday was, and as to-morrow is sure to be—no progress, no change in man and man's productions, only a revolving, onward-moving universe, guided by Omnipotence alone, and man, made for God's glory, lying supinely on the heaving bosom of an ever-changing world! What a picture of moral inertia and stagnation! And yet without imagination there could be no recombination of experiences, no remolding of the past into the present and future; and past, present and future being all alike, there could be no progress.

The mighty conceptions of the human intellect since man's creation till the present time have been the direct products of the imagination. God must have used this faculty of man to make possible the bestowment of such miraculous gifts as are recorded in the "Old Testament." Was it not by the help of an inspired imagination that Noah built the ark and tided the worthy remnant of fallen humanity over the earth-enveloping flood? Could or *would* God have put so vast a conception as that into a man's head without a pre-existing capacity for receiving and carrying it into execution? God never works miracles when there is any ordinary way to accomplish His purposes. If Noah had not possessed an imagination then there would have been no use of a Noah for this special purpose; God would have built the ark Himself.

Man's imagination has been the channel through which God has accomplished the adornment of modern civilization. Past experience has been continually contributing food to man's ever-expanding intellect, which has been evolved into an unbroken line of progress and makes possible man's future infinite and eternal advance-

ment.

But to be more special and practical, the imagination has contributed to the world's advancement by giving us enlarged views of God, Heaven, the earth and all creation; especially man, physically, morally, intellectually and politically. Through it man has searched down into the bowels of the earth and gained a knowledge of its internal structure, told its size, its age, its relative density, its motions independent and relative, and has even taken it up in his hand and weighed it as though it was a toy in his grasp. Imagination has searched out the winding veins of the precious metals, and through the stratified and fossiled structure of the rocks formulated a history of all past ages. It has surveyed the heavens, marked the path of the sun and stars, and revealed to man the precise movements of God's universe.

In general, all invention, art and poetry of all history have been made possible only through this faculty. Man saw the lightning flash with the rapidity of sight across the heavens from cloud to cloud: his imagination said: "Why can't you make this swift messenger your servant?" He sat down by his fire and saw the steam lift the lid of his kettle, as oft he'd seen before; his imagination said: "Why can't this same steam be made to lift heavier weights?" He saw an apple fall to the ground; imagination directed his thoughts from this seemingly simple phenomenon to the mighty force that holds worlds in place. The sculptor, through his imagination, conceives the form he intends to carve, and, keeping that conception always in view, directs his whole effort toward this end. Michael Angelo imagined an angel in the rough block of marble. Phidias, the Grecian, imagined a godlike form, and it appeared in his Olympic Jove. The painter, forming in his mind an ideal of innocence or depravity, either paints therefrom his mental image or seeks until he finds a living representative of his ideal.

But poetry is the principal field of imaginative activity. Here it reaches its sublimest heights. The inventor transcends the bounds of civilization, and by a mighty

exertion of his imagination pushes forward civilization in the very face of time itself. The painter and sculptor preserve the forms and faces of present historical characters and hand them down to succeeding generations as a noble and inspiring legacy; but the poet, "Nature's child," communes with the Muses, converses with Nature, and soars in the sublime flights of his imagination, even beyond this material universe and explores the regions of the spirit world with his far-seeing vision. Under his magic touch all real conceptions and ideas take on an ideal, imaginative form, and are represented in fanciful shades.

As Milton, the most imaginative, mystery-exploring of all poets, says:

> "When nature rests
> Oft in her absence mimic fancy wakes
> To imitate her."

Shakespeare asks:

> "Tell me where is fancy bred,
> Or in the heart or in the head?"

Goethe answers:

> "Fancy is the ever-moving, ever-new,
> Jove's loveliest daughter, child of his heart."

This ideal, fanciful faculty is so fully infused with the very nature of poets that no wonder Shakespeare exclaims in his "Tempest":

> "We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

In his "Midsummer Night's Dream" occur these beautiful lines:

> "The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And, as imagination, bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them into shapes and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation, and a name."

M. L. BANKS, JR.

Should Girls Be Admitted to Wofford?

As this question has of late assumed the character of a movement, a brief study of our educational system will be of especial interest. Whether boys and girls should be educated in the same class-room is a question that has undergone a practical settlement, in that girls are admitted on equal terms with the boys to the best of our American colleges. Public feeling seems to be moving swiftly on these lines, and the results may astonish us.

It is notable that the greater progress we make in the new line, the less disposed we are to make any difference in the courses of study provided for the two sexes. Formerly it was customary for parents to demand altogether different things for their sons and daughters; but fortunately, the old notion that a woman should be educated along a certain line, whether or not that course is suited to her capabilities, has died a graceful death. Women have come to play an important part in active life, and the old system of female education has gradually passed away. Parents realize that their daughters are to make their way into the world, or are to win a place in a comfortable home, not so much by graces of mind and person, as by sturdy force of brain and character. They see plainer than I can sketch the necessities of higher education for their daughters. The subjects upon which a boy was expected to study were left out of a girl's course altogether. At first women did not care for the education provided for men, and it was this that caused a separation in the education of the sexes. The conditions, however, have changed. It has been practically established that the same general education will equally well serve both sexes. Indeed, colleges for girls have come to use nearly the curriculum prevailing in schools for boys, the difference being mainly in the substitution of music, painting, elocution, etc., for the more difficult Greek and Latin courses or the higher mathematics. Recently a bookseller informed me that when one of the professors set

about arranging the subjects for a college course to be pursued by girls, he had ordered out the same course that had been pursued by boys. The girls demand the same education, and why not let them have it, not only alike, but in the same recitation-room?

Wide-open doors invite women to literary labor. In the early history of England there was a decisive call to specialize the education of men for the position of priest or minister, and to-day there is just as a decisive a call for specializing feminine education to meet the demands of the literary profession. This will open up the healthiest of the diversions offered to women who are placed above the necessity of earning bread by their pen. But aside from this consideration, a first-class literary education will not diminish, but on the contrary, will add to woman's domestic power. "With defective opportunities for culture, they have vindicated their claims for a place among literary workers and in education." A great part of the work of the male college is especially suited to the development of literary talents and the furnishing of literary materials. The girls ought to have access to all possible opportunities for culture; but to double all college equipments because each sex must have *the same education at different places*, is simply impracticable. And even if it were practicable, does it not follow that the result of that course would be to exclude girls from the best institutions? The course in the female college would gradually fall, because there are not enough demanding this higher education. It is clear that a coeducational school would be by far less expensive.

Let us examine some of the objections to it. Some one urges that this system of coeducation would result in lowering the standard of college education for young men. This is too frail to be called an argument against coeducation. It would carry to the top the young men and young women that are able to lead. The stronger women would fill the places of the weaker men. Our literary character is weak, and if girls are to strengthen it,

there is certainly no objection that can be urged against it.

Another objection pressed is that the girls would lose, by contact with the boys, that modesty and instinctive grace of thought, which makes woman a great force in elevating society. Experience does not bear this out. The English and the American girls are educated under less restraint than the French and Italian girls. With these cases before us, it certainly seems that the enthusiast who presses this argument does so at the expense of his own side. No really refined woman would tell any one that man exercises a debasing influence upon her character. This, however, is not the conclusion of the whole matter. The solution of the question may be found in the success of those institutions that have tried the plan. It is settled beyond dispute that boys and girls may be educated in the same recitation room without moral dangers; and that the intellectual development of the girl should not be less extensive than that of the boy. What remains to be settled is for Wofford to open her doors to girls.

A. S. HYDRICK, JR.

The Literary Life of Chaucer's Time.

The pioneers of any great movement and the time in which they lived have a peculiar fascination and interest for us who follow them. Those who took the initiative step in any important undertaking command our respect and admiration, whether it be for what they accomplished within themselves, or for what they were the cause of accomplishing; and whenever we come into the presence of the fathers of our literature we feel like prostrating ourselves before them, though in point of literary merit the children may be greater than the fathers. To such veneration of the English-speaking race the age of Chaucer is most entitled, for it is decidedly the dawn of our literature and Chaucer the morning star.

The literary, social, political and religious life of any

age are so closely related that a study of one implies a study of another. So, to get a good view of its society, politics and religion, we have only to look into its literature, while to appreciate and understand its literature better, we should know the various causes of which it is the result.

In the times and the writings preceding Chaucer we see many influences with a common tendency. In them we can only read a forecast of the future, and see the streams of thought and the direction they took before they finally came together and formed that mighty Amazon, the English Literature. Previous to the reign of Edward III. England had no literature of her own. It is true there were some writings of merit, but they were not of sufficient dignity to be called a literature.

Just after the Norman Conquest in 1066, England was thrown into a political and religious chaos. Her people were conquered and kept in subjection by the Norman invaders. So those who were capable of writing at all must needs do it in French, the language of the refined, or in Latin, the language of the church and the educated few. But while the true Saxon was conquered and degraded, his proud spirit still clung to his native speech, which, though it was broken up into numerous dialects, was yet by no means crushed out. In the beginning of the 14th century, we see popular favor gradually returning to the use of English, which was an auspicious omen for the establishment of a national literature. The influences of the Normans upon the language were fast beginning to die out, and some writers even condescended to write in English. About this time Sir John Mandeville, the great traveller, appears as the first one who wrote in English after the conquest. We can see how English was then looked upon by the order in which he wrote his travels: 1st, in Latin; 2nd, in French, and 3rd, in English.

Right here we must notice an important influence on our literature. From the battle of Hastings sprang the order of chivalry, which was only a peculiar form of government. The requirements of knighthood were

that a man should be brave, generous and good; he should be loyal to the church and to the king; he should protect and uphold the honor and purity of woman; defend the widow and the orphan, the weak and the helpless; and that he should put down all wickedness and evil-doing. Consequently the minds of the youth were turned to the knights, and to encourage and give form to their ambitions, minstrelsy came more universally into vogue. The songs of the minstrel at first were in praise of some hero-knight. They were recited because so few people could read. Gradually, as the people became more civilized, the demand for the minstrel grew less. The songs ceased to be sung, for now the people were becoming able to read, and finally, instead of being metrical, they were written in prose. This was the origin of the Romance in prose. Among the first prose romances may be mentioned the "Life and Acts of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table."

During this period, while the mother-tongue was coming into use, the religious life of England was most corrupt. All things were rife for a reform. Providence always selects the right man when any great work is to be performed, and John Wickliffe was no exception, for he was the most learned and talented man of his time. His abhorrence to the pernicious teachings of the church at that time has put succeeding generations under special obligations to him. His quarrel with the Pope, therefore, in addition to the more important consequences it involved, may be considered as highly auspicious to English literature. Another remarkable piece of literature of this period is the "Visions concerning Piers Ploughman." This, too, was a thrust at the Church of Rome. There is shadowed forth a vision of the overthrow of Catholicism in England, which had its fulfilment during the reign of Henry VIII. In it are stored the secret feelings of the age, and to it several great writers of later times are indebted.

But of all this number of writers we now come to the greatest. To Chaucer himself, whose genius and influence alone would have given stability and form to our

language. In him were focused all the literary influences which had been at work since the conquest. He gathered together all the many-colored threads of thought and wove them into a fabric of harmonious colours, the beauty and texture of which we never tire of admiring. What Homer was to the literature of Greece, Chaucer was to the literature of England. Caxton styles him, "the worshipped father and first founder and embellisher of ornate eloquence in our English. Godwin said, "he fixed and naturalized the genuine art of poetry in our island." Another has said, "no one man in the history of human intellect ever did more than was effected by the single mind of Chaucer." Chaucer blazed out a pathway in our literature which later authors have tried to follow. He was a writer of striking originality. His style was solely the style of Chaucer. Foreign literatures had no hampering influence upon him, for "he kindled the cold ashes of translation into the fires of invention; from cloudy allegory he broke forth into the sunshine of the loveliest landscape painting; and from the amatory romance glided into that vein of humour and satire which in his old age poured forth a new creation." An English critic writing about him says, "when Chaucer wrote, the classics of antiquity were imperfectly known in this country—the Grecian Muse had never reached our shores; this was probably favorable to the native freedom of Chaucer. The English poet might have lost his raciness by a cold imitation of the Latin masters: among the Italians, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, Chaucer only found models to emulate or to surpass." Another distinctive feature in Chaucer's writings, aside from his originality, is the acuteness of his observations both of nature and of men. Nowhere can we find a better picture of the society and morality of that age than in his writings, while his descriptions of nature are so true, so beautiful, that they betoken a filial tenderness and devotion.

Poetry has often been called the mirror in which lies reflected human life with all its thoughts, impulses, passions. But there are many faults in the reflective-

ness of some mirrors ; the images they throw out are distorted and false. But the poetry of Chaucer is not so. It is like the calm bosom of some placid lake, without a ripple of wave or wind, on which float the images of the objects which stand along its shores.

SHOEMAKER.

Our Freedom.

Let us for a few moments glance at our grand country, and see wherein lies all her greatness, and the cause of such prosperity and peace. It lies out before us a grand and magnificent picture. Bounded on the west and east by the two great oceans, and on the north and south by the great lakes and the gulf. Near her eastern and western coasts are long ranges of mountains, presenting to the lover of nature most beautiful scenes. Rivers traverse her plains, after having been made up of beautiful little brooklets flowing down the sides of the ranges of the mountains. We are so situated that we are afforded everything needful for the romantic and poetic. One is constantly reminded of an unseen being when gazing on our golden sunset sky. What now exists in our land is the outcome of a century's freedom and self-government. Not many sections of our country are out of hearing of the whistle of the locomotive. Steamers ply thickly on her waters, bringing from foreign ports manufactured articles, and taking back grain for the crowded millions over the ocean. Everywhere there are colleges and universities furnishing means by which every youth may obtain sufficient training for any profession, while other institutions provide such means that one who does not care to spend a few years in college may take a course fitting him for business life.

Above all these we have the church, the most useful institution. It holds together the masses under the common law of love. While there may be a few differences in creeds, we are at liberty to take any under which we can live the best life. Our country is not by any means

selfish. As it was in the days of Roger Williams, so it is today. It affords a shelter for the persecuted and oppressed of every land. When religious persecutions come about, America is the city to which the poor fugitive flies; and when in her boundaries, he feels the very breath of freedom sweeping over his troubled soul. On the streets of her cities he does not have to turn his face to a cold stonewall until some haughty monarch passes.

All is freedom. There is nothing for us to wonder at in seeing and hearing of thousands and thousands of the subjects of some foreign monarchy pouring into our freedom, because the remotest nation has heard of it—perhaps little children in exile have heard it from grief-stricken parents. It may seem like a fairy tale to some who have never known freedom.

Positions of honor and fame are in the reach of the errand-boy, and when he has gained them, no royal blood can wrest them from him. Seeing all this leads one to study how this absolute freedom came about. We all know that it was paid for by our forefathers giving their hearts freely and without a single complaint. Within the bosoms of the few who landed at Jamestown, in 1607, lay the seeds that have sprung up into a mighty republic. It was kept down by oppression and overpowering numbers many long and tiresome years, but it never died. At last oppression could not longer hold it within its folds. Then sprang up a spirit of patriotism in the souls of a few who contended valiantly against great odds. After many years of hardship and intense suffering, the victory was won. When the critical moment came, wives readily gave up husbands and sons, and sent them out on the field of battle in the care of God who gave them liberty. Many died on the battlements of the enemy, while others gave up their life struggles in the hospital or in the deep snows of Valley Forge. So earnestly did the fathers of liberty contend, raised up to a higher purpose by the prayers of those left behind, that England saw that she was not able to check the fire that burned in the hearts of America's sons.

An open acknowledgment of the mother country gave us liberty, the same we enjoy to-day.

ROBERT S. TRUESDALE.

Chapters from the Early History of South Carolina.

Imagine yourself on the deck of some ocean steamer approaching Port Royal. The lightship has been passed, the bar crossed, and with her prow pointed nearly north, the vessel plows her way through the harbor. Here on the right is St. Helena Island, with its southern extremity ending in a long sandy bar running many yards out into the ocean. On the left is Hilton Head Island, with its low beach extending some miles to the south.

Looking ahead, your eyes rest on an expanse of waters, about seven miles wide, running westward, and another three miles wide, extending northward. Between these arms of the sea, known respectively as Broad and Beaufort Rivers, Paris Island is situated. Such a view presented itself to the first colony that came over to the New World. It was in 1562, a party of French Huguenots under command of Ribault dropped anchor in the shelter of the harbor. The various inlets and rivers having been explored, it was decided to make a settlement on Paris Island.

The colony was small, only twenty-six men volunteering to remain. It was not the intention of Ribault to establish a large colony all at once. He realized as well as Joligny, the French admiral who sent him out, that sooner or later the Huguenots would be driven out of France; then the colony in the New World would offer an asylum to the persecuted.

A fort was soon built and christened Charles in honor of the king of France. "Victuals and warlike munitions," together with all things necessary for traffic with the natives, were transferred to the fortress. The twenty-six men with Captain Albert as leader entered their new homes, while the ships weighed anchor and sailed away. The first work of the colonists was to make themselves more secure. With "ocean's grand and melancholy waste" on the one hand and an unknown world on the other, every precaution was necessary. Houses were built within the fort, the parapet was raised and cannon mounted. It was not long before the Frenchmen were

on good terms with the neighboring tribes. They were kind and just in their dealings with them, thus gaining their confidence and love. "Kindness will disarm the hostility of the savage and justice will finally subdue the jealousy of conscious ignorance."

It was policy, though, and not love that caused the Frenchmen to act as they did. The supply of provisions at the garrison was not large, and the granaries of the Indians were needed to augment the rapidly decreasing store. The Frenchmen's policy succeeded admirably; not only did they receive provisions, but were admitted to all the sports and pleasures, as well as the councils of the chiefs. It was not long, however, before the granaries of the Indians began to fail. The many hungry mouths that had come among them made heavy inroads on the meager supply of the redman. The Indians themselves must seek the forests where game and edible roots abounded. But before they left, Andusta, king of the five neighboring tribes, informed the colony that Onade, king of a nation about seventy-five miles to the south, was wealthy and generous, and from him the desired supplies could be obtained. Immediately Captain Albert set out to visit King Onade, who received him with great honor, and filled his pinnace with maize and beans. Again peace and plenty reigned within the little colony.

All was sunshine and no one thought of trouble. Alas, it was only the calm before the storm, which indicated peace when in reality there was no peace.

We will leave to our next chapter the description of of the first outbreak of the storm. WEJA.

Samuel Johnson.

Monthly Oration by G. M. Moore for the Calhoun Literary Society.

Why should I choose for my subject this evening no other than Dr. Samuel Johnson? One who is well known to us by that kind disposition, that love for the poor, and that generous heart which go to characterize

a great man. "In the child the physical, intellectual, and moral peculiarities which afterwards distinguished the man were plainly discernible; great muscular strength accompanied by much awkwardness and many infirmities; great quickness of parts with a morbid propensity to sloth and procrastination; a kind and generous heart with a gloomy and irritable temper."

He had inherited from his ancestors a scrofulous taint that was beyond the power of man to remove, and more than this, he inherited from his parents poverty, which was enough to crush an ordinary man, and which by its mighty, cumbrous weight burdened him till near the end of life.

Solitary, lofty, with nothing but poverty and mind, he toiled hard and long, accepting poverty for his lot, lending his massive mind to all humanity. Did England appreciate him then? Would we have appreciated him? But what can I say of him now? Can I make you shed tears over one who has long since been buried beneath the sod? Would what I could say of him now heal the taint which marked his features through life!

> "Can storied urn, or animated bust,
> Back to its mansion call this fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust;
> Or flattery soothe the cold, dull ear of death?"

The world might have had more or less profitable work out of him, but his effort against the world's work could never have been a light one.

Nature in return for his nobleness had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were unlimited by, and even inseparably connected with, each other.

In a kindlier element what might he not have been? Poet, priest, or ruler of men. Look at him in this age, very curious, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with pedantries, heresayists. The great fact of the universe glared in forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-infernal upon this man, too! How he harmonized his ways with, how he managed under, such circumstances!

On the whole, shall we not say that Boswell's admira-

tion was well bestowed; that he could have found no one in all England so worthy of bending before, or erecting a monumental shrine so grand and great as to rank him as the world's greatest biographer? Shall we not say of this great, mournful man that he guided his confused, difficult existence wisely, led it well like a right-valiant man? Shall we not say that he too, like the great Cæsar of old, came saw and conquered, crossed the Rubicon and gave freedom to Art, Learning and Letters?

That waste chaos of authorship by trade, that waste chaos of scepticism in religion and politics, in his poverty, in his dust and dimness with the sick body and the rusty coat, he made it do for him like a brave and honest man.

Not wholly without a load-star in the Eternal; he had still a load-star, as the brave all need to have. With his eye set on that he would change his course for nothing in these confused vortices of the lower sea of time. What an age was this:

> "An age that melts with unperceived decay,
> And glides in modest innocence away,
> Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
> Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
> The general favorite as the general friend,
> Such an age there is and who shall wish its end?"

His wide information, his acuteness, his power of language, his trenchant wit and his noble nature show in all of his productions.

I know of no better peroration than to use the words of Hale when he says: "He too was in his sphere a Washington; he too waged and won a war of independence; he manfully took his stand upon the dignity of letters and made his age and country acknowledge that illustrous power. Authors by profession were no longer forced to be parasites. It is true that the time was ripe for this emancipation; so Teutonic Europe was ripe for the reformation; so the colonies for the Declaration of Independence: but we thank and praise Martin Luther and George Washington; therefore must we thank and praise Samuel Johnson."

Thoughts on Alexander the Great.

As there are landmarks in the life of an individual, and landmarks in the growth and decay of a nation, so there are landmarks in the progress of civilization.

I believe in the great doctrine that humanity is steadily advancing towards a complete development of the noblest faculties and powers of man's nature. No recital of the crimes and violated laws of our present time can make me believe that we are worse than our fathers and grandfathers "of the good old days."

We might liken the progress of the world's civilization to a river that, rising in a small lake, and flowing onward to the ocean, is always being joined and deepened by tributary streams. Every step of progress taken by an individual nation increases the stock of the world's advancement in civilization.

No nation furnishes us any more striking example of this fact than the Greeks. But I shall say nothing about the Greeks; it is Alexander the great missionary of Greek culture and thought, about whom I shall speak.

Alexander the Great is one of the most striking characters in history. The story of his life is intensely interesting to any class of readers whatsoever.

The school-boy is thrilled with the stirring account of his victorious battles, and is charmed by the sound of that famous name, *Alexander the Great*. Alexander as a factor in civilization is striking to the historian. The moralist draws from this wonderful man many valuable lessons.

Like Napoleon, Alexander has not left us the question to decide whether or not he was great. Without question he is one of the great men of earth. The word "great," however, has many meanings. He is not great in the sense we mean when we speak of Gen. Lee's greatness; indeed, in one sense, he is not so great a man as our own heroic Marion. Lee and Marion warred not to enlarge the boundary of their country, but to defend it from the ruthless hand of an invading foe.

Alexander fought to realize the fond dream of his tow

ering ambition, to be master of the world, and, in the struggle for the accomplishment of his purpose, we see the greatness of the man. It is the greatness of action that characterized him. He was a great military genius, but his genius was not of that sort that lies down on its back, and expects that miraculous things are going to turn up. He had a large faith in himself, and acted according to his faith. If he had taught the world no other lesson than this one, he would have done a great thing for a certain class of humanity.

How strange it seems to us that one man changed the face of the world in a dozen years. In this short time, he decided forever the long contest between Persia and Greece, the decision of which contest so vitally effects our civilzation of to-day. With a few thousand soldiers, he crosses the Hellespont, cuts to pieces the Persian hosts, marches through the counties of southern Asia, and makes himself master of the long-forgotten home of his Aryan ancestors.

So much for him as a soldier. He chose Babylon to be the capitol of his vast empire. He then undertook the task of uniting his empire with the bonds of common law, a common language, and a common religion.

But, in the midst of these vast projects, death overtakes him. How far he would have succeeded in naturalizing the many different peoples whom he conquered is unsafe to conjecture. He opened the way for the blending of the culture, learning and thought of Greece, Egypt and the East. He broke down the distinctions existing between Greek and Barbarian, and made the way easier for the reception of Christianity. Just here is where his conquest so influences subsequent history. It was a landmark in the life of Alexander when he mastered that unruly steed, it was a landmark in the growth of Greece, when those ten thousand Athenians swept the Persian army off the field of Marothon, and so the work that Alexander wrought stands as a landmark in the progress of human society. L. P. McGEE.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

Financial Distress.

We doubt not that if Adam had lived to rear grandchildren in the Garden of Eden there would have been one at least to fuss about hard times and the lack of money. Pessimists are a perennial affliction. But now is a time when the cries of starving thousands emphasize hard times with terrible reality. In the city of New York alone it is estimated that a quarter of a million people will at some period during the winter require charity to live. The municipal government, philanthropic societies and great newspapers are straining themselves to relieve the distress. The New York *World* has collected and distributed half a million, and thousands over, loaves of bread to the destitute. Every class of wage-earners, from him who draws thousands to errand boys, are stressed to the last degree by want of work.

The South not being the arena of fierce fluctuations of trade escapes in large measure these crises, just as she misses the streams of gold in prosperous times. The alarming feature is the long continuance of depression. The Democrats promised to right things by repeal; but affairs got worse. Now they are about to try low tariff and income tax; and we prophesy that if that does not

right matters, or seem to, it will go hard with Democracy in '96. The Wilson bill reduces the tariff from fifty to thirty-six per cent., at which figures in 1883 the country was reasonably prosperous. Neither is the income tax altogether new. About the end of the war a tax of 5 per cent. on all incomes as high as $800, and afterwards $600, was imposed. Large incomes have increased excessively since then, and it is thought that the 2 per cent. on incomes of $4,000 and over will yield quite a net. With these two measures, which tend to shift the burdens from the poor to the rich, congress hopes to see the country mend. Meanwhile, we hang upon the Senate, while in justice the Senate is the one to hang.

Bismarck and William.

Eighteen-ninety-four promises to be an interesting year. Already several notable events have transpired, one of the foremost of which is the healing of the breach which has for nearly four years gapped between the German Emperor and his greatest subject. William II. came to the throne June 15, 1888, at the age of twenty-nine. He has surprised his friends by making a considerable ass of himself, and his enemies by not making an infinite ass. He is generally admitted to be the most arrogant and vain individual on the European continent. Many think him to resemble Shakespeare's "immortal Dane," since the sanity of both is an unsolvable question.

After seizing the sceptre with indecorous haste from the hand of his dying father, he set out on a course violating all precedent of German government, clashing with his chancellor and ministers, who had to submit or demit. On shallow pretext he offended Prince Bismarck, the father, or at all events, Godfather, of united Germany and demanded his resignation. On March 15, 1890, Bismarck was summoned out of bed in the early morning to meet the Kaiser. In excited, insolent tones the chancellor was told that his policy was unacceptable, that he must cease to exercise control of the government

and henceforth be only ornamental. This came at a specially unfortunate time for Bismarck, as he was then conducting through the Reichstag difficult and important government legislation. To be arrested thus in the performance of momentous and patriotic measures was a heavy stroke for the aged statesman. To poison the shaft that felled him all the proceedings for his downfall were characterized by a smallness of personal enmity. Accordingly Bismarck resigned, and on March 18, 1890, it was announced to the astonished world that the wisest statesman that ever sprung from Germany was discharged and that the young Emperor was to rule alone with an iron hand.

The reconciliation, it is said, was initiated by the Emperor's grandmother, Queen Victoria, who showed how scandalous would be the ingratitude of letting one who had done his country so many invaluable services die under the royal frown, almost in exile, only for the offense of being too great to be browbeaten.

The young Emperor's speeches have about them the smell of gunpowder; and some conjecture that his seeking a reconciliation with Bismarck is a war measure to strengthen his councils and ingratiate more deeply his administration into the hearts of the great German nation, whose idol Bismarck is. Accordingly on the 26th of January, 1894, the day before the Emperor's thirty-sixth birthday, the reconciliation was formally consummated. And now, amid the universal flaunting of bunting, shouting and exploding of cannon, no man can tell to save him whether the "birthday" hilarities are in honor of William or Bismarck. Sharp William, this.

The World's Fair disaster—It is pathetic that the largest house ever built by man was destroyed by fire.

Harvard and Yale are to have a grand inter-collegiate debate. Frances A. Walker, whose political economy the Juniors love so much, will be chairman of the committee on decision.

Scientific Spirit.

The passion to do all things, from prize fighting to writing a history, scientifically is abroad. Men of literature frequently object to that appellation, preferring to be called scientists. This is most prominent in dealing with material things. Every insignificant existence is dignified by scientific treatment. Reader, the meanest yellow cur that infests the streets by day and prowls at night in quest of hen-nests is codified by learned professors in big books with long names, and has his genealogy traced back to some aristocratic protoplasm of primordial epochs. Electricity is the scape-goat of modern science. All the inexplainable phenomena are promptly hustled off to the account of electricity.

What branch of human activity has not its science? We do not complain of this. It is simply one feature of the times. In a philosophic age we will leave the philosophy of this and that; in a romantic age the world will be looked on from a romantic standpoint. The spirit of the age is the spectacles through which men view things. Verily, science is the blessing and bane of the nineteenth century.

A cynic (dog-like) is like a dog because he has to raise his head above his own level to see men and things.

George W. Childs, editor and philantropist, died February 2, 1894. His grave is in Philadelphia; his cenotaph in the hearts of the American people.

There is no system of law or government that can eliminate the necessity of honesty in the administrators. God has made it impossible for man to put a discount on honesty.

We regret that certain phrases in the editorial in the January issue on the reading room have offended some of our readers. There was not the remotest intention of casting slurs on anyone's personal honor or questioning anyone's integrity of character.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. T. DUNCAN, - - Editor.

The first exchange of '94 that comes to us is *Silver and Gold* from the University of the historic state of Colorado, historic on account of its rich mines of the two most valuable metals, from which we presume the Journal derived its name Colorado is also noted for its number of mineral springs and natural geological sections. This Magazine, however, is not what we would expect from a University of creditable standing. While it is not entirely devoid of merit, yet there is nothing in it of a literary nature that is very commendable. A continued story entitled "Antheme" is the only article worthy of mention. An absence of any order of arrangement or system is conspicuously noticeable.

The December number of the *Trinity Archive* was rather late coming out. Our January number was about going to the press when we received it. We would suggest to the editors and business manager that they be a little more punctual in the time of issue. However, we have read it critically and with some degree of satisfaction. The Literary Department of this issue is especially full of good, readable matter. We would have enjoyed, perhaps, the article entitled "A Christmas Thought" more, had we read it before that happy festive tide joined itself to the memories of the past. The *Archive* is a well rounded literary Magazine and is one of our best exchanges.

One of the smallest, yet one of the brightest, exchanges that we receive is *College Echoes*, a Journal published by the students of the Institute for Girls at Elberton, Ga. Congratulations, girls; your efforts are by no means a failure; your little Magazine is even more meritorious than some we get from institutions whose age and resources would warrant better things.

Is *The Carolinian*, successor to *The Collegian*, defunct or has it just changed its name again? We have not received but one copy of *The Carolinian* (we call it that as that's what was written on the back of the number which we were fortunate enough to receive and we have not since heard of a change) during this scholastic year. But seriously, neighbor. what is the matter?

An exchange says: "Every town has a liar, a smart aleck, some pretty girls, men who know it all, a woman that tattles, a neighborhood feud, more loafers than are needed, a man who understands the silver question, some men who make remarks about women, hens that scratch up other people's gardens, a young man, who laughs every time he says anything, and men who can tell you all about the finances, but have made a dismal failure of their own." If the editor of the above enumeration of chronic evils had been fortunate or unfortunate, as the case may be, enough to live in South Carolina just at this time he might have added "blind tigers" and a police force in many towns and cities that aided in this hellish work of defying the law, by willfully refusing to exercise the power invested in them against persons who they knew were running these hot-beds of anarchy and destruction. Of course, we do not mean Spartanburg. Everything is "peace and unity" here, you bet your bottom dollar on that.

Corbett, the pugilist, gets $20,000 for a nine minutes exhibition of his muscular powers in mauling his English antagonist with his fist, while Talmage, the greatest preacher of the age, gets the same amount for a year's work in trying to up-lift the race to a higher level, and men pay $25.00 to witness the fight who would not accept a seat to hear Talmage preach. What a community !—*People's Advocate.*

Yes, friend, it is not only a sad commentary, but a mortifying and humiliating spectacle that a public moral sentiment should become so debauched, as to indulge for a moment such a brutal outrage against law and human-

ity, and it is doubly mortifying that our own Southland should always be the disreputable scene of the savage exhibitions of brute force by such vicious animals as Corbett and Mitchell. Hang your heads with shame, you chivalrous descendants of the dauntless courage and unrivalled heroism that hallowed and consecrated every foot of Southern soil! What about it, are you willing to convert our inheritence into a slop-tub for such filth as Corbett and Mitchell, or will you make it the disgraceful arena for these swaggering curs to display their brutality? Surely not. Where was Governor Mitchell, who declared so positively that he would regard no decision except from the Supreme Court, and that he would march his soldiers out and arrest any man that attempted to fight or aided or abetted one? Poor thing, he had to quail before the injunction of a pygmean Judge, and the dignity of our country was insulted and her honor trailed in the dust because this legal pygmy said so. We are very much mistaken in the spirit of our people, if the time is not near at hand, when they will rise up in their majesty and wrath and sweep out of power these little offensive dispensers of law that hinder and retard our government in its efforts to correct evil and elevate its constituency, and consign Corbett and Mitchell to the realms of the sottish and brutish, where they will be looked upon as public nuisances and avoided.

Some of the students of Newberry College are rehearsing, and will soon appear before the foot-lights in a comedy—proceeds to go toward the erection of a "Science Hall" on the campus.—*Newberry Observer.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

[From the Religious Herald.]

Steal a chicken, and you are a thief; steal $1,000 from your employer, and you are an embezzler; steal $5,000 from the Government, and you are a defaulter; rob your competitor on the stock exchange of $10,000, and you

are a financier; rob him of $100,000 to $500,000, and you are a wizard or a Napoleon of finance; wreck a railroad and gather it in, and you are a "magnate"; wreck a great railroad system, and you are a "railroad king"; conduct a negotiation by which a strong nation plunders a weak nation of thousands upon thousands of square miles of territory and makes the weak nation pay millions of money indemnity for the wrong it has suffered, and you are a diplomat. Truly, "the times are out of joint."

Perhaps there is no exchange whose visits we more cordially welcome than the *P. M. I. Journal* from the Military Institute of the prosperous and enterprising little city of Anderson. This, kind reader, may be due somewhat to the fact that this editor once had the privilege, as well as a very great pleasure, of being a student at this Institution under the wise and judicious management of the venerable scholar and gentleman, Col. Jno. B. Patrick. The many words of encouragement and sympathy received from this faithful, worthy educator linger with us yet, and have made impressions that can never be effaced by time nor staled by circumstance. We rejoice in any success that the Literary Magazine of this Institution may make, of which it has already achieved much. The January number shows a decided advancement in all its departments. We would especially call attention to an article in the Literary Department entitled "The Beginning and Ending of Nathan Beeswax in Society." It is a very fine blending of humor, and is altogether a piece of racy reading.

We would commend for a careful reading an article in the February number of the *North American Review* on "The South Carolina Dispensary Law," written by Governor Tillman. The Dispensary question is one which is attracting a great deal of notice, and one which must be met and solved by a wise, judicious people, and any light that may be received should be gladly welcomed.

This article is written in a very vigorous style and is in every respect a strong one from the Governor's standpoint.

The Mephistophelean for January has come to hand, and, as usual, its columns are sparkling with worthy reading matter and neatness of finished mechanical work, not mentioning the very unique and attractive heading. *The Mephistophelean* is published monthly by the two literary societies of Mercer University, Macon, Ga. A hurried glance over the columns shows that it is gotten out with much care, as well as skill, and is entirely free from the odious vaporings of personal wrangles, which fact only shows that its editors have the correct idea of a successful modern journal. We notice too that it has quite a number of advertisements, all gotten up very neatly. We gladly welcome *The Mephistophelean* to our table and always hail its visits with delight.

The following verses were written by a man of Northern birth, who was living in Augusta, Ga., at the time of Gen. Sherman's death, and were published in the Augusta *Chronicle* as a reply to an editorial in the Charleston *News and Courier* in bitter denunciation of Sherman's brutal ravage through the South, all of which we heartily approved in the *News and Courier*, for we consider Sherman as nothing more than a modern vandal, who, with his partner in crime, "Beast Butler," sought to "pollute our halls with fire and lust and hate." We do not, however, publish this poem to condone in the least the actions of Sherman and "Beast Butler," for the memory of these vile wretches is a stench in the nostrils of every man who has any conception of right or any respect for the virtue of woman, but we publish it for its fine poetic spirit and magnanimous sentiment of reconciliation and forgiveness.

Can hatred add to death's sharp sting,
Or malice dim a warrior's fame?
Can't duty done, as duty's seen,
Protect a soldier and his name?

Why should not old scores be forgot,
  The scars of war be healed by time?
Or hid behind oblivion's blot,
  While gray and blue tell deeds sublime?

Stir not the ashes of the past,
  Instil not hate with passion's pen,—
Forgiveness is the nobler part,
  Teach 'peace on earth, good will to men.'

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - - Editor.

Class of 1872.

Perhaps one of the most successful classes that has ever gone out from Wofford is the class of '72, consisting of seventeen men whom we are glad to know as ministers, teachers, lawyers, merchants, farmers, agents, artists and bankers—no physicians or politicians, for the lack of which doubtless neither mankind nor the country has materially suffered:

L. K. CLYDE has long since made his mark in his chosen profession, that of lawyer at Greenville, S. C.

C. A. DAVID, located at the same place, is successful in the combined busines of merchant and artist.

J. WALTER DICKSON is one of the most jovial and beloved ministers of the S. C. Conference, serving now as P. E. of Orangeburg District.

WM. H. FOLK, of the firm of "Folk & Folk," at Edgefield, C. H., is a prominent lawyer of the S. C. bar. The "Colonel," they say, is the happiest man in the land—a little bright-eyed "Miss Folk" is paying a permanent visit at his home.

JAMES GEE has made quite a reputation as legal adviser at Union, S. C., where he has been Probate Judge for ten years. "Gist," his worthy nephew, will graduate with the class of '96.

F. A. GILBERT is the money man—a prominent banker at Yorkville. S. C.

LOUIS HAMER, manager of a combination business at Maxlin, S. C.—merchant and farmer.

L. B. HAYNES has made the Leesville College, of which he is President, one of the best institutions of its kind in the State. Prof. Haynes once filled the chair of mathematics at Columbia Female College.

G. D. HUMBERT (dead).

W. P. IRWIN, the trustworthy and affable agent at the R. & D. depot of this place.

WILLIAM PEGUES, tiller of the soil— proprietor of a large plantation in Marlboro County.

WM. A. ROGERS, everybody knows him as the beloved shepherd of his flock. In our midst, guardian of the Wofford boys, and minister of the Central Methodist Church of this city.

A. COKE SMITH, D. D., minister S. C. Conference; financial agent, and professor of metaphysics at Wofford; professor of theology at Vanderbilt University, and finally minister Granby Street, Norfolk, Va., where he may be found beloved as elsewhere, by all who know him.

CHARLES FOSTER SMITH, Ph. D., professor of English at Vanderbilt University.

R. B. TURNIPSEED (dead), attained distinction in this State as an educator.

JNO. E. WANNAMAKER, extensive and successful planter, proprietor of cotton gin and saw mill. Member of the board of trustees of Clemson College. His address is St. Matthews, Orangeburg Co., S. C.

C. A. WOODS, Marion, S. C., has attained eminence at the bar as a lawyer of deep learning and practitioner with few equals.

Wofford men seen at the convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of South Carolina, at Sumter :

Rev. W. W. Mood, though well up in years, is still young in spirit and spoke warmly and favorably of Y. M. C. A. work. He welcomed Wofford's delegates with a hearty handshake and when we were leaving the Game Cock City he was at the depot and encouraged us with many good wishes. May many days yet bless this honored alumnus of our institution and emeritus minister of the Gospel.

Rev. T. G. Herbert, class of '90, is in charge of Sumter City Mission. He attended the sessions of the con-

vention and was well pleased to see the work for young men so well under way. The mission is doing well under his management. The membership is increasing and soon they will have a new house to worship in, largely the result of his efforts.

Rev. Peter Stokes, class of '91, was present in the interest of the young men of his community. He has Smithville circuit and is properly discharging the duties of a Christian minister. The outlook among his flock is encouraging.

Rev. Melvin McLeod, class of '90, was present during the first day and reports favorably of his work.

J. K. Croswell, class of '95, is a new and well trained commercial traveller and speaks well of the general business outlook in the State. He sends greetings to the college boys.

Claude Brown, class of '96, is behind the counter. He is well pleased to handle the scales and weights, the yard stick and the corn measures.

We were glad to see Henry Stokes, class '93, whose present occupation we know not. We hope to see him again pouring over text books.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

G. F. Kirby, Pres't.; D. D. Wallace, Vice-P.; H. L. Bomar, 1st Critic;
Gus M. Chreitzberg, Sec.; J. A. Wiggins, Treas.;
J. C. Roper, Librarian.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. J. Snyder, Pres't.; J. L. Daniel, Vice-P.; E. S. Jones, 1st C'rect'r;
J. P. Hollis, Sec.; T. C. Covington, Treas.;
N. G. Gee, Librarian.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

F. H. Shuler, Pres't G. C. Leonard, Vice-P.; N. G. Gee, Secretary;
R. S. Truesdale, Cor. Sec.; O. D. Wannamaker, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

Hon. J. B. Cleveland, Pres.; Rev. J. C. Kilgo, 1st Vice-President;
Prof. D. A. DuPre, 2nd Vice-P.; J. K. Jennings, Sec. & Tres.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. D. B. Easter, Mg'r.; F. H. Shuler, Capt. Foot Ball Team;
W. L. Walker, Sec.; Frank Lander, Treas.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma;
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

W. Wm. Watson, Manager of Alumni Hall.
Smilie Taylor, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

FRANK LANDER, - - Editor.

The Carlisle Fitting School.

[For the Wofford College Journal.]

In a capacious chapel, well furnished with an excellent supply of seats of the latest design and neatest finish, there assemble each morning over one hundred pupils. The school, both as to plant and the equipment of every class-room and as to the character of the work done there, is an honor not only to Bamberg, but also to lower South Carolina. If there is one spot of Bamberg soil loved by the good people of Bamberg, it is the site of the Carlisle Fitting School. They love not only the buildings and surroundings, but they manifest a kindly interest in every student within her walls. Never have I seen a people who seem so willing and even anxious to make it pleasant for the young boys and girls who have left their homes and come among us that they might enjoy the advantages offered by the Carlisle Fitting School. The young men who board with us here have often enjoyed the hospitality of this kind-hearted people. This kindness has done no little to make our boarders feel at home in Bamberg and to cause them to realize that there are still plenty of friends, even here, to aspiring minds and to struggling young manhood. The good mothers all over these Southern counties have nothing but praise and thanks for these manifestations of interest in their absent sons and daughters. If you desire to know a generous and noble people, form an acquaintance with these of Bamberg. This is attested by the presence of such an imposing structure and one so elegantly equipped as this one, which is devoted to preparatory education.

The work of the first session, which is just now about over, has been very satisfactory. The students generally have done faithful and honest work, as has been shown by the examinations through which they have just passed. Both faculty and students enter upon the

next session with bright prospects for a more profitable return to industrious labor.

One of the handsomest halls in the town is that of the Kilgo Literary Society. This Society has been in existence but little over one year, but she can boast of a nice carpet, neat and comfortable furniture, and a life-size crayon portrait of Prof. John C. Kilgo, whose name the Society so gracefully dons. The members number about thirty, and they all have a warm place in their hearts for their Society. Not a whit behind this is another hall in the school building, owned and equipped by the young ladies of the Sheridan Literary Society. They have organized during this year and have already very adequately and beautifully furnished their hall. These two halls, in connection with the F. M. Bamberg Library, with its nine hundred volumes, selected by the honored President of Wofford College, form the pride of the students of the Fitting School.

The school is well established and its prospects are brightening with the processes of the sun.

W. E. WILLIS.

Social Life in Athens—Age of Pericles.

Such was the subject which had been chosen by Prof. D. B. Easter for his lecture. January 22, 1894, at 8 o'clock there had assembled in the chapel an audience of intellectual and attentive character, to hear what the Professor had for them.

He gave a short time to Greece in general; showed her gradual growth in greatness and protested that she did not spring, like Athene, full-armed from the brain of Jove. But the place to study this great little country is Athens, and so, we were taken up there.

The Greek national pride was introduced and elaborated. Their appreciation of the beautiful, in nature, in arts and in person was discussed; the idea of humor and

of pathos and their chiefest ideal, Justice, did not fail to be remarked.

The Athenian slavery system was mentioned. The fact that Athens was so small, when we compare her with London or New York, accounts for the extreme social bent of Athens' citizens.

The crooked streets, the absence of chimneys, the windows in the second story, with none in the first, this all was vividly shown.

The furniture in an Athens house was comfortable, with every chair was a footstool and even in the poor classes home comfort was first of all consulted. The luxuriance of the rich, the bedsteads of pure ivory overlaid with gold, the magnificent coverings for the beds, the wool blankets, nicely dyed, the inlaid tables of later days, the sparkling fountains in the river current, magnificent mirrors which reflected their ideas of pure beauty, all luxury possible was theirs.

Their public buildings, temples and halls, were most beautiful. The gate of Athens had a reputation throughout the world. The Acropolis, the Statue of Zeus, the columns and colonades, the Parthenon and other noted specimens of Greek art were cited as examples of beauty and magnificence.

The citizen of Athens was employed in trade, gossip, gymnastics and politics. In order to avoid the mid-day sun, he rose early. Rising, he takes a bath, goes out to his country plantations. Coming home he would drive, go down town and get drunk if so disposed.

Space and time will not permit me to mention the rest of his lecture. He showed the relation between men and men, and those between men and women, the marriage ceremony, death, burial, and so on.

The lecture was well arranged and would have been enjoyed to the full, had the professor not read it but rather spoken.

What is mind? No matter. Well, sir, what is matter? Never mind. Take ten.—Banks.

Prof. Kilgo on Money.

Thursday, February 8th, Prof. John C. Kilgo, of the Metaphysics Department, took his place on the lecture roll and addressed a good audience on that very interesting and perplexing and most widely popular of all economical subjects, money.

He recognized the fact that there is to be but slight satisfaction obtained from the politicians and newspapers of today, for they leave the subject just where they take it up.

The early stage of civilization needed no money. Barter was resorted to, but when men's desires became more complex, then it was that a medium of exchange was demanded. Money as developed is a monument to the growth of a people's civilization.

There are two sides to money: the Physical and the Moral. The requisites to the physical worth of a dollar are ease of obtaining it, ease of recognizing it, indestructability, ease of handling it. Silver breaks down by its own weight. The moral elements of money are Value and Stability. A plank in every man's economical platform should be, that bad money is always ruinous, good money, alone, can do money work.

The volume of the currency then took the Professor's attention. Never compromise a good quality of money for a large quantity. We need no more money than there is work to be done therewith. In the summer our work is less than in the winter; this fact accounts for the South's being able to remain solid during the crisis last summer.

The *per capita* scheme is worthless—what does a tramp want with $50 a year, and how can a capitalist get on with so little? *Per capita* has nothing to do with the amount of work to be done. Ten men may do the work of a thousand, the ten need more money than the thousand. By the rapidity of circulation, five dollars may be equal to five hundred. The world needs less money now than ever. Every one is using the banks. Exchange and rapid transit are fast making it possible for us to get on with but little actual money.

Mr. Cleveland needs to go slow in the advising about the present questions of finance; no measures like these ever confronted Hamilton or Jefferson.

Bimetalism was torn down by the economic logic of the speaker.

We must forego any further comment except to say that we were impressed with the fact that the United States is dependent on every other country as are all others on us.

It is wrong to think that the Legislature can stamp any commodity and call it money. There must be a common confidence in it. Nor can intrinsic value be argued solely —paper has done money work and does do it still. Value is not fictitious and not intrinsic, it is relative and depends upon the supply and the demand. Demand is reckoned from the amount of work to be done.

Stability is called for, not merely for the carrying on of immediate work, but also for the settlement of defferred claims. Money must have character and integrity, and to get confidence of a community in the character of the money is the problem. Legislatures and newspapers which slander money are dangerous. They attack an institution which is sacred. Canada and Mexico did not suffer this summer, they kept quiet. People put the work of a day, or a week, or a year into their money not knowing whether it would return them the labor of an hour, a day or six months.

Cattle, skins, vegetables, barks, rocks, copper, iron etc., have been necessarily used for money. Gold is the best, because it is respected; silver is not.

Young Men's Christian Association.

The College Y. M. C. A. held its regular monthly business meeting in Dr. Carlisle's room on Wednesday, February 7th. The time of office of the incumbents having expired, the first thing in order was to enter into an election for a set of officers to serve the ensuing term, which resulted as follows: President, F. H. Shuler; Vice-

President, G. C. Leonard; Secretary, Gist Gee; Treasurer, O. D. Wannamaker.

The next question of uppermost importance was how many delegates should our association send to the State Convention which was to meet in Sumter, S. C., on Thursday following. According to the treasurer's report, the association had just enough money on hand to pay the expenses of one delegate, provided he would take his dinner with him or do without. Mr. F. H. Shuler being a man of abstemious habits, which idea the association readily caught on to, was by unanimous vote, consent and acclamation chosen to represent the association at the State convention, but Mr. Shuler being also a very diffident man, as well as abstemious, and not wishing to be placed in an embarrassing position, rose up with a contorted expression of the face and in a rather vehement tone of voice, said, "Look here, Mr. President, what shall I say to the convention about that $15.00, which our association pledged for general State work?" To this question the President, assuming a somewhat compromising attitude and with a look of self-complacency, answered, "Well, Mr. Shuler, there are a great many associations that never pay anything, and we have been very prompt and faithful in meeting all our promises and obligations in this respect, so I think you can with impunity and the greatest self-respect ask the convention to relieve us from our pledge for this year."

The words of the President had scarcely echoed around the room, when Mr. F. M. Lander bounced up, as if he had been shot out of a gun, and said, "Mr. President, I would like to know if this campus has been canvassed for this money? I am not a member of the Y. M. C. A., but I have too much respect for the association and the delegate who is to represent it to have him appear before the convention, and undergo the humiliation of asking that body to excuse us from paying such a small pittance, when the money can be had just by asking for it. I therefore move that a committee of two be appointed to canvass the campus for this money." The committee was appointed and in less than twelve hours about $25.00

in hard money had been collected. When the money was handed to the delegate, Mr. Shuler, my, what a smile of satisfaction and delight he did wear. We sent him away to the convention feeling good. He had plenty of money to meet all obligations of the association, and not only this but we gave him a companion in the person of Mr. Ed Jones. We are under many obligations to our good friend for his visit and timely speech.

Our delegates, Messrs. Shuler and Jones, report a delightful time at the convention. We hope that our Y. M. C. A. under new conditions and with the light of experience, as a guide, will attain greater heights and accomplish grander results. W. T. DUNCAN.

Prof. Snyder made an exceptionally good lecture to the Y. M. C. A. Wednesday afternoon. He spoke on Southern Literature and predicted that the South, replete as her history is with the romantic, the chivalric and the pathetic, combined with the record of toil and struggle and martyrdom, is destined to be the scene of the birth of a truly great American literature. Such lectures always draw college students, and, as always when they are anticipated, there was a full attendance of the student body.

Prof. A. Savastano.

It was the great pleasure of Wofford men to have Prof. Savastano give them an exhibitiom with his magnificent stereopticon.

The chapel was well filled with an intelligent audience to see this exhibition and none who came were disappointed in the evening's entertainment.

The views were taken from the Holy Land and Egypt and the powerful oxy-ether light projected then on the screen with so much vividness, that it seemed half true that we were "carried by magic to the places long historic." Prof. Savastano, as he traversed these countries some years ago, photographed these places of in-

terest himself, and his choice of scenery was splendid. He showed us the pyramids, the Nile, the Sphinx, ruins of ancient temples, mummy cases, tombs, lakes, Sinai, eastern life in various phases, Jerusalem, the Temple and so on. For an hour and a half he shifted the scenery until the lights were turned on, and when we went home, we each felt that Egypt and Palestine were nearer Spartanburg than one would judge from reference to the map.

Prof. Savastano was well appreciated by Wofford men and we will be glad to see him again.

The Calhoun Society has the honor this year of electing the speaker for Monday of Commencement. It has shown great judgement in its choice.

In searching about for a man, it is but natural that the list of our alumni be first consulted, and who of the great line of illustrious men graduated from Wofford College, holds a higher place among men of the South, or is more revered by those who have followed him to his alma mater, than Chancellor J. H. Kirkland of Vanderbilt.

It has given the students of Wofford great pleasure to learn that Dr. Kirkland will be able to address them. A large following of friends in Spartanburg and in South Carolina will be sure to meet him.

The Local Department congratulates the Calhoun men.

The Preston Literary Society is following the example of their Calhoun friends in the matter of rejuvinating their hall. New paper, a new president's stand, new canopy, new colors every where to match their cherry chairs. The walls are solid blue, the ceiling is blue, cherry shows on the president's stand. This will be the "blue room" of the White House. The following speaks for itself:

In behalf of the Preston Society the committee on decoration desire to tender sincere thanks to Mrs. Gamewell, Mrs, Snyder and Miss Fleming for their kind and valuable assistance in the matching of colors and selec-

tion of papers for the hall. Whatever may be the success of this committee is due, in a great measure, to the good taste of these ladies.

P. H. EDWARDS,
PORTER HOLLIS,
R. S. TRUESDALE. } Committee.

The election of officers in the Calhoun Society resulted as follows: Kirby, President; Wallace, Vice-President; Bomar, 1st Critic; Lander, 2d Critic; Walker, 3d Critic; Chreitzberg, Recording Secretary; Lyon, Corresponding Secrerary; Wiggins, Treasurer; Roper, Librarian; Paul Hardin, Censor Morum.

Mr. Kirby appointed as monitors, McGhee, L. P., and Copes. Wells, Lander, Duncan, G., are chairmen of Library, Query and Hall committees.

The Calhoun Society has instituted a new scheme in its working. It has been decided to hold, on March the second, an open meeting of the society. Members of the society have the right to invite their friends, and the society officially has invited the faculties of Wofford College, Fitting School, and Converse College. The Preston, Legare, Simms, Carlisle and Philosophean Societies each have been invited to send one representative. The regular order of business will be gone through with, with the regular classes on duty. Classes 1, 2, 3 and 4 are on for that night and it is hoped and expected that every man will put his finest foot foremost.

The Sophomores have held their election for men to take part in the Sophomore Exhibition. The election passed off quietly with the following as its result:

Calhoun Society—R. E. Copes, W. B. Evans, G. M. Moore; Preston Society—J. R. Clyde, A. E. Holler, P. H. Stoll. The Marshalls are: R. W. Simpson, Jr., Chief, Paul Hardin, A. M. Law, W. K. Smith, N. G. Gee, J. C. Roper, C. E. Boyd.

The event above-mentioned will occur early in May.

This has been happily termed "the eve of commencement." The origin of the Exhibition doubtless came from the fact that the College authorities wanted to break in the Fresh to festive harness, so that they might not appear too verdant when the glare and glory of commencement is on!

Chief Marshall Chreitzberg has appointed the Reception Committee. It is: A. M. DuPre, chairman; Calhoun Society, E. H. Hardin, E. B. Clinkscales, E. L. Culler; Preston Society, Thomas Johnson, J. R. Clyde, R. S. Truesdale. The two societies at the Fitting School will each elect a man for this committee. Gentlemen of the committee, hear the cry from men of '94 as they beg for pretty invitations! We'll go five dollars apiece.

Special attention is called to the advertisement of the Gum Elastic Roofing Co., in another column of THE JOURNAL. It is very cheap and useful, and it would be of great benefit to those who have tin or iron roofs to try it.

Dr. Carlisle on Francis Asbury.

Sunday night, February 4th, Dr. Carlisle opened the series of "missionary lectures" at Central Church with an address on Francis Asbury. The church was crowded, the large number of students being especially noticeable. The address was *sui generis* in its happy blending of narrative and running comment. Its tone was invigorating and inspiring.

Francis Asbury was born 1745, the son of an English gardener, and came to America in 1771. There were then about ten Methodist preachers in the New World. He found his immense charge in a state of depraved morals, drunkenness and its attendant train being almost universal. The feeling went beyond mere indifference into active resistance to Christian work. Once in 1795 while preaching in Charleston, S. C., Asbury was even as-

saulted in the pulpit with stones. Even the educated people were biggoted and narrow-minded. For instance, one of the attachees of Yale College was expelled for conducting prayer meetings and a professor of Harvard was diciplined for preaching without manuscript.

Such was the America Asbury came to preach in. His capacity for work was phenomenal. Borne down with bodily infirmities he organized and conducted his church over a territory from Canada to Georgia and exerted himself in philanthropic and educational enterprises. He founded several excellent high schools, but had an unaccountable antipathy for colleges. His Sunday-school in Virginia was the first in America. In it were taught, not only the Bible, but, because of the derth of schools, the usual branches of a week-day school.

How to keep the field supplied with preachers was a problem of the old man's life. In the crude condition of the country it was next to impossible to itinerate with a wife and family. The Bishop never married, on this account. But his young preachers often succumbed and settled down. The plan of getting the ugliest men in the country for preachers was tried, but to no avail. At last, in despair, he wrote in his journal: "I'm afraid the women and the devil will get all my preachers." Notwithstanding these shameful desertions Francis Asbury took the first steps to plans to aid destitute preachers, from which has grown our present aid of the superannuated.

Asbury was not a genius, but had a great deal of common sense. Over his immense district he went, preaching under the weight of poverty and disease, shedding the influence of his kindly, loving character by the fireside, on the street and in church.

Each year he traveled six thousand miles, preached over three hundred sermons and wrote a thousand letters. Once in sickness, he preached kneeling, for want of strength. His salary, which was not always paid, was sixty-four dollars and traveling expenses. Wonderful, what a hero! In 1815 Francis Asbury, to whom Methodism in America owes more than to any other man, died in the harness.

D. D. W.

On the 27th of January Messrs. DesPortes and Rawls, of Columbia, S. C., came up and organized a chapter of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity. They found five men who now wear the star and crescent. The charter members of this chapter of Kappa Sigma are Messrs. Cummings, Raysor, Roper, Sally and Wait. This makes the seventh Greek-letter fraternity represented at Wofford and the Local Department would officially and cordially recognize and welcome this new chapter. The seven spot is the lucky spade; may this seventh find all possible luck on Wofford Campus!

The R. & D. photographers, who are preparing scenes for an advertising folio, stopped on the campus the other day and took pictures of the College. Their idea is to get views of all interesting points and places near the line. The Calhoun Society has allowed them the honor of photographing its members in regular session. A more beautiful Society hall can not be found in South Carolina.

The last news from the Y. M. C. A. is that there has been organized an orchestra for its meetings. These gentlemen have a place in it and others will soon join: Banks, flute; Lander, flute, Hollis, guitar, Lanham, guitar; Duncan, W. T. violin; Henderson, violin. There will be added two new flutes and a bass violin. The orchestra has had several meetings and soon will be in shape for its usual engagements. This step shows push on the part of the Association and much pleasure and profit might be the out come of the movement. If these gentlemen can manage to keep the leading voices from dragging the tune into the ditch, this organization will not have been in vain.

There has come on the campus a craze for telegraphy. A line from Prof. Snyder's to the Archer House is in operation. In Alumni Hall several sets of instruments have been put up. It has been proposed to connect Prof.

Thomas' house with the Alumni Hall via Prof. Snider's and the Archer House. Some are asked at the Archer House what they had for supper; here's what came:

"A dot and a dash a dash and a dot
Our supper is boiling right now in the pot
A dash and a dot, a dot and a dash
We'll have for our supper, hot biscuits and hash!"

The marks of heavy heels may be seen all around the College building and Alumni Hall. Jumping is the rage at present. Single broad jump, three straight jumps, hop, step and jump, running jump and various other styles of displaying the frog are in vogue. Good records are being made although nothing specially fine in any of these jumps has been reported at this office.

The members of the Thomas House Tennis Club have put much time and money and worry on the fixing of their court. Back nets have been bought, the court leveled and rolled, permanent lines laid and the usefulness and efficiency of the court in general have been much improved. Good tennis ought to be played on such a fine court.

Mr. F. H. Shuler, '95, had the misfortune to fall, while bringing a scuttle of coal, and fracture his ankle. He was kept in doors for a couple of weeks, but is again on the campus. Also. Mr. Ed Ray, '96, while wrestling was thrown, and broke his clavicle. His arm is still in the sling, but his handsome (?) face and mellow (?) voice are seen and heard about the college.

Prof. Snyder has determined that the Senior Class shall know something of South Carolina history, and to this end has instituted a course of theses to be prepared by the class and read and discussed before that senatorial body. Among the subjects chosen by the men are: Education in South Carolina before the war, general

view of the literature, special studies of individual poets, essayists, historians, and novelists, peculiarities of the institution of slavery, race characteristics, the settlers and their geographical situation, South Carolina in the Revolution, Religious denominations, first hand studies of any phase of local or general history. The Seniors will each strive to excell in this work and it is assured that the papers will be carefully prepared and that much profit will arise from the work.

The time is almost here for the base ball men to "ring themselves up" and get in shape. A fine prospect for a team is here and we might as well to begin to get to work. The Athletic Association (see Directory) will doubtless put the machinery into motion before long. Let everybody boom it!

The editor of this department desires to return hearty thanks to Mr. Cavis, of DUPRE'S BOOK STORE for an elegant memorandum book and beautiful pencil. It is now an easy matter to keep track of all local news. Mr. Cavis has been with Mr. DuPre for years and his popularity with the Wofford men *"in dies crescit."*

A Fresh named "S" on Cupid's day
Sent her a Valentine.
It told his love, called her his dove
In language most condign.
She saw the note and on it wrote:
"Excuse me if I say
A cooing bird—although absurd
Won't mate a crazy jay!"

Common Chat.

Base ball.

Y. M. C. A.

Bishop Harbin rings the bell.

What Junior took the laughing gas?

Mr. Everett, '96, was on the campus lately.

The song of Paul Harding: "Mother, will your dog bite?

Some of the lucky men caught a glimpse of Prof. Craighead in January.

Professors Kilgo and Snyder went to Clemson College in February. They reported a fine trip.

Rev. Walter Herbert was on the campus for a day or two in January. He led the Y. M. C. A. meeting.

"Parson" Abney still makes it lively for Wightman Hall men when he plays his organ for evening worship.

Dr. Hume, of the University of North Carolina, paid his respects to Wofford during his stay in Spartanburg.

Prof. Snyder was off duty for a few days. He is up again and able to make the game interesting in the English room

Miss Sadie Herbert, daughter of Rev. T. G. Herbert, of S. C. Conference, spent several days on the campus visiting the family of Dr. Carlisle.

Mr. C. P. Hammon, '91, was on the campus for a few days in February. He visited his society hall and led the Y. M. C. A Sunday morning meeting.

Mr. G. C. Leonard has been elected to represent the Y. M. C. A. at the great international convention at Detroit. Mr. E. S. Jones will also in all probability attend.

Through some oversight in the write-up of the *Rayhill medal contest* in the January issue, we failed to remark the fact that Mr. M. B. Evans, '96, was one of the speakers of the occasion.

Mr. Eubanks, who has been sick with pneumonia, is better. His father and mother came up to nurse him and will take him home for a short rest spell. He has the sympathy of the college community and it is hoped that he will soon return to his work.

Mr. J. W. Cocke, '92, was in Spartanburg several days recently. He was en route to Harvard where he is taking a special course in law. He honored the Calhoun Society by a visit to its hall and by the making of a great

speech. We were glad te see him and delighted to learn of the stand he takes at Harvard.

The Calhoun Literary Society has been very fortunate in securing the services of Prof. Downie, who will give an exhibition of stereopticon views of the World's Fair. The entertainment is posted for Feb. 27th at the Opera House. Admission 50 cents, students from the colleges and schools, 35 cents.

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VOL. V. } MARCH, 1894. { No. 6.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. WM. WATSON, - - - Editor.

The Wasted Talent.

Once when the cause of right had need of friends,
At midnight's hour upon a valiant knight
Influences etherial imposed
A sword from out the empyrean deep,
On which there ran a strange phylactery,
That read, "With this stab evil to the heart."
But while his brothers fought in far Crusades
He rode with wild career in tournaments,
And rather chose with vagrant knights to hunt
The boar than seek the Holy Sepulchre.
In folly long he spent his misused gift,
Profane, till with sure retribution's stroke
It smote his frame to palsied impotence.
If then the Lord lay in thy hand a sword,
Dash its avenging edge against the heart
Of sin, and use it not, as jugglers do,
To toss about and make the gaping rabble laugh.

D. D. WALLACE ('94).

Sidney Lanier.

(For the Calhoun Society.)

At a recent meeting of this body there was discussed the query: "Resolved that the literature of the South deserves a lower place in the estimation of men than is commonly accorded thereto." This subject, after being somewhat shamefully discussed, was decided by long odds in the negative's favor. And it shall be the purpose of this paper to continue this general subject in a review of one of our own men who has won a name beside many great men, and has left his impress on the hearts of all of us who have been so fortunate as to study his life and character.

It was in Macon, Georgia, February 3, 1842, that Sidney Lanier was born. Of his parentage but little needs be said here. His was noble blood. Elizabeth's court was favored by his ancestry, and James and Charles found pleasure and profit in the music and painting of his sires.

He was born in the lap of harmony and music was his chiefest joy. As a boy he learned the flute and banjo, guitar and violin, organ and piano. Like all masters in music he loved best the violin, but his father feared the fascination of this king of instruments and persuaded him to adopt the flute as his instrument. Much as we have heard in the Physics room about the lack of harmonies and overtones in the flute, and although we see it placed in the scale of musical possibilities far below the violin, yet this man takes his flute and forces from it *qualitis violinic,* and records with his own hand the truth which none may deny: "I am the greatest flute-player in the world." But Fortune, who had given him all this music, all this splendid equipment of poetic thought and rythmic feeling, withheld from him the chief requisite to literary success—health.

At eighteen he graduated at the top of his class from Oglethorpe College in Georgia. He was here associated with Dr. Woodrow of the South Carolina College, and

to whom he attributed great benefit and much inspiration as a student.

His record in the last war was a brilliant one. True to the cause he espoused so freely, and the recollection of which we love so dearly, he went through the trials of '61–'65, making for himself a warm place in the affection of his comrades. As the war was closing, there first appeared in his physical nature the symptoms of that dreaded disease with which he was destinied to fight so bravely and which at last was to conquer him. I refer to the consumption, which he inherited from his mother, and which he courted in the exposure of camp-life.

In '67 he married Miss Day of Macon, Georgia. This lady, be it said in passing, was in Spartanburg this week, and indeed honored is the roof which sheltered the wife of this son of nature. The battle for his life had now begun in earnest. For five years he wandered about through his own Southland, seeking health in the salt air of the sea coast and the balmy breeze of orange groves.

In '73 he entered an engagement with the Peabody Symphony Company of Baltimore. Here his flute, which had so often served to feed his soul with harmony, now brought bodily sustenance to himself and his family. He was now just beginning to put in operation his ideas of Art, and the consciousness of a speedy end to all his efforts, made him work the harder for the consumation of that work for which he devoutly believed he had been created.

A series of lectures on Shakespeare, given before a private class in Baltimore, brought him a reputation which resulted in his appointment as lecturer on English Literature in Johns Hopkins University. In this capacity he endeared himself to the members of his class and made them recognize the true power which was in him This lecture course was continued until April, '80, when he was so weak from his disease that he was compelled to deliver his lectures from his chair. The condition of his case was now so critical that the doctors urged him

to try, as a last resort, tent life in Western North Carolina. Here he hastened and hunted health. With what strange, poetic propriety did he seek this "Land of the Sky!" Here in the land where the crisp, cool air fans his hectic cheek, and where a thousand colors flashing and paling in the merry spray, as it dances from rock to rock, bring a new delight into a poetic soul, went out a light which had burned so softly, yet so steadily, amid the dark vapors of adverse circumstances!

And let us briefly see what he has done for Southern Literature. Those of us who think of Lanier as only a poet are far from the truth. His work "The Development of the English Novel" takes high rank as a work of prose art. "The Science of English Verse," which book he wrote in six weeks, shows his conception of his art, and his beauty and strength in handling technical prose.

But the music which was in him needed a channel for exit, and his truest self is mirrored in his poetry. No one may read his poetry without feeling a genius, a soul, a music in it. His finish to his work does not glisten as in our Poe, who is so intent on literary accuracy and polish, that he grinds out most of the body of the production and leaves a fragile creature, not human, but hardly divine, formed after the finest laws of Art, dressed in the most exquisite taste, and as perfect as human mind can imagine; but still not human—"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." The strange power of a poet, by which he moves men as does no other artist, is the chief characteristic of Lanier. Who reads him, loves him, and is profoundly sorry that a ripe old age was not given him, in which he could have demonstrated that the South needs not the Northern idea and push and appreciation of poetry in order to produce a poet. One truth is clear: he was distinctively a Southerner—here he was born, here he was educated, here he fought, here he died, and here most truly he loved.

A great thing in Lanier's life was his extreme thoroughness and exactness in study. His criticism of Poe is characteristic of him: "The trouble with Poe was,

he did not *know* enough." What Lanier knew, he knew well, and he knew all that could be known of it.

Perhaps the most finished and artistic work of his is his "Sunrise" in the "Hymns of the Marshes." This poem was written while our poet was too sick to raise his food to his mouth—with a fever of 104°, he penciled this last, greatest poem. "It seemed as if he were in fear that he would die with it unuttered." And a strange, grand song he sang as he wrote it! As he spoke of a Marsh he said:

> "Reverend Marsh, low-couched along the sea,
> Old Chemist, rapt in alchemy,
> Distilling silence"

Nor would I forget his shorter songs—"The Tampa Robins," "Opposition, a Song of the Future." While also must be mentioned his poem "Symphony," which begins:

> "O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead;
> The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head!"

This is a lament for the misappreciation of his art, and surely it is a rebuke to us all!

But I would not delay you longer The only thing further I shall remark of this man is the similarity of his circumstances with those of our own Timrod. Both were men who had the root of the matter in them. Both were very poor; both were unappreciated by their own people and suffering alike from bodily want, they each found early graves from the same disease.

The chief lesson, gentlemen, in the study of this poet's life and struggles seems to be that one found in our lack of genuine appreciation of his greatness. Shame on the South that our men seek colder climes, as they search for congenial atmospheres. The South, who gave them birth, should not be slow in giving along with the breath of life the milk and meat of manly existence. Then think of our poets, study our historians, read our novelists, and do not fail to give

> "The praise a poet wins too late,
> Who starves from earth into a star."

FRANK LANDER.

John C. Calhoun.

Monthly Oration for the Calhoun Society, by Olin D. Wannamaker.

When we read from the pages of history of great men who, by their personal influence over their fellows, have led armies into the very mouth of death; who, amid the roaring of hostile artillery and the rattle of deadly musketry, have made the brave braver, infused courage into the hearts of the timid and turned the footsteps of deserting cowards from disgrace to glory, our hearts beat with admiration and we pronounce them heroes. When we learn of noble men who have spent all their lives fighting by voice and pen against the tyrants who oppressed their brethren, and of men who have sacrificed all things else for the one grand purpose of bettering mankind, again our souls are awakened to a sense of the nobility of God's greatest creation. Their deeds of daring, of fortitude, of self-sacrifice, stir up within us a longing after fame. We crave for ourselves some of the glory of the famous commander on the field of battle, long to be a trusted statesman or an honored philanthropist. And this is not all. Great men's influence does not beget within us only a selfish desire for honor. We truly admire the brave soldier, the patriotic statesman, the self-sacrificing servant of mankind. Cæsar and Napoleon are heroes, Luther and Wicklyffe are prophets of God, Burke and Pitt are statesmen; and we admire some qualities in each of them. Sometimes we are even awed in reading of the giant minds and moving spirits in the history of a nation.

But when we come to read of our America, of our own dear Southland, and to hear the fireside stories of Jackson, Clay, Lee, Jefferson, Calhoun, admiration is too weak and awe too cold to express the passion which moves our hearts. We do not merely admire these noble sons of the South. A feeling akin to worship rises from the depth of our souls to pay homage to their honored memories. We love them. We love to see Lee on his gallant gray, the bravest of the brave, mid the shot and shell of Richmond and Gettysburg, and to read the

speeches of Calhoun, the senator, full of sublime eloquence and patriotism,

> A glow as of the sunset sky,
> Where glory supernal greets the eye;
> Where beauty reigns as queen supreme
> And grandeur paints the poet's theme.

Of no one of our Southern patriots is the memory more honored and beloved than of John C. Calhoun. Fellow-countrymen twine no wreath of sweeter recollections for the grave of any departed hero than we for our Calhoun. To breathe his name in a Southern ear is but to tune the sweetest chord on the harp of the soul, to touch the electric key which sends the story of his patriotism and statesmanship flowing along the golden wires of memory. We are proud of his nobility, as proud as if it were our own. We love to think of him, to speak of him, to read of him. Should his honored name be meanly and basely scandalized, 'tis to us a sacred duty and a welcome privilege to uphold his glorious reputation.

And have we not a right to be thus proud of Calhoun? Bravely and fearlessly he strove to defend us against false legislation. His principles were pure and noble. His country's welfare was to him more than the synonym of his own—self stood in the background while Calhoun worked for "my country."

Calhoun's personal appearance was very striking. He was tall and of a dark complexion. His hair arose almost erect from his head and fell over on all sides like a lion's mane. One can see a great soul and a giant intellect shining out from even the portrait which hangs on our wall.

And his mind was indeed one of the greatest in the senate of his time—a senate composed of such men as Clay, Benton, Webster. His speeches were full of eloquence, and when he rose on debate the tangled mass was ravelled out and became one silver thread of argument.

Nor was his mind, as is too often the case with the intellects of great men, too great for his heart. His soul

had not been compressed to make room for brain; there was room enough for both in his noble character. Great as he was, he was not too great to love a risen Christ, nor too proud to serve a pardoning God.

He was a gentleman, courteous, kind, forgiving. Though heated in debate, seldom, very seldom, did he ever descend from the lofty dignity and gentlemanly courtesy which characterized him. As his eloquence forced enemies to applaud, so his Christian character drew out their love and admiration. The noble heart directed the powerful mind for the good of his country, his mighty wisdom enlarged and broadened and deepened his moral nature. Julius Cæsar is the synonym of bravery, shrewdness and influence over men; Calhoun means to us valor, virtue, patriotism, statesmanship and kind-heartedness.

Calhoun's life was one of almost continual service to his country. For many years he was in the United States senate, and I have spoken of him chiefly as the senator. He was also Vice-President in Jackson's administration and held many other offices of high trust.

While he was Vice-President and, as such, president of the senate, a bill was being voted on in the senate which would have been very unjust and injurious to the South. The vote was a tie, and Calhoun, as presiding officer, had the power to pass or kill it by his vote. Some of the senators who favored the bill, knowing that Calhoun opposed it, requested him to leave the senate (which would not have been thought a dishonorable thing by the others), so that he might not be obliged to kill it. This was indeed a crisis in the life of the great man and many would have yielded to the temptation. He was popular with the party who favored the bill and he knew that, should he do as they requested, he would probably be made President by them at the next election; but should he stand like a man and obey the supreme dictates of conscience, he saw in a glance his future history. There would no longer be any chance of sitting in the presidential chair and ruling the people he loved. Well did he know that the politicians with whom he had

till now been a popular man would cast him off, and that he would be misunderstood and misjudged. But what were these considerations to the man, the patriot, Calhoun? Not for one moment did he hesitate between political power and an evil conscience on the one hand and unpopularity and a sense of duty performed on the other. He disdained their demands. And he had not been deceived; for from this time almost to his death he was never very powerful in the politics of his country. His native State did not altogether misjudge its greatest friend and benefactor, however, and had he thought it necessary then for her to purchase liberty with her star on the flag of the Union, doubtless she would have followed his advice.

During Calhoun's whole public life, as shown by many instances, he did not strive at any time to secure advantages to the South merely because it was his native land. His heart throbbed in harmony to the slightest sigh of his oppressed country, and bravely and fearlessly he strove to defend her; but in this, as in all other things, he fought for truth, justice and principle. He did not endeavor in mere selfishness to make his State prosperous by the injury of others, but followed ever what seemed to be his motto: "Justice."

He fell like a brave soldier, fighting gallantly. Long had he suffered, long borne the ravages of disease, when his duty having been well and fully done, the great heart ceased to throb, the busy mind fell asleep, and the soul took its flight to drink of the river of life and to pluck from the banks thereof the leaves that are for the healing of the nations.

Chapters from the Early History of South Carolina.

II.

Guernache, the drummer, was one of the best men in our little colony. Handsome, lively and exceedingly kind, he soon won the hearts of his associates. Duty

was never shirked by him, but, with a cheerful countenance, he performed every task, however irksome.

Among the redmen his influence was such that many of the happy treaties were brought about by his popularity. His violin brought many of the Indian women to his side and it was not long before a class in dancing, after the European style, was formed. Very often the dusky maidens could be found "tripping the light, fantastic toe" on the banks of the neighboring streams, and though not as graceful as some Parisian beauties, they made fair progress under their indulgent tutor.

Having such a man was a happy circumstance for the colony, and as long as there was some doubt as to the fidelity of the redmen, Captain Albert always granted Guernache leave of absence when it was asked. But when their friendship became unquestioned, he began to withhold the permission which had formerly been given so freely.

It would be well for us to pause here and notice the character of Captain Albert. It was no merit of his that placed him in command of the colony. His aristocratic connections alone paved the way for his appointment. Naturally, his disposition was low and ignoble. Accustomed to indulge his baser passions to their utmost extent, he soon lost the respect of his men. Abusing the power vested in him, he became overbearing and tyrannical. Being of such a nature, Albert soon became jealous of Guernache's popularity, and often refused him favors of the simplest kind. Being no longer permitted to visit the Indians openly, Guernache often stole away from the garrison at night to the haunts of the redmen, for among the many conquests he made, there was one, Monaletta, the niece of King Andusta, a beautiful, dark-eyed maiden, who had by the wild and mystic rites of the Indians become his wife, though no one except those who participated in the marriage ceremony knew aught concerning it. Thus the fruit stolen in secret was sweeter, having a dash of danger about it.

Such was the state of affairs when Captain Albert received an invitation from King Andusta to attend the

religious feasts of Toya, and among those who should attend him the favorite Guernache must not be forgotten. Taking with him thirteen men, Albert set out in his pinnace for the kingdom of Andusta, where he was received with dignity.

The place where the rites were to be held was a circular piece of ground, cleared of all rubbish and exceedingly smooth. Here our friends were lead to witness scenes that aroused their curiosity, but gave no insight to the secrets of Toya. One set of actors, painted and plumed for the occasion, would enter the sacred circle and dance around it, accompanied by that low and plaintive music that only the redman can produce. After remaining in the ring for a short time, they dashed into the neighboring thickets, uttering terrible cries, while another set of actors took their place, and in turn left the sacred spot to perform the remainder of the ceremonies in the fastness of the forest, where no profane eye could look upon the rites that were too holy for any but the priests'.

Albert's curiosity knew no bounds, and he determined by some means or other to acquaint himself with the secrets of Toya. King Audusta divining his motive conducted the Frenchman back to the royal wigwarm and endeavored by kindness and attention to make them forget what had been denied. This, of course, inflamed their curiosity the more.

Albert declared his intention of learning more concerning the mysteries of Toya, and asked for a volunteer to slip away and find out what was then unknown. Guernache immediately opposed his plan, showing what would be the danger to the colony should the spy be discovered. Only the death of the intruder would suffice to appease the wrath of the indignant priests, and, perhaps, the whole colony would be deprived of the friendship of the Indians, which was so necessary in that wild country so far away from *La Belle France*. The councils of Guernache were indignantly rejected by Albert and he was told to hold his peace and not thrust his opinion on his superiors. This rebuke silenced our unoffending

drummer and he stepped aside, no longer offering his advice. But others who had more authority took up his cause and argued against such an invasion into the secrets of those who had been so friendly in the past. Debate was at length ended by Pierre Renaud, one of Albert's satellites, volunteering to attempt the undertaking. We will leave Renaud to his daring exploit and follow the rest of the company in their revelry.

A feast was set before them consisting of the best the kingdom could afford. After the feast the dance was in order. The Indian braves were tatooed from head to foot and painted with the various forms of birds and beasts. The girls were not so wildly decorated, but, that simple and exquisise taste that is ever dominant in the fairer sex was evident by the way in which those dusky maidens adorned themselves.

While all were preparing for the dance Albert sternly commanded Guernache to produce his violin and render music suitable to the occasion. But the strings were all broken and in spite of the stern words of his commander no more were produced. Consequently the dancers were compelled to resort to what primitive instruments were at hand.

Immediately partners were selected and the dance was begun. Albert picked out for his companion the beautiful princess, Monaletta, and approached her, expecting, of course, that she would dance with him; but he was sorely disappointed.

Monaletta quickly drew away the hand that he was about to grasp and firmly refused him.

"Will you not dance with *me*, Monaletta?" asked Albert.

"No!" she answered in broken French. "No dance with you—dance with *him*!" with these words she pointed to Guernache and crossing to his side tenderly laid her hand upon the shoulder of her husband.

Albert's passion became almost uncontrolable. Advancing towards Guernache he sternly ordered him to return to the pinnace and remain there till sent for. Obediently the drummer turned away from Monaletta and prepared

to obey the unjust command with these words: "You push me too hard, Captain." "No words, sir! away!" was the response.

The dance was well in progress and the merriment at its height, when cries of terror and yells of vengeance were heard. Soon Renaud appeared on the scene, bloody and exhausted, while at his heels were the infuriated priests, calling upon all around to kill the spy. Renaud had been discovered in his attempt to fathom the mysteries of Toya and vengence had been sworn upon him.

The Frenchmen quickly surrounded the unfortunate man and determined to stand by him to the last. This act of the Frenchmen is exceedingly commendable when we consider that Renaud was by no means a favorite among them.

Louder and louder grew the clamors for the offender's blood.

The warriors procured their weapons, bows were bent, spears poised, lances set in rest and the terrible macana was raised aloft by more than one daring Indian. Only the first blow was necessary to bring on a general massacre.

Weja.

(*To be Continued.*)

Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Paul Hamilton Hayne has recently been honored by the erection of a beautiful memorial chapel near "Copse Hill." He is well worthy of this honor, bestowed upon him by his American, and even by his European, admirers. He was a full-pledged southern man, for he was born in Charleston, S. C., and spent a large portion of his life in that beautiful city. He graduated from the Charleston College in 1852—surely an unfortunate period for a poet of his nature. He wrote several poems and memoirs before he graduated.

Physically, he was a very weak man, even an invalid during a portion of his life. Descending from a noble

line of ancestry, he had a right to be proud of them. His father was a Lieutenant in the United States Navy, and his uncle, Robert Young Hayne, was one of South Carolina's most distinguished Senators.

Paul grew up to be a very handsome lad of medium height, slender and erect, with light brown hair, and soft brown eyes. The nobility of his features was shown to advantage by his hair being brushed straight back, displaying his high classical forehead. He was an earnest, tender and lovable character—somewhat adverse to society, and yet inviting a friendship close and lasting. Three of his most intimate and distinguished friends were Timrod, Ticknor and Lanier. This little trio came and diappeared as a lark in the early morning. Before we were fully aware of the inspiring influence of their presence, they had vanished, leaving the echoes of their sweet notes still ringing in our ears, to wonder at and admire their brief career.

Hayne lived through the Reconstruction period and "died as the Old South died." He was the only American poet that had dared trust wholly to the muse as a means of livelihood. The early life of Hayne was spent in a beautiful home, the situation of which was just suited to the development of a poetical soul. The breezes of the sea wafted a spring-tide eloquence over his youthful days, making a romantic impression on his whole after life.

His married life seems to have been an exception to the rule that all literary men make unhappy marriages, for his was very happy, with his loving wife ever at his side ready to make any kind of sacrifice for his well-being. His home was burned in Charleston, and he then went to Georgia and built a little cottage of upright boards on a high hill near Augusta. This little cottage nestled among the sighing pines was called "Copse Hill."

William H. Hayne, their only child, inheriting the poetical talent of his father, and being brought up under their careful training was the light of this hermit-like home. It is said that Thomas Carlyle lived for

many years in the loneliest place of England and that this seclusion was helpful in developing his great literary talent. I think that the same truth is equally applicable to our southern singer, for in the lonely pine groves of Copse Hill many immortal thoughts found birth and utterance, that never would have been expressed had their author lived in a city mansion.

The poetry of Hayne has a kind of classical cast about it which detracts, to some extent, from its popularity. Some of his poems appear not to have been written when the sky was clear and the sun bright. An under-flow of sadness pervades many of his poems, and our thoughts are turned from the bustling world around us to the silent fields of meditation, where we gather golden thoughts, which, like autumn leaves, throw a pensive mood over us, and curb our blithesome spirits. The "Solitary Lake" and "In The Pine Barrens" are examples of this dreaming spirit. His imagination soars "beyond the closing gateways of the sun," and blossoms in eternity. "In reading The Mountain of the Lovers," our hopes are high and we feel that we are soon to witness the union of a loving pair; but when we reach the hazardous assent of the mountain by Oswald and Catrine, our hopes begin to waver, and at last are crushed when we see the fatal fall. This little poem could not have produced such an effect upon us had it ended in any other way.

Hayne's life was one full of activity. When we take into consideration his weak body we can hardly conceive of how he accomplished so much during his fifty-seven years of existence.

In 1872 his fourth volume appeared, "Legends and Lyrics," which was followed by "The Mountain of the Lovers." Ten years later his complete works were published, entitled poems of "Paul Hamilton Hayne." He wrote book-reviews, essays, biographical sketches and political pieces: but verse was the natural outlet of his thoughts. He, like Carlyle, recognizing the fact that

"Out of eternity
Each new day is born,
Into eternity
At night will return."

So he improved the passing days by permitting none to "slip useless away."

JOHN C. DANIEL, ('95).

Old English Literature.

There is no more interesting age in the history of English Literature than that period when the language was in its youth and as yet rude and uncultivated, uncertain of its future.

The Anglo-Saxon language has the honor of possessing perhaps the first known literature of any Teutonic people. As the first product of Grecian intellect was an Epic, so that was the form taken by the earliest extant Anglo-Saxon work, Beowulf. This poem, compromising about six thousand lines, is supposed to have been composed by the Saxons before they invaded England. "In their primitive homes, when the banqueting hall was filled, the gleeman stirred the courage of his listeners by the recital of the superhuman deeds of the mighty Beowulf." In depicting to us the daring exploits of this mighty man, they give to us a picture of their ideal hero, a man of great physical strength to be used in bringing glory to his chief and clan. This, which has been called "the great pagan Epic of the English people" and is filled with the heathenish superstition of the time, is the most interesting of all the Old English poems.

Later there are three great names in Anglo-Saxon literature which are especially worthy of mention. Of these, first in order of time comes Caedmon, who may, like Burns, be called "a poet of Nature's own making." All that we know of his life is found in Baeda's Ecclesiastical History. He is pictured to us a poor laborer, even more ignorant than the generality of his class. But one night under the inspiration of heaven in a dream, he sung his first hymn on the Creation, and ever

afterwards, until the day of his death, continued to write rude but inspiring songs to the praise of God. As Beowulf represents the Anglo-Saxon ideal under a pagan religion, the poems of Caedmon give us a glimpse of their character modified by the influence of Christianity. His principal work was a paraphrase of the Scriptures in alliterative verse. His were the only poems before the time of Baeda that had anything of a poetic spirit in them. All after were his imitators. His work exerted an extraordinary influence upon the natural modes of thought, and won for him the deep reverence of five centuries of Englishmen. It is probable that even Milton gained inspiration from the poems of Caedmon; for there is great similarity in some instances between the thought and expression of the two.

Connected with Caedmon as his biographer is Baeda, the scholar of Janow. He may be taken as a good example of the learned monk of the middle ages, who spent all his life in a monastery studying, writing and teaching others. The fame of his school was world-wide, and hundreds flocked from all parts of Europe to get instruction from his lips. He wrote most of his works in Latin, the language most widely known at that time. They are chiefly valuable to us on account of the insight that they give into the condition of learning in his age. His greatest work was his Ecclesiastical History of England, from the invasion of Cæsar to his own time. On this work, afterwards translated into Anglo-Saxon by Alfred, almost entirely our knowledge of early English history is based. Baeda must have been a hard worker, for we know of forty-five distinct treaties from his pen, twenty-five on Biblical themes, the rest the lives of saints and various other subjects. Besides his Latin works, he wrote in Anglo-Saxon some songs and a version of parts of the Scriptures, He translated the Gospel of St. John on his death-bed. Green says of him: "First among English scholars, first among English theologians, first among English historians, it is in the monk of Janow that English Literature strikes its roots."

Passing over a hundred years during which nothing

of much importance was written, we come to the third name, which completely eclipses the other two in greatness, King Alfred, one of the most important figures in English History. At the time he came to the throne, there was no Anglo-Saxon Literature with the exception of the little we have mentioned. He not only gave an impetus to literature by encouraging those who could to write and by founding schools, but he himself made his contribution by translating various books from the Latin into the language of the people. He not only translated these works, but he puts the stamp of his own mind upon them by interspersing the originals with his own great thoughts, so that they can almost be called his own. The sole object of Alfred was the improvement of his people, and he knew what kind of literature suited them best. He published no wild stories to prey upon their superstitions, like most of the writers of his age, but he gave them only what he knew was true. On this account we can trust very largely the facts we get from him concerning early history.

His most valuable work was his translation of Baeda's Ecclesiastical History spoken of above. The most difficult task he ever undertook must have been the reproduction in Anglo-Saxon of "The Universal History of Paulus Orosus," a large Latin work. Orosus in it attempts to give a complete history of the world, from the creation down to his time, a period of about six thousand years. This work was very popular in Alfred's day and for a long time afterwards.

For the moral uplifting of his people, he turned into Anglo-Saxon the "*De Consolatione Philosophiae*" of Boethius, a work which Gibbon calls "a golden book, not unworthy the leisure of Plato or Tully." Translations of it have since been made by Chaucer and Queen Elizabeth. Taking on the form of a dialogue between the writer and wisdom, this book teaches that "every fortune is good for men, whether it seem good to them or evil, aud that we ought with all our powers to enquire after God, every man according to his understanding."

For the benefit of the clergy, he translated Gregory's

Pastoral Care, which points out chiefly the importance of the priest's office and the danger of filling it unworthily.

"The character of one ruler never more completely influenced the destinies of his country." While Alfred saved his nation from destruction, by his influence and example he did perhaps more than any other man to give an upward impulse to English literature. In his works the Anglo-Saxon language is seen at its best; afterwards it loses its purity and becomes contaminated by the influence of the Norman French.

About the time of Alfred, and perhaps by his influence, the Anglo-Saxon chronicle was written, giving a complete history of England from the earliest times. Most of its early facts were compiled from Baeda's History and various records left by monks in the monastaries. This chronicle, kept up until a hundred years after the Norman Conquest, is valuable to us not only as a historic document, but also in it we may trace the changes which took place in the language from year to year as it passes from pure Anglo-Saxon into nearly modern English.

Except a few minor works, these are all we have on which to base our knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue and in a great measure our idea of Anglo-Saxon life and character. A rude language of a rude people; but as that people was destined to become the greatest race on the globe, spreading over two continents, holding in their hands the destinies of nations, so that language was the crude beginning from which was developed our modern English tongue, spoken by perhaps more people than any other, and with a prospect before it grand and untold.

F. E. DIBBLE ('95).

Joan of Arc.

Thomas De Quincey has written a good essay on Joan of Arc, and it is after reading the paper of this "English Opium Eater" that I have been so much impressed with the character of the great French heroine. History tells us of how, born in 1411, her early life was spent in poverty and menial servitude, that she received no instruction, but was acustomed to out door duties, such as tending her father's flock. She acquired her equestriam skill by riding horses to and from the watering places. Not unlike many another great soul she had to make her way against adverse fortune and base entanglements. De Quincey very appropriately draws a comparison between this shepherd girl from the hills and forests of Lorraine and the Hebrew shepherd boy from the hills and forests of Judea. As David doubtless had his visions while keeping the sheep of Jesse, so we are constrained to believe that Joan while guarding her father's flock began to be informed of her mission to deliver her country and to crown her king. And so, even at a tender age, aroused at the troubled condition of France and inspired by the opportunity of the hour she entered upon her wonderful public life.

She presents herself at Vancoulaurs to Bandricourt, the governor, and demands to be taken to the French court. Her wish to lead the forces of her king was granted. She goes to Chinon and is placed at the head of the army. The sight of the virgin with the consecrated banner naturally struck terror into the hearts of the enemy and equally so encouraged her own troops.

Joan at the head of ten thousand troops dressed in full armor, her ringlets under her hemlet, and the sword of St. Katherine in her hand, threw herself upon the besiegers of Orleans, routed them and broke up the siege. Shortly afterwards Charles was crowned king and Joan's purpose was achieved.

It is difficult to suitably express our admiration for this wonderful character. Truly did she die, "a martyr to her religion, her country and her king." Yet on the

funeral pile one can be great; in the flames a superb attitude is possible. And we cannot but conclude that as her life was noble, her death was sublime.

Throughout life the character of the "Maid of Orleans" was without a blemish. She led a pious life—seeing God in the hills, forests and meadows. Purity, innosence and modesty, the necessary requisites for a model of her sex, were her chief characteristics. And with what enthusiasm did her troops follow her? Her gentle bearing served to restrain the brutality of the rude soldiery. Her title of virgin raised their thoughts to the Virgin Mary. Who would not be gallant, who would not be brave under such a leader? Her presence on the battlefield meant victory. It is to be questioned whether France has since produced a greater hero; whether Napolean himself, though he takes rank with Cæsar and Alexander, is to be more greatly admired. Study the characters of each and you have the ambition of Napoleon even at the sacrifice of his country, and the martyrdom in her country's defense. And so kind and warm a soul—so sympathizing and full of pity! She interposed to defend the captured and the wounded—she dismounted from her horse to tend the dying English soldier,and to console him with such ministrations as circumstances permitted. She never shed blood with her own hands.

J. P. H. ('95).

South Carolina's Three Living Monuments.

In all ages and stages of the world's civilization men of superior talent and ability, by dint of application and oneness of purpose, have achieved fame and adoration from their fellow-creatures. In matters not whether in the gladiatorial combats, in the clash of arms amidst the whizzing of bullets, in the storm-tossed vessel off the coast of some unhappy shore, in parliament, in the sanctity of the pulpit, at the painter's brush, the sculptor's chisel, or under the quiet glow of the midnight lamp, the man of character, energy and principle, has been

the leader and representative of the people in his creed, trade or profession.

Europe produced her warriors, statesmen, poets, artists and musicians. Young America has startled the world with her scientific discoveries. Her laws, warriors, heroes and literary achievements need no comment, while her ultimate triumph and superiority are assured. The old Palmetto State, though smaller in size compared with some, is inferior to none in her appropriation to the maintainance and perfection of a mighty whole. Supported as she is by men of nerve, decision and integrity, she has ever been true to the principles she conceived to be right. Some of her most loyal sons were not reared in a sugar-barrel, hot house, or a royal palace, but rather grew brave and strong on the rugged heights of poverty. They were trained in the school of necessity, were cheered and made happy by what they believed to be their duty. They achieved no remarkable success until middle life, but kept plodding onward and upward, knowing

> "The heights that great men have gained and kept
> Were not attained by sudden flight.
> But they, while their companions slept,
> Were upward toiling in the night."

Believing in the slow, sure way, they have gained their positions and will keep them.

While we would not forget our Calhoun, as he quietly rests in the silence of the tomb, we would not forget our own living, moving, influencing Calhouns in the personage of Bishop Duncan, Dr. James H. Carlisle, and Judge Hudson.

Bishop Duncan, a graduate and afterwards professor of Wofford College, preached on a station, sowed the seeds of truth, disdained not the day of small things, worked for God and righteousness, regarded the minutest details in building up His kingdom on earth, and polishing his own individuality after the similitude of Christ Jesus, was ready and anxious to do the will of his Maker, when and wheresoever called. Not working for fame or money, he threw the truth in the face of the

vilest sinner, framed his sermons to please God, not the multitude, and as he grew in years, grew also in strength, beauty and perfection of character. Finally, when the time came for electing some one to fill a most responsible position, he was selected, as the most competent and suitable among many. His history since is an open book to all, known as he is through this and many other States.

He now has the pleasure of reaping an abundant harvest from seed sown in good soil and carefully nurtured through a lifetime.

Dr. James H. Carlisle was educated at the South Carolina College, taught school for some time, as many of our young graduates are now doing, and neglected no opportunity for developing a mind naturally of very superior excellence. He became professor, afterwards president, of the institution that he now represents, and which he loves as well as its alumni love him and the institution. Sweet words and shining gold would not induce him to leave it.

Some may wonder why he did not become a preacher, but when they know of his daily lectures, example and exhortations to a hundred and fifty students, from the favoured sections of this and other States, I think they will conclude that his sphere is too wide, deep and lasting to be contained in the word preacher.

As an educator, mathematician, and lecturer, he has, perhaps, no equal in the South. He is ever ready to reprove the evil, or encourage the feeble; he is as firm and immovable as the foundation of Wofford College itself; his word is law.

None know him but to honor, love, and respect him. His influence is felt in nearly every community, church, courthouse, store, and all social and political circles of the State. Long may he live, if for nothing else than to be an incentive for all sluggards, spendthrifts, and wild young men towards the higher life, to point them to the possibilities now existing in this age of literature, learning, and culture.

Judge Hudson, also a graduate of the South Carolina

College, and one of Marlboro's, as well as the State's, most loyal citizens, is a lawyer by profession, a true gentleman by birth. He was for years a practicioner at Bennettsville, the county seat of Marlboro, where he struggled in the privacy of his office, mastering the technicalities of his chosen profession, winning the confidence and respect of the people, fighting his way from poverty and obscurity to fame and position. He was not a politician. His self-respect, pride, and manhood would not suffer him to stoop to the level of the common, silly-headed, weak-kneed, chicken-hearted politician of to-day.

When chosen by the people to serve them in the capacity of judge, he accepted the honor as a duty, and as the natural outgrowth of laborious years of study.

As a jurist, he has been eminently successful. In recent months his name has been spoken with admiration by all the daily papers in the United States. Like Henry Clay, he had rather be right than be in office. As we perceive the independence, the conscientiousness, and the righteous traits of his character and judgment, and as we leave him enjoying the quiet luxuries of home life, the approval and approbation of his fellow countrymen, his character looks yet more pure and spotless, more worthy of imitation and respect.

We never know how to appreciate a gift until we have lost it. Men strive, struggle, and die amid the jeers and sneers of the multitude, long, long years afterwards to be immortalized in songs, monuments, and biographies. But it is to be hoped that ere a century shall have passed away, the young men when assembled in the libraries of Wofford College on Friday evenings and searching for something inspiring, instructive, and interesting to read, will find the lives of Bishop Duncan, Dr. James H. Carlisle, and Judge Hudson placed by the side of those to whom "posterity may well be grateful to their memories, for they have left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language."

They are examples of the character Longfellow wished to depict when he wrote :

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of time;

Foot prints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

J. C. ROPER ('96).

Evangeline.

This production of Longfellow is perhaps the very best specimen of the English idea of dactylic hexameter verse, a style which has not grown popular with the poets of modern times, although often imitated. The story is founded on historic fact, which only tends to increase its beauty and interest. It was written of the country which was then called Acadie by the French, which is now known as Nova Scotia. Its settlers were a small number of Normans, and they were supposed to be neutral as regarded the quarrels of England and France. But the English colonists, without the knowledge or consent of Great Britain, to serve their own private ends, took these peaceful, liberty-loving people by strategy, and compelled them to leave their homes, burnt their village, and scattered them all over the New World. This event happened on the 10th of September, 1755.

Longfellow, by taking his characters from these peasants, and by giving vent to an admirable descriptive style of scenery, climate and manners, yet pursuing with unbated zeal the narrative, deftly paints a most beautiful romance.

Evangeline was the daughter of the richest farmer in Grand Pre. The only child, her mother dead, surrounded by any and everything she wished, her "face as fair

as a summer day," truly Nature had lavished richest gifts upon her. Among her many suitors she had chosen as her lover Gabriel Lajeunesse, son of the blacksmith of the village. Viewing life through the rose-colored spectacles of youth, and looking forward to the realization of her fondest dreams, how promising seemed the morning of her youth!

Yet she lived to see her beautiful dreams vanish, to watch the star of hope, which had burned so brilliantly in the zenith of the skies of youth, gradually recede and almost sink into chaotic darkness over her horizon, to hear the taunting "never, never, whispered by the phantom years." Leaving the body of her father upon the ocean's shore, and casting her little bark upon the "solemn main" of life, all alone, she sailed forth, and when the tempests had swept o'er, the waters again calm, and the voyage ended, still all alone she reaches the port of Eternity, and it would seem that her struggles were useless and ill-spent. Yet her voyage was not a failure, her search was not fruitless, nor her life ill-spent, and the memories of this heroine will forever live in the hearts of those who have, and who may, read of her.

Going with her friends down the Mississipi River, she thought every day would bring her nearer her lover, who was drawn to the semi-tropical regions of Southern Louisana, where the Father of Waters empties into the deep, blue Gulf. But he had departed ere she had arrived. And now commences her long journey, which is so sad and full of heroic sacrifice. While not enumerating her travels and adventures, suffice to say that at last she found her lover, tottering on the very brink of the grave. A sad meeting, indeed! It would be hard indeed for one to recognize in the wan, pale cheek of the aged nurse, the blushing Hebe, on whose cheek the roseate hues of health were vieing with the tints of purity and innocence, oh, so long ago in the little village of Grand Pre. And her lover, too, was sadly changed by the ruthless hand of time. Well might Evangeline exclaim, gazing on the lifeless body of her lover, while the reverbrating sounds from the Harp of Life brought the golden days

and dreams of long ago before her:

"This is truth the poet sings—
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

The thing above all others to be admired about the character of Evangeline is her *constancy*—unswerving devotion to her missing lover. Never once did her love falter, nor was any journey too long to be undertaken, no privation too great to be undergone in quest of him she loved.

"Her life did noble deeds control,
That paved the pathway of the soul
To Heaven."

After a careful re-reading of this poem, I submit the following comments: Both the prelude and aftermath are especially fine, and give a magnificent coloring of the artistic blended with the natural, only brought out by a master hand. There must be something radically wrong with one who reads Evangeline and cannot see any beauty or interest in it, outside of the mere narrative therein embodied.

When America, as a fond mother, gathers around her children of the present century, in its fast-fading twilight, to fold them to her breast and wrap around them the magical, everlasting mantle of history, and consign them to posterity, Longfellow will be among the first to find repose in her sheltering arms, and as she fondles her darling boy, and recounts his many beautiful deeds of fancy, on none will she linger longer than on Evangeline, and she can say with enviable pride, even with the shades of the grand old masters around with criticism stern: "This is my jewel!"

PIERRE H. FIKE, ('97.)

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

The House of Lords.

"When first this order was ordained, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth."

This institution takes rank among the most ancient governing bodies in the world. It is one of the few perfectly preserved mementoes of feudalism. Its beginning as a house of lords was in the distribution of baronial estates in the Norman Conquest. Created by the king, it has upheld royalty and opposed democracy with admirable consistency. On its hereditary list have stood some of the most illustrious names of English history; and although its spirit has been intensely monarchical, some of the most radical democratic leaders and reformers have been from its members.

No doubt such an hereditary legislative body was formerly to the advantage of England; it is one of the stepping stones by which mankind has risen; it has helped to upbuild the same democracy that now threatens its destruction. While there was use for the Lords

they were useful; but now that the superior ability, on the assumption of which they were given their hereditary powers, no longer exists, why should they further outlive and violate their usefulness, like over-old men, who by their imbecility draw scorn upon the estate of age?

In late parliamentary history all the great reforms won by years of persevering labor have been wrested as by main force from the Lords. They have been an unmitigated clog on upright government by the people. It seems strange in this country, where our institutions are new and do not come down to us wrapped in a thousand patriotic traditions, that old methods, become vicious by outliving their usefulness, should be protected by a halo of sancity simply because of their venerable age, and can stand for years with their harmfulness patent, remaining unmolested as religiously as one would shrink from desecrating his fathers' graves. Just such a spirit is powerful in British politics and has delayed many a reform, and doubtless is the shield that averts abolishing the House of Lords.

* * *

The Lords have ceased to be a balance wheel, to give momentum and steadiness to the government, and have become an impediment. The Home Rule bill, the work of untiring statesmanship, is demanded by the people. With unprecedented painstaking it is perfected, passed by the Commons and sent to the Peers. These birds of brilliant feather hear that the down-trodden millions of Ireland are about to gain the boon of self-government; and forthwith "from every shire's end of England," from Scotland and some, like deserters, from old Erin itself, swoop with one accord to nullify in a week the work of months and the growth of years. Ten to one they vote it down. A stinging rebuke to the great English people! Will they ever again have the audacity to ask by majorities of millions for their rights?

A bill to protect laborers in factories. The nation demands it. What say ye, my Lords? "Dead, for a ducat, dead!" Killed ten to one. Too many Lords in the factory business. Yea, verily for ducats is it dead. Bill

for local self-government, reform of ancient evils. Ditto. And so these five hundred and fifty-nine peers have their enjoyment.

And note that only at rare intervals do they assemble in good numbers, and then patriotically to frustrate the nation and turn back good government for another decade. The average attendance in the House of Lords is ten and three constitute a quorum. A spectator describes this blooded stock as marked with intellectual and physical profligacy and degeneracy, whose worthlessness is made more intense by contrast with such splendid minds among them as Rosebery, Fairplay and Salisbury.

A large party in England have it next their hearts to abolish these hereditary dictators; but—how sad—they can only be abolished by their own order. In recent years the lords themselves have argued for this cause more eloquently than mere words could have done. The new Premier, the Earl of Rosebery, has been for ten years an abolitionist and is stronger as the years roll on. The fruit is over-ripe, and within a few decades the British House of Lords may be engorged in the voracious maw of Time.

History Dying.

The death of Gen. Jubal A. Early on the 2d of March leaves living only seven Lieutenant-Generals of the Confederacy, and all the Generals and Brigadier-Generals are dead. These historic men are rapidly passing away. Let us revere the old soldiers. The cause was wrong, but they were right. Let us remember them, talk of them, write of them. May their memory never fade through neglect.

With us of the South history is apt to die with those who made it; even Calhoun's personality is seen like a fleeting wraith through the dim obscurity of tradition. Years conceal the greatness of our statesmen, soldiers and poets, and we know them not. History dies with men like these and no South Carolina pen is raised to

save it from oblivion. Would there had been Boswells to our illustrious dead, that we might know them and and laugh, talk and think with them. South Carolina is a fruitful coast for a literary life-saving crew to rescue the history that is sinking into the abyss of an unrecorded past.

William Ewart Gladstone.

By Mr. Gladstone's retirement the greatest statesman of the day passes from the stage of action. His career has been long and full of honor, and when the smoke of battle rises even those he has opposed and overcame will admire him as something permanent in the host of shifting figures.

At present his enemies say he is the shifting figure. True, he has modified and changed his views on many subjects, and has left the Tory party, to which he once adhered, and become a complete Liberal. This stands as a eulogy rather than condemnation. We are glad so eminent a statesman has given the example of independence and honesty—for independence means honesty—of opinion and refuses to stand inert, bound to the mistakes of a moribund past. To achieve the fundamental ends which a party holds we may compromise in non-essentials; but for an intelligent being to live his whole life on what he knows to be a false basis, only because the word Democrat, Republican or Liberal once described him, is absurd and looks to the dishonest. One may not stultify himself for a party.

At twenty-one Mr. Gladstone entered parliament. In the steady growth of reform, towards which the first futile effort was made by Lord Grey in 1793 with the first success in 1832, and which with unceasing progress has regenerated English government into real freedom, Gladstone has been one of the foremost. Seeing that he owed his country more than to perpetuate obsolete traditions, he abandoned one by one the sinking ships of halting Toryism, achieved reform on reform, and in his last public utterence forgot not his life-principle in vale-

dictory rhetoric, but fired the first great gun of the next reform, summoning before the nation the House of Lords to show cause for its existence. With him, light illuminates.

Refusing, like Carlyle, to be clothed with Lordship, the second "great commoner" has ended a course useful, patriotic, powerful, full of honor, and above all, honorable. He is one of the half dozen world-citizens that enrich a century and are the heritage of all humanity. But wisdom will not perish from the earth with him or any other. God will always raise up good, wise, great men to carry on his work.

The recent elections in Brazil showed the country to be overwhelmingly against the insurgents. Defeated both in public opinion and in arms, De Gama has surrendered and his troops have been disbanded unpunished. This was a quarrel begun to reseat the ex-king, afterwards degenerating to a struggle for personal aggrandizement and deserve nothing more than failure.

Representative Wilson, of tariff fame, says the next reform for the United States is Civil Service, from president to coroner. Office will then cease to be patronage and any honest Americans who are best fitted can fill the places. There is a great Civil Service League in the North working for such legislation. Some of the greatest national reforms have been attained by just such leagues, and doubtless in a few years the public service will be secured from the disgraceful scrambles that now follow every change in parties.

The College Man in Politics.

If college training has the value for which it is generally reputed, it is fair to assume that graduates are better men and better able to serve the commonwealth than they would have been had they never had a college education, and therefore better men and better able to

serve the commonwealth than are non-graduates. With establishing this proposition we settle on college men a large responsibility.

The day of oligarchies has gone. The common man has come forward and asserted his right to be as good as anybody else and to do anything anybody else does. The contemporaneous appearance towards the close of the last century of this modern power and of political economy is a coincidence whose significance is augmented and then surpassed by the marvellous growth of both. The pleb has ceased to be the ruled and has become the ruler and thinks he knows enough statecraft to conduct the Latin Union. But no host ever marched without a leader. Let mankind get as democratic as it will, if it were to die tomorrow of universal eleutheromania, it would perish doing the grand-act of a flock of sheep. And if the college men but will they may be the bell-wethers to whose tintinnabulations their fellows prance.

The college man can do his countrymen no service without first gaining their confidence in his character and motives. He must show that he has heart as well as head, can burn at wrong, suffer with them in trouble, help too, and without looking for reward. The idea held by certain that college men are wise in their own conceits above other men and insincere, they must live down.

Let no man claiming to stand high in mind and morals hold aloof till politics are too dirty to be touched and bemoan what he let happen. Occasional spurts of wild enthusiasm, protests, bolting out of harness (for harness is necessary to pulling) will no more keep things straight than could three dashing crusades abolish the Moslem. If the best element would have a guiding influence it must be always active. See that politics are kept clean and there will be no disgusting cleanings up. To see respectable folk never touch politics except with a mop looks too much like meddling. The stranger has not much influence.

It is charged that "reforms obtained by the masses have all been demanded, not offered by the educated.'

Surely the most moral, intelligent and just should be the foremost promoters of every true reform.

The United States, and in less degree the world, have been adopted more and more the Democracy of Thomas Jefferson, not his ideas of finance and diplomacy, but the equality of all men and the supremacy of the people. In such government it is absolutely necessary to know the wishes of the people and exercise a reasonable respect for them. Otherwise the greatest abstract statesman on the continent will find himself blown off into limbo by the ballot box. For his policy to succeed he must make it the policy of the people. He must learn to "catch the faintest murmur of the popular will," and ere the people know themselves clearly what they want, he must interpret them to themselves, and work their will before it has had time to go to unintended bounds and, harrassed by resistance, to destroy existing good and perpetrate fresh harm, like a river dammed from its legitimate channel, desolating in its fury all that opposes.

The people must rule, and we believe that if their leaders be conscientious they will rule right. But a people who have long been resisted in their rights will burst in their fury beyond all restraint—a fly-man will perch on the chariot axle, remark on the infinite dust that surrounds him, strut his little tin god day and if he is fortunate enough to die not too late may lie down in his grave undented with the shine still on. The French Revolution proves what we say. Let us not forget in the bloodshed of the guillotine the precedent political chaos, which also was a part of the revolution. Every spasmodic upheaval and struggle of a people caused really by wrongful treatment is a symptom of the same derangement as our revolution in France. A host howling at Statehouse doors and a Saint Antoine to Versailles for the head of a king may be symptoms of the same disease. Some wounds are cured before they fester.

There is danger that brilliant young collegians clambering into the forum seeking notoriety—a fading phosphorescent light without heat—may turn politics into a

game. Politics should be conducted as honestly as money matters. Public opinion is the clay the politician works in, which he may fashion for all good use or into gilded cups full of abomination.

Unhampered liberty of opinion is higher than party bonds. Enterprises of great moment deserve the educated man's judgment and not the stereotyped opinion of his party. The "mugwump" may yet come to be the most respected individual. To try to suppress popular thought is absurd and stores up wrath for a future day. As well seal the springs of the Mississippi. The educated, broad-minded statesman is he who can discern from afar the substance of things needful, give the nation what it must have, and so determine whether this little public opinion stream which will become the great Oceanus, shall engirdle or engulf the world.

In the February issue in Mr. G. M. Moore's article, Samuel Johnson, through an oversight marks of quotation were omitted around eight lines at the bottom of page 190, beginning "In a kindlier element" and ending "Such circumstances."

A Representative from Washington has introduced a bill in Congress to appropriate $1,000,000 to build a college for the daughters of Confederate and Union soldiers. It is a loan for twenty years to be paid by profits made. We fancy that there will in the course of time be a scarcity in the supply of the aforesaid daughters (although the *demand* for the Southern girls wiil never cease), and therefore we deem this rather a costly affair for so short a time.

Nearly two years ago the "Science Hall and Gymnasium" was one of the "coming events that cast their shadows before." It seems that we had a shadow without a substance. Give the boys a gymnasium or they'll

run all to brain. There is certainly in the students a desire for physical training. An organized gymnasium is much more beneficial than the dissipated energy of unorganized athletics. We would like to see a sturdy Professor of Athletics on the rostrum. He would be the very man to send to Conference.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. T. DUNCAN, - - Editor.

A Few Suggestions.

If the Exchange Department has any place in college journalism, its function is to correct error, and offer any suggestion, which in the judgment of the editor would conduce to the elevation of journalism to a higher plane. With this conception of the duties of this office it shall be our purpose to make somewhat briefly a few suggestions with reference to some phases and customs of a great many magazines that have a tendency to discount and lower the standard of any literary journal.

First, we would suggest that those magazines that have a tendency to swell their "funny column" abridge this department or what would be still better, eliminate it altogether. There is nothing more offensive to good taste and intelligence than a collection of cheap, stale college "jokes." They have no meaning outside of the community where they are originated, and oftimes very little there. They are bad enough at first hand, and when they come at us second handed, my, it is enough to offend the taste of a bronze stature. It is not the purpose of a college magazine to vie with *Puck* and *Judge*, but to show the literary merit of the institution, in the interest of which it is published, so we think the standard of literary journals would be greatly enhanced, if the "funny column" was eliminated altogether, or at least reduced to a minimum.

Second, we would suggest to some of our exchange editors that they be a little more judicious in the character of their criticisms. It is always well enough to remember that it is a much easier matter to criticise than it is to make an improvement on the subject of our criticism. We do not mean, however, that exchange editors should forbear criticism altogether, for in truth criticism

made in the proper manner and spirit is very helpful, and often "our critics are our best friends," but we do protest against any editor or set of editors taking advantage of this sacred position to advertise their cheap invective or ventilate their own spleen and personal grievances upon some institution or its literary magazine. No literary journal is above criticism, and we all appreciate and profit by it, when they are made in a sincere, courteous spirit, but to prostitute the dignity of editorship to personal ends and to avenge personal animosities is not only unworthy of true manhood, but it is the basest cowardice. Now, kind indulgent editors, we have said our say. We have made our suggestions entirely in an impersonal manner. We have made no charge against any special magazine, or particular editor. If our remarks are not applicable to you, why do not take them to yourselves, but if from the character of your magazine our suggestions have struck you in a tender spot, we hope you will consider well what we have said.

No More Foot Ball in Harvard.

President Eliot of Harvard University has positively forbidden the playing of foot-ball in that institution until the rules of the University are changed,and Freshmen are not allowed to take part in any athletic contest whatever. We hope the day is not far distant when all the colleges will follow President Eliot's example. Foot-ball, as it is played under the present rules, is nothing more than a species of prize-fighting, and has about the same concomitant vices that attend this barbarous practice, with which our country was humiliated a few months ago.

"A Joke Which Is Not a Joke."

The news has been published abroad that while the Freshmen of Cornell University were indulging in their

banquet festivities, and "Joy was unconfined," their convivialities were suddenly marred by a few wise (?) Sophomores letting escape a quantity of chlorine gas, which resulted in the death of two men and the serious illness of about thirty more. Now if the Court will humor the joke by arresting the Sophomores, and compelling them to amuse themselves during their natural life time with the pick and spade under the whip and lash of some railroad boss, the fun will be about complete, and no donbt the Freshmen will go into ecstasies of laughter. Billy Shakespeare is the author of many wise sayings, but he never uttered a wiser, than when he said, "for sparing justice feeds iniquity," and these Sophomores should be taken up and given the full extent of the law. No mantle of college ethics or guise of practical joke should screen them from the punishment, which they so richly deserve. The college idea of a joke is assuming enormous proportions, when it results in the death of the innocent, unsophisticated Freshmen just from their mother's arms with her parting kiss still warm upon their lips. No kind of excuse will assuage the grief of that mother, when the lifeless form of her dead boy is brought back to the home, from which he went a few short months ago, the very picture of health, and under the benediction of a mother's prayer that the purity of her boy might be kept unsullied while he was away from her, and that he might be brought back safe to her motherly care. The State of New York is talking strongly of enacting a law against the iniquitous and barbarous custom of "hazing," making it a penal offence and treating it as an assault, riot or murder as the degree of the offence may deserve. We hope that the sentiment of colleges against the abominable practice of "hazing" will rise to such a pitch, that it will be useless to ask the Legislature to aid in suppressing it. It has already been abolished in most institutions by common consent of the students, but if there are some institutions that have too much of the barbarous element left in them yet to see the impropriety and injurious effects of such a practice, we hope the

courts of justice will teach them a lesson that they will not be likely to forget.

The Peabody Record for February is before us. Most of the Literary Department of this issue is surrendered to a long article on that same old Federalistic song, "Which Has Had the Greatest Influence on Our Institutions, Jefferson or Hamilton," that has been sung almost from time immemorial. There is not an idea or thought in it that has not been told better by Lodge, the author of the infamous "Force Bill" and others of his character and persuasion. We very much doubt the expedience of having such long articles in journals anyway, especially articles of this character. The Literary Department is somewhat redeemed, however, by an exquisitely beautiful poem entitled "The Vanishing City." We will venture to say that J. C. Shirley, the author of this finished production, is a better poet than J. A. Spence is a statesman.

The Literary Department of *The Wake Forest Student* for February is superbly excellent. The leading article entitled "The Journalist" is teeming with timely warnings and sterling advice to the unfortunate young man, who launches his bark upon the turbulent, uncertain sea of journalism. The article on "Female Dress, Its Influence on Health" is also worthy of special mention. We are very sorry to notice, however, that the *Student* has no Exchange Department. The symmetry of this already very excellent magazine would be greatly enhanced by the institution of a special department for reviewing exchanges.

Craighead.—In an interview in the *Anderson Journal*, Col. R. W. Simpson, President of the Board of Trustees of Clemson College, thus speaks of President E. B. Craighead: President Craighead has given entire satisfaction. The Board has felt from the beginning that the

success of the college depended largely upon the man at the head of its affairs, therefore President Craighead's conduct and management have been carefully observed. Now I have no hesitation in saying that President Craighead has more than fulfilled the expectations of the Board. He has proven himself a superb executive officer and thoroughly capable, and under his management the Board of Trustees feels confident that the affairs of the college will be safely and economically administered and the success of the institution assured.—*Southern Christian Advocate.* How does the statement of Col. Simpson, a man whose ability and integrity are known and honored throughout the length and breadth of South Carolina compare with the empty vaporings of Prof. Newman? Prof. Craighead very satisfactorily and efficiently filled the chair of Greek and French in this college for three years, and by reason of our association with him in the classroom and in his home, we had occasion to know something of his excellent qualities and ability, and when he left to accept the presidency of Clemson College, we felt sure that a scholarly, Christian gentleman was going from our midst.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto,* from Georgetown, Texas, is on our table. This is a very neat little magazine. We always welcome our contemporary from the "Lone Star" State.

The Journal, from the Presbyterian College, Clinton, S. C., numbers itself among our exchanges. This journal is exceedingly small and is not of a very high literary character. It is to be remembered, however, that this is the first volume of *The Journal,* and we always feel disposed to deal gently with infant industries.

The editorial staff is indebted to Rev. W. A. Rogers for a copy of the minutes of the 108th session of the *South Carolina Annual Conference.*

The January number of the *Converse Concept* is before us. The *Concept* is our nearest neighbor, and one of the few exchanges, which we receive edited entirely by young ladies. Our fair contemporary deserves much praise for the success it has achieved in the journalistic field. We have read the arguments upon the query, "Resolved That Napoleon's Character Was Noble," with much interest. The argument on both sides shows that the young ladies are by no means unfamiliar with the weapons of debate. The article entitled "A Criticism of Cowper's Works" is also worthy of special mention. In the judgment of this editor it is a very correct analysis of the works of this sad poet.

Spring still makes spring in the mind,
When sixty years are told.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - - Editor.

Though within the memory of the editor the columns of our JOURNAL have contained numerous references to alumni who have their residence in Spartanburg it may not be amiss to speak of them again. Certainly citizens, professors and students have much reason to feel justly proud of the graduates of Wofford who have located in the Gate City of South Carolina.

For every nine living representatives of our alumni settled in this State and in other parts of our Union one is to be found in Spartanburg. These men fill well their places in the professions and occupations that engage the attention of the citizens. There is a miner, a depot agent, a journalist, a druggist, a stationer, there are bankers, hardware dealers and other merchants, lawyers, professors and preachers.

The class of '57 numbered six: three are among the dead; the remaining members, Capt. George Cofield, Maj. S. M. Dawkins, and Capt. Charles Petty, are live business men in our midst. Capt. Cofield, after passing through the years of civil strife as a faithful officer, returned to his former home and began merchandising. Later on when the National Bank was organised he became its cashier, from which position he rose to the one he now fills, that of president. Several years ago the Fidelity Loan and Trust Association was organised; of this institution he was also made president. His abilities as a financier are evident from the positions he holds.

Major Dawkins was also a servant of the Lost Cause. Since the war the greater part of his life has been spent as a druggist in Spartanburg. By patient industry and steady habits he has firmly established himself in his line of business.

Capt. Petty is also a survivor of the late war. He was for a while professor at Limestone Springs Institute.

Later in life he entered into the pleasures and beauties of agriculture. Several years ago he purchased the *Carolina Spartan*, of which he is still publisher and editor. The Captain is still young and sprightly, though time has given him a hoary head.

The class of '58 has one representative among us, Bishop W. W. Duncan. He taught in Wofford College till the war, during which he was called on to act as chaplain in one of South Carolina's Regiments. After the strife he returned to his Alma Mater and filled the chair of Mental and Moral Science, in connection with which he acted as Financial Agent. In '75 he joined the South Carolina Conference, of which he was a prominent and useful member till 1886, when he was elected to the College of Bishops. We trust that many years may yet be granted him, in which to continue the large amount of work that he has so successfully carried on.

There is nowhere a living representative of any class after '61 till '68. This class of four members is represented here by Mr. E. B. Cannon. For some years he taught in various schools and was at one time professor in the Columbia Female College. He is now with his brother in the hardware business.

Hon. J. B. Cleveland and Prof. D. A. DuPre are from the class of '69. Mr. Cleveland practiced law for some time and was once a representative in the Legislature. Years ago he retired from the practice of law in order to devote himself to his private interests. He is now among Spartanburg's wealthiest men. Prof. DuPre taught for two years in Winyah School at Georgetown, one in Asheville and three in the Preparatory Department of Wofford. He then spent two years in the old country studying scientific subjects. Upon his return home he was elected to the position he so well fills at the present time.

The class of '71 has three representatives among us, Mr. L. C. Cannon, Rev. E. L. Archer and Prof. J. A. Gamewell. Mr. Cannon has been for several years connected with banking interests, but quite recently he has centered his time and money in the gold mines in the

lower part of this county. Mr. Archer, after several years in the active ministry, located just outside the city and has been farming very successfully. He was one of the prime movers in building the Alumni Hall. Prof. Gamewell taught some years in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. In '75 he began teaching in the Preparatory Department of his parental institution which position he so acceptably filled that he was later on elected to the professorship of Latin.

Rev. W. A. Rogers and Mr. W. P. Irwin stand up for the class of '72. Mr. Rogers has since the year of his graduation proclaimed the Gospel with zeal and earnestness and has left the impression of a useful life upon the hearts of young and old, of rich and poor, of dwellers in palaces and humble huts. He is now our earthly shepherd and guards his flock with watchfulness and tender care. Mr. Irwin entered the S., U. & C. R. R. office and by successive promotions is now in charge of the R. & D. office.

'73 is represented by Mr. J. K. Jennings, who has practiced law here ever since his graduation.

Mr. R. K. Carson represents the class of '74. Since his graduation he has given himself up to the practice of law. He has made a creditable success and Spartanburg has in him a quiet and useful citizen.

Mr. S. B. Ezell, class of '85, begun merchandising and is now carrying on a well established hardware business. For a number of years he has been superintendent of the Baptist Sabbath School.

Two members of '76, the largest class till '92, have their residence here. Mr. W. E. Burnett, since his exit from the college halls, has been connected with the National Bank, formerly as book keeper, now as cashier. He is also cashier of the Fidelity Loan and Trust Company. Prof. J. F. Brown, after teaching in graded school for some years, was elected to a professorship in Columbia Female College. He is now Professor of Mathematics in Converse College. Mr. C. C. Twitty has long been a commercial traveller and has made quite a success as such.

Messrs. W. M. Jones and Warren DuPre represent the class of '78. Mr. Jones, for several years following '78, practiced law. From then until recently he edited the *Spartanburg Herald*. Mr. DuPre was for some time assistant agent at the R. & D. office, which position he left to accept a clerkship in the book store that now bears his name. Since possessing the business, he has established a high reputation, indeed, commercial men tell us that no stationer in the State is ahead of him and that few are as well abreast with the times as he.

Mr. A. B. Calvert, class of '80, has very successfully practiced law, and has quite a promising future. Mr. T. B. Thackston of the same class practiced law several years, after which he studied Phrenology. He is now manager of the Spartanburg Steam Laundry.

Mr. James Cofield, class of '82, after several years in a banking house, is now conducting a general insurance business.

Messrs. W. G. Blake and W. A. Law are representatives of the class of '83. Mr. Blake taught some time in Florida. He is now professor in Wofford Fitting School. Mr. Law spent some years as a real estate broker. When the Spartanburg Savings Bank was organized he became its president, which office he has acceptably filled ever since.

The class of '84 has three members resident in Spartanburg: Mr. J. J. Burnett, Prof. A. G. Rembert and L. J. Blake, M. D. Mr. Burnett taught some years at the Fitting School and at Clifton. He is now practicing law. Prof. Rembert taught in Marion County for a while and later on was elected Head Master of the Fitting School. He is also professor of Greek in the college. Dr. Blake took a course at the Philadelphia Medical School and was for some time assistant physician in an asylum. He is now offering his service in his native place.

Three of the five members of the class of '85 have settled among us. Mr. H. B. Carlisle is a promising young lawyer. Mr. J. H. Carlisle, jr., is in the insurance business. Mr. Paul Petty is a broker in fertilizers.

'87 has two representatives. Mr. S. B. Jones, jr., has been engaged in industrial pursuits. At the time of going to press he was a candidate for postmaster at Spartanburg. Mr. J. A. Law is cashier of the Spartanburg Saving Bank.

Of the class of '88 Mr. J. C. Evins is assistant cashier of the National Bank, and Mr. J. J. Gentry is practicing law and Trial Justice.

Mr. J. W. Nash, class of '90, is a rising young lawyer. Prof. James Fuller, of the same class, is a member of the Fitting School Faculty.

Mr. J. L. Fleming, class of '91, is assistant book-keeper in the Merchants and Farmers' Bank, and Mr. J. K. S. Ray, of the same class, occupies a similar position in the National Bank.

'92 has two representatives, Messrs. H. W. Fair and J. H. Law, jr. Mr. Fair is teaching as principal in the Graded Schools. Mr. Law is in the cotton buying business.

From these remarks on the graduates of Wofford who have located in Spartanburg, it is clearly seen that they have done much in many ways for the State's Gate City, and it goes without saying that they will do much more. It means much for Spartanburg that 12 per cent. of Wofford's living graduates are settled within its borders and that this per cent. constitutes probably 20 per cent. of its most active business men.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

P. B. Wells, Pres't; W. L. Walker, Vice-P.; A. V. Harbin, 1st Critic;
M. C. Woods, Rec. Sec.; A. M. DuPre, Treas.;
W. C. Cannon, Librarian.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY.

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YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

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SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

Hon. J. B. Cleveland, Pres.; Rev. J. C. Kilgo, 1st Vice-President;
Prof. D. A. DuPre, 2nd Vice-P.; J. K. Jennings, Sec. & Tres.
T. M. Raysor ('78), Orator for '94.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. H. N. Snyder, Mg'r.; W. L. Walker, Capt. Base Ball Team;
A. M. DuPre, Sec.; Frank Lander, Treas.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma;
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

W. Wm. Watson, Manager of Alumni Hall.
Smilie Taylor, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

FRANK LANDER, - - Editor.

Rev. James Marion Boyd.

Appropriate tributes to the memory of this good man, will be rendered elsewhere: it is proper here, to speak of him as related to the college. He was a friend and patron, and for the last eight years was one of its Board of Trustees. He was a punctual, interested attendant on all its sessions. On such occasions he greatly enjoyed official intercourse with his brethren. A cheerful, unexacting Christian gentleman, he was a welcome guest, in any home to which he was assigned. He valued education and on all proper occasions he emphasized its claims. Four years ago his conference assigned him to the Spartanburg District, with his home near the college. At a very early day he visited us and heartily greeted the students in his new relation. He often spoke of himself pleasantly as a member of the class then beginning its course. He was always a welcome visitor to our chapel, where the sons of his friends from various parts of the State were glad to receive his hearty, sincere salutations. When urged, he would occasionally make a short address, in which his good taste, quiet humor and earnest thought were seen and felt. The present generation of students will remember his association with them as one of the privileges of their college life. The class of '94 on their Commencement Day, will think with tender sympathy and affection of their absent *honorary member!* THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED! * * *

Prof. J. A. Gamewell's Lecture.

The system of lectures, which are given monthly from the rostum of Wofford College, is becoming quite a valued factor in the general work of the college. The

gentlemen who have spoken thus far have done much to edify the college men and community as well as to popularize their several departments.

On March 12th Prof. J. A. Gamewell read a paper on "The Younger Pliny." The audience was very attentive, and judging from the rounds of applause the hearers enjoyed the speech very much. Below are some of the points which the speaker touched upon.

The Younger Pliny lived in the last half of the century after Christ. He and Paul were contemporaries, and as a Roman boy he saw Nero burn Rome, could remember the downfall of Jerusalem, saw the great eruption of Vesuvius, and although his was not a very long life he saw seven Roman Emperors rise to power and fade into oblivion. He was a literary man and his chief claim to excellence lies in the many magnificent letters he has written. These were luckily preserved and serve to give us the best pictures of Roman life and civilization extant.

Sallust was vile in his writing, Cæsar was a chronicler of war, butchery rapine and plunder; Horace was a genius but his *penchant* for calling a spade a spade was so great that his work has to be expugated before one can read it. Pliny sets forth in his letters matters of purity, decency and strength, and his is the best style in the Silver age of Roman literature. Wit and humor give flavor to the earnestness which is to be found in him.

Letter-writing was in those days a fine art, and those of Cicero, Seneca and Pliny take rank not far behind the productions of that greatest of all writers, St. Paul. The beautiful tribute which the professor paid to the literary and religious features of Paul's letters was well put and made a great point in his lecture.

Pliny nursed the good in men, Juvenal and Horace laughed at and tried to stamp out the vile. The public life of Rome was corrupt, the private life was sensual but of neither the corruption nor the sensuality did Pliny partake.

Like his friend Virgil, our letter-writer came to Rome

from the country; born at the foothills of the Alps, he always loved rural life and spent much of his leisure at his villa in the country, fishing, hunting or engaged in literary work. He was a busy man and economical of his time, while he was at his meals, his servant read to him, when he was in his bath he was at work.

The Roman method of instruction was discussed and the advantage of having a good tutor was emphasized. Pliny's instructors were of the best. He advocates a sound, liberal, strong education from good hands. The great craze of the Roman for shows in the Coliseum was frowned on by this man. He bought no wild tigers or beasts but put his money into founding an institution of learning for the Roman youth.

Friendships in Rome were strong, the men who touched the inner life of the writer were uplifted.

Lack of space will not permit me to report fully the rest of this interesting and profitable discourse, but suffice it to say, that Prof. Gamewell has done his part toward making the lecture course an instructive and entertaining feature in college life. We should like to hear him again before June.

The next of the line will be given by Prof. Thomas, of the Mathematics Department. What he may find of interest in the long end of a parabola is an open question: doubtless he will show us some of the poetry of "higher plane curves." We will see.

Our Representative at Detroit.

The Second International Convention of the Students' Voluntary Missionary Movement for Foreign Missions, convened in the First Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich., Feb. 18th, 1894 at 7:30 p. m. This was the largest convention of the kind ever held. There were 1,187 student delegates present from all parts of Canada and the United States, besides secretaries and missionaries from almost every mission field in the world. The total number of missionaries, secretaries and delegates was 1,357.

There were thirty-eight religious denominations and two hundred and forty-nine institutions of learning represented.

Among the most noted speakers may be mentioned Mr. Robt. E. Speer, Secretary Board of Missions of Presbyterian Church of America; Mr. Donald Frasier, Traveling Secretary Student Voluntary Missionary Union of Great Briton; Miss Geraldine Ginness, of China; Rev. J. Hudson Taylor, General Director of the China Inland Mission; Mr. M. L. Wishard, Secretary of Foreign Committee of the Internation Committe of Y. M. C. A.; Rev. F. T. Purson, D. D., Editor-in-chief of "Missionary Review of the World" and Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., Associate Editor of the same.

The conception of our Lord's command, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations," was greatly deepened by listening to the speeches of the different missionaries. No one can listen to the pathetic appeals of Mr. Taylor or Miss Guinness as they plead for the millions of heathens dying every month without the Gospel and not be stirred to the very depth of his soul to do something for his Master's cause in foreign fields. Fifty-nine generations have passed since Christ gave the commission to preach His Word to all men, and yet there is not one missionary to every five hundred towns of China, besides many parts of Africa have not been touched. But little as seems to have been done, it is gratifying to learn that many of the difficulties that beset the early missionary have been uprooted, and that the outlook is more promising than ever before. Reports from all the fields show progress along all the lines. One of the greatest helps to missionary movement now is the native worker. These men have access to many places that the missionary cannot reach.

One of the most inspiring features of the convention was the earnestness of the delegates. When a call was made to know how many were ready to go to foreign fields as soon as the way opened, more than one hundred young men and women stood up. The eyes of the old missionaries were filled with tears at this sight and

"amens" went up on all sides. Truly the need of the church is not more men but more money. Would that our people may be stirred up to the needs of the work and "render unto God the things that are God's," so that men may be sent, and may it not be long before the "people who sit in darkness may see great light," and all nations be brought into the fold of Christ.

GEO. C. LEONARD.

Donald Downie.

This is the name of a man whom the Calhoun Literary Society hired to show the students of Wofford College and a few great-hearted Spartanburg people a livid set of vivid pictures, representing the World's Fair and "Napoleon."

The pictures were very well chosen and his instrument, although not lighted by electricity as he promised, was a very fair specimen of stereoptic excellence.

The Opera House was engaged by the Society, and it is needless to say that if the people had only come it, would have been filled to its utmost capacity. However, it was not so; snow and slush were the order of the day, and be it added, the night also. A few brave people, who had in former times taken interest in the skating rink, felt somewhat at ease on a glassy pavement and ventured out. The Society does not regret, however, that it engaged this loquacious Irishman; for it remembers the beautiful sentiment of P. T. Barnum who once remarked that the world loved to be humbugged.

The affair, although a financial failure, was nevertheless a great force to entertain and uplift the audience—in fact, the Local Editor felt just like he was lifted up—away up in G, by the hair on his head, as it were.

Doubtless dear Donald Downie does dread direful deductions drawn dreamily.

Prof. DuPre is already beginning to put the campus in shape for our commencement visitors. A good stand of

blue grass has been found to be almost an impossibility, and so clover has been sown in the semi-circle. Three beautiful beds for flowers have been prepared, and Mrs. Bishop Duncan has kindly consented to beautify the quarter circles next the steps with roses and shrubs. The coming of Spring has awakened the faculty's attention to these matters, and a law against desecrating these beds and walks by running or jumping thereon has been passed. May it never be repealed.

A Junior has announced his intention to cultivate his voice at the Boston Observatory. What next?

The Methodist congregation of Central has at last put a fine pipe organ in its church. The music, which draws as many college boys as does perhaps any other attrrction, promises to be extremely good in the future. The choir has been increased and regular practice is engaged in by these singers. The organ is run by water power and its volume and tone are especially good. The Easter service is a special attraction and many Wofford men will hear it.

Mrs. J. A. Gamewell and Miss May Lily Gamewell are visiting relatives in Orlando, Florida. They were to be gone for a month and are expected to return in a few days.

Miss Walton of North Carolina is visiting the family of Prof. J. A. Gamewell.

Base Ball

The annual example of Wofford push and energy is again before us. The base ball men have superseded the knights of the gridiron and all the athletic glory from now till June is for the diamond.

The Association has been organized and the officers are: Prof. Snyder, Manager; Walker, L., Captain; DuPre, Secretary; Lander, Treasurer and Collector of Internal Revenue.

A party from the Junior Class took a day off last Saturday and went for a sixteen miles drive to Cowpens battle-ground. The tramping about the fields and through the woods gave them good appetites for a good picnic dinner. The trip was instructive and enjoyable. The monument, erected in 1857 by the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, has been shamefully defaced by relic-hunters and festive country youths who find it convenient to make a target of the shaft for their rifle practice.

Rev. John C. Kilgo, of the Metaphysics Department, has been appointed Presiding Elder of Spartanburg District in lieu of the late Rev. J. M. Boyd.

Mr. Geo. R. Rembert, '93, *en route* home after standing his examination at West Point, spent a few days *in campo* in March. Mr. Rembert will enter at West Point in June '94. The Local Department wishes him much success.

Bishop Duncan has presented to the library, a photograph of the original license granted to Bishop Coke by Rev. John Wesley. This document has been neatly framed and is an article of no mean interest to South Carolina Methodists.

The Business Manager of the JOURNAL, Mr. Sam H. McGhee, has gone home for a forced vacation. He has worked too hard for his physical good and we are pained to learn that he is still quite sick. The JOURNAL hopes him a speedy recovery and safe return to college.

Seinor—"I'm suffering from *ennui.*" Soph.—"O, well, rub it with coal oil!"

Mr. H. Z. Nabers, '93, was on the campus for a few days in March. "Uncle Zack" is teaching school at

Eden. We learn that Miss Eve is there also. Beware the serpent!

We are glad to note the recovery of Rev. Mr. Loyless of Bethel Church, Spartanburg.

Mr. Williamson, of Charlotte, N. C., has matriculated at Wofford. He was entered on certificate from Erskine College.

Fresh C. went to the opera with Soph H. Fresh, "If this is the Park A, where is Park B?"

Mr. Paul Hardin has been elected monthly orator for Calhoun Society in April. Mr. C. H. Barber has been elected in the Preston Society.

Among the many improvements around Wofford of late one is soon to be put on foot which deserves hearty and undivided support. Some time since Bishop Capers remarked to Prof. DuPre that a monument to the Confederate dead from Wofford would be an appropriate object to occupy the circle in front of the big rock steps, and said that any time the enterprise was started he would give one hundred dollars. The plan is to get each alumnus to give two or three dollars and erect a marble shaft surmounted by a Confederate soldier. Upwards of a thousand dollars will be necessary. As the Alumni cannot assemble before June the monument will not likely be erected before then. We hope that this plan will meet with the full support of the Alumni and that in another year there may be here a marble shaft bearing the names of the gallant Wofford boys who persished in the war.

The election in the Calhoun Society resulted as follows: P. B. Wells, Pres't; W. M. Walker, Vice-Pres't; A. V. Harbin, 1st Critic; F. M. Lander, 2d Critic; D. D. Wallace, 3d Critic; M. C. Woods, Rec. Sec'y; G. W. Fooshe,

or. Sec'y; A. M. DuPre, Treas.; J. W. Hamer, Censor Morum; W. A. Cannon, Librarian.

The election in the Preston Society resulted as follows: P. H. Edwards, Pres't; Smilie Taylor, Vice-President; W. J. Snyder, 1st Corrector; W. Wm. Watson, 2d Corrector; Attieus Dagnal, Rec. Sec. Cor. Sec.; H. J. Shoemaker, Treas.; J. R. Clyde, Librarian; P. H. Stoll, 1st Censor; C. H. Barber, 2d Censor.

These are the last sets of officers from the class of '94.

Dr. Wainwright, of Missouri, who has been for the past five years a missionary in Japan, and Rev. J. M. Lander, '79, of Williamston, South Carolina, who has been in the mission work of Brazil for five years, has been on the campus for a few days. These gentlemen are sent out by Bishops to visit Southern Methodist Colleges in the interest of "Students' voluntary movement." These addresses in Spartanburg have been enjoyed by many intelligent hearers, THE JOURNAL wishes them great success and a safe arrival at their fields of work for which they sail early in June.

Letter From the Carlisle Fitting School.

This school of which we are justly proud, is situated in the thriving town of Bamberg, in lower South Carolina. It was organized in 1892, and unlike the fitting school at Spartanburg, is co-educational. We are well pleased with this feature of the school, and it has worked admirably. The school was named for the honored President of Wofford College, Dr. James H. Carlisle. The following compose the faculty: Prof. H. G. Sheridan, Head Master; Prof. John J. Riley, A. M.; Prof. W. E. Willis, A. M.; and Miss E. J. Murphy. Prof. Sheridan has a State reputation as an educator. Profs. Riley and Willis are graduates of Wofford. Miss Murphy has charge of the primary department. We have matriculated this year one hundred and eighteen students.

An important feature of this school is its two socities, one for young men and one for young ladies. The Kilgo Literary Society, for young men, was organized in the year 1892. It was named in honor of Prof. John C. Kilgo of Wofford College. We have thirty-four members, but average attendance is about twenty-five. The majority of its members take an interest in their Society and come out regularly, but some, I regret to say, do not take the interest that they should. Its officers are John J. Riley, President; Phillip M. Padgett, Vice-President; J. D. Carter, Recording Secretary; L. W. Livingstone, Corresponding Secretary; H. W. Johnson, First Critic; E. H. Weissinger, Censor Morum; P. K. Rhoad, Treasurer; and H. J. Brabham, Jr., Local Editor. We have a very pretty badge and a commodious and comfortable hall. Our Society returns grateful thanks to Prof. Kilgo for the neat president's stand that he has had erected and we appreciate his interest and encouragement.

The young ladies' society, named for Prof. Sheridan, while younger by one year than that of the young men's, is doing good work and may yet prove to future generations that the coming *man* is to be a *woman*.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. WM. WATSON, - - - Editor.

Horace.

(For the Journal.)

Some of the most precious jewels of the human race are the productions of the mind. Indeed, if a man wishes to obtain fame in his own line, and to hand his name down to posterity, the surest means of accomplishing this is to write a true poem on a good prose composition. Many gems would have been lost to us had they not been transcribed to parchment by the masters in whose minds they were first conceived. This is especially true of the art of poetry—the field where so many minds have rambled, the realm of fancy and imagination, where the soul may mount to the lofty pinnacles of inspiration, and from her exalted perch view with calm delight the beauties of God's creation.

It seems somewhat remarkable that the earliest productions of a people are poetic. Thus Homer is the earliest Greek writer, whose name will ever remain a monument to the glory of Greece. And though Horace is not the earliest Latin poet, and does not occupy a place among the greatest poets of the world, yet he is to-day one of the best known of all the poets, and has won a p lace in literature which has never been equalled, and

which, I am constrained to say, will never be surpassed.

Horace is indeed his own Boswell, for there is little known of him except what is found in his own writings: however, we know enough to judge correctly of his character. Though his father had been a slave, Horace was born a freeman. His father having some learning, and appreciating the value of an education, gave him every opportunity. The poet took advantage of them, and received instructions at the feet of the most celebrated masters in Rome at that time. His audience was always very intimately known to him, and it is to them that he speaks so frequently, familiarly, and with such freedom. Taking advantage of this familiarity, he speaks of himself in any way, or at any time, in as flattering a way as was suited to his taste.

In most writers we detest egotism, but Horace is an exception, for his is always agreeable to us. He always appeared before his audience with a pleasant smile and a cheerful disposition, and addressed them familiarly either at the Court of Augustus (where he was a favorite), in the streets, or in the baths of Rome. In this way he won the esteem, love, and respect of all; even though at times he wrote and said coarse things, which, even if they were mentioned in this day, could offend our sense of propriety. But when we think of the general state of immorality of his times, we can condone his many offences.

Though the poet had but little conscience, he must have been considered a man of great honor by his generation; and when we see him always with pleasant smiles and a cheerful disposition, we can but conclude that he must have been the happiest of mortals. He held the high position of poet laureate of the empire, and was universally recognized as the lyrist and satirist of Roman society.

Though not of an excitable nature, yet when opportunity offered, he would become very enthusiastic, for on one occasion we find him joining the republicans and fighting on their side at Philippi. He says: "I threw away my shield and ran for dear life."

Horace, most of his time, lived the life of a riotou[8] bachelor, and after a careful study of his verse, we must conclude that he knew nothing of pure womanhood. He was evidently a constant companion of lewd women. This being true, we are not at all surprised as we listen to the poet in some of his verses singing such unrefined and immoral songs.

In reading some of the exquisite lines with which his poems abound, we need not look for bright flashes of genius, for they are not to be found. But on the other hand his writings approach nearer to perfection than those of any poet of any age or clime with whom we are acquainted. And even when they are scurtinized with a microscopic eye, there is not a single flaw to be discovered in any of his verse. He is wise along many lines, often arising to the heights of Parnassus, though he soon seeks again his accustomed lower vale.

ost poets of occasion live but for a day, then fade away and are soon forgotten. But we do not find it so in reference to the verse of Horace; for truly he is a poet of occasion, some poems of which are exquisite gems, and will be read and enjoyed in all ages and climes so long as the human family exist.

He is indeed a poet of art, and though his poems are those of labor, they are none the less those of love. In translation his verse is injured greatly, for being not like image and thought, which may be translated to its betterment. We find that he is very proud of repeating what has been said many times before; but in these phases and thoughts there is such change that we hardly recognize them, and never weary of reading them except in translation. His works are divided into odes, epsodes, satires and epistles, the longest of them being comparatively short. He, like all other poets, owes much to the Greeks for his metrical form. The peculiar stanza with him is either Sapphic or Alcaic.

Our space and time being limited, I shall only briefly mention the most celebrated odes, as contained in the first book.

The first ode that we shall consider is the first ode of

the first book, which is inscribed to Maecenas, the Prime Minister of the Court of Rome, and between whom and Horace the strongest friendship and admiration existed. Although this poem cannot be classed among the eulogistic poems, eulogy is pleasantly implied. Here is what he says: "Every man to his taste; I for my part like to make verses. Rank me, thou Mæcenas, among the lyric bards, and I shall be proud and happy."

The next ode to be noticed is a tribute to Augustus Cæsar, and it is supposed that the poet wrote this ode in allusion to the severe storm which raged in Rome the night after Octavius received the title of Augustus. Horace, supposing that the storm was a symbol of the wrath of the deity, inquires upon what gods we may call for help. In this ode we find one of the most celebrated lines in all literature, and which is so very familiar in quotation: "Senus in Coelum redeas." In this ode also, he entreats that Augustus be pleased at being called "Father and Prince." Knowing that Augustus was surceptible to flattery, the poet places him along with the names of the deities.

In the ode addressed to the ship in which Virgil sailed for Greece, he prays for fair weather and invokes the anger of the deity upon the Phœnicians, and closes by speaking of Virgil as being a daring man in attempting the navigations of the dreadful sea. There are two beautiful parallels to this, one in the "In Memoriam" where Tennyson speaks so affectionately of the ship to which the dust of his beloved friend, Hallam, was assigned. The other is found in Wordsworth's farewell ode to Scott upon his sailing for Italy.

In the ode addressed to Sestius there occurs one of the most celebrated lines in any literature, the sentiment of which is very commonplace: "Pale death with equal step knocks at the cottages of the poor and at the palaces of kings." This line, in the original, is quite as celebrated for its sound as is the following line of Virgil: "*Exhortiur clamorque vim clangorque subarum,*" but unfortunately the sound cannot be reproduced in translation, which detracts greatly from its beauty and symmetry.

The ode to Pyrrha is one of his amatory poems. In most instances they are justly very offensive to our modern tastes. But in comparing this to some of his other amatory verse, we can in the poets favor, say that this one is comparatively innocent. It enjoys universal English fame for having been translated by Milton. He, with his puritan morals, has translated it exquisitely and free from any taint of immortality.

How happy we are that the poet in one of his odes, seeing that he has done wrong, wishes to retract for having written some severe lines on a female, and attributed them to his youth. In most of his amatory verses are found such vulgar, obscene, and immoral lines, so plainly, openly and clearly written, that no attempt on his part to clothe or beautify them can conceal their evil. The Romans being as fond of fragrance at their feasts as they were of flavor, we are not surprised that the poet in one of his invitations to Virgil, telling him that he must be sure to come to his feast, and bring with him some rare perfumes to pay for the costly viands that would be given at Horace's expense.

In another place he admonishes the people for their hilarity at the social gathering of friends, caused by too much drink. In still another place he censures them for their expenses at the banquets, and tells them that these banquets should be more simple.

In the ode in which the poet chides Iccius for having given up philosophy for arms, we find him in one of his most charming works. And in another ode addressed to Virgil, the poet expresses himself in terms quite different from the one above mentioned. This is a lyric of consoltation and sorrow upon the death of a beloved friend. We are indeed happy that the poet sang this beautiful song, for it is here that we are given a glimpse of his better nature. And though it cannot be translated adequately into English, the harsh sounds detracting from its original beauty, yet this magnificent piece will ever shine forth, as a beacon light from the city of the seven hills.

W. G. MUCKENFUSS ('94).

He Is Never Likely to Have a Good Thing Cheap Who Is Afraid to Ask the Price.

A farmer from the country, visiting the city, to make his purchases for the year, went from store to store inquiring the price of the same articles. A friend asked him why he put himself and others to so much trouble. "You will never get a good thing cheap," said the farmer, "if you are afraid to ask the price." How much wisdom there is in these simple words! Will they not hold good in every profession of life? Many of our leading statesmen, many of our prominent lawyers have been successful because they have the ability to ask questions. On one occasion Mr. Locke was asked how he had contrived to accumulate a mine of knowledge so rich, yet so extensive and so deep. He replied that he attributed what little he knew to not having been ashamed to ask for information, and to the rule he had laid down of conversing with all descriptions of men on those topics chiefly that formed their own peculiar professions or pursuits. The man who lives with one class only will see but one scene of the great drama of life.

How strong is the desire to find out hidden things! Are you afraid to ask the price? The old delusion that men could make a material water of life which, when once tasted, would keep them alive forever, had many votaries, and men with their chemicals, tried in every way to find out the secret, until their hair became gray and their hearts grew cold, as years rolled away and found their hopes disappointed. It was this desire to find out what was hidden that caused Eve to eat the forbidden fruit. "How inexcusable!" said a good woman once, who became angry with Eve for yielding to temptation, and thus entailing misery upon the race. Her husband, to try her, one day gave an entertainment, and allowed her to taste of every dish on the table, except one upon which was a cover, and she was not to touch it. She tasted first one dish and then another, and at last thought that there could be but little harm in just having a peep into the forbidden one. She gently raised

the cover, and to her dismay out flew a little bird to tell the tale that a daughter of Eve had just so much of her spirit as to yield to the temptation to find out a secret.

But curiosity alone may be contemptible when it causes one to rush to the tree of knowledge of good and of evil, only to pluck forbidden fruits. We may be prompted by it and ask the price, but let us remember that "'tis only laudable when its objects are proper."

What is the price that men must pay for knowledge? Is it not study and investigation? The man who fails to apply himself will have a mind filled up with the weeds of ignorance and superstition. Who discovered the circulation of the blood? Not a slothful man, but the painstaking, studious Anatomist who made it a study for a lifetime.

Newton saw an apple fall from the bough of a tree. What does it mean? He questioned, and in time came the answer of the known law of gravitation. He continued his investigations until he found out what holds the sun, moon and stars in their places and keeps them revolving through space. Galileo noticed the swinging of a suspended lamp. His great mind thought out the pendulum, and now the world has the Strasburg clock and the Elgin watch. It was Galileo who first laid with any solidity the foundation of the science of Dynamics, of which Astronomy is the most splendid illustration. And it was he who expounded and upheld the great doctrine of Copernicus, thereby bringing upon himself the wrath of the Inquisition.

Franklin questioned the clouds about the lightning, and gave such information that Professor Morse caught the idea and applied electricity to telegraphic communication; and today the world is wrapt in a network of telegraphic wires—"almost a mechanical miracle" performed through human agency. Well done to these great Americans who lived to bless the race!

> "That steed called lightning, say the fates,
> Is owned in the United States;
> 'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse,
> 'Twas harnessed by Professor Morse."

What is the price we pay for wealth? Labor and econ-

omy. Did a man ever accomplish anything in business life without it? How many who are not willing to pay the price go down and make a failure! From irresolution, timidity, or indolence, many a man has lost the opportunity of his life. One hour may offer what long years might be wasted soliciting in vain.

Economy not only with your money, but with your time, which is more valuable. "If I had capital," says the young man standing at the street corner, "I would succeed." Young man, you are idling away your capital. "If I only had some one to give me a start," says another, lounging about a bar room or smoking a cigar, "I could make a fortune." You are smoking up, you are drinking away your fortune. Improve every moment of your time. He who does not make this the ruling passion of his life, can never succeed. A little more than fifty years ago a poor boy came from his home in Georgia to seek his home in our State. Ten dollars was all that he possessed. But there was a determination on his part to succeed. Fortune smiled upon his honest toil and poured wealth into his lap because he paid the price; "*Labor omnia vincit.*" Today the President of the Carolina Savings Bank is a millionaire, and was for a number of years one of the trustees of Wofford College.

What is the price we pay for spiritual knowledge? We are to make inquiry in a spirit of humility, sincerity, and earnestness. Luther was in darkness when the truth flashed into his mind, "By faith you are saved." He questioned, learned, preached, and lo! the light of the glorious reformation dawned upon a darkened world.

But the light of nature without revelation is not sufficient. It can cure no heartache, and secure no reward. Here is the source of all truth. Let us follow its teachings: "When the mystic queen of heaven approached the weak and fickle mortal upon whose sagacity rested the award of the prize of beauty, she tempted him with power. When the Cyprian goddess, the queen of love drew near, with her bewildering charms, she made her appeal to his emotional nature. But when the goddess

of Wisdom, sheathed in impenetrable armor, awaited his decision, she addressed herself to his higher and better nature."

We can offer nothing to the King of heaven save a heart cleansed with the blood of Christ, which gives happiness here, and a grand, unbounded, everlasting possession hereafter.

P. B. WELLS ('94).

Dangers in Democracy.

When a fearful cyclone sweeps down upon a city, or an earthquake shatters its walls, or a great fire occurs, the first duty of the people is to secure protection from danger. So when human feelings express themselves in forceful violations of law and order, the first duty of the rulers is to suppress the revolt and to maintain law at all hazards. Continue the figure. As the scientist studies the causes of the earthquake disturbance and the storm, so it is for the statesman to ascertain the causes of the revolt among the people and to endeavor to prevent its repetition. The American republic is as yet only an experiment. So far our successes have been about as conspicuous as our failures; and if we would show to the world an ideal commonwealth, it must be that nation in which all are protected, not only in "the enjoyment of life, liberty and property," but in which all have food, raiment and shelter, and equal opportunities of pursuing their own welfares.

The institutions of this country are democratic, and the most involved and difficult problems of government—questions of taxation, commerce and finance—are, in the last analysis, settled by the people. This popular idea of government has been reached after careful investigations by wise philosophers and after many closely contested battles, both on the open field and in the legislative halls. Founded according to the needs of the citizens, it has made its way to England and France, is

rapidly developing in Italy and Germany; and, indeed, it seems that it will only die when crushed by the atmosphere that surrounds the despot and the tyrant.

But do revolutions ever go backwards? It has been frequently asserted that they do not, and most people have come to believe that it is true. This is very likely due to the steady growth of our Anglo-Saxon civilization, giving more and more liberty to the citizens. Rome reached a period in her evolution from an insignificant principality to a mighty empire, when a revolution began which caused the strong fabric to totter and fall, a revolution that went backwards to the undoing of the statecraft of the mighty Augustus. The same, too, may be said of the once strong Persian empire, so also of Greece. The germs of these revolutions first found a rich soil in the social life of the people, thence evolved to poison the source of the nation's greatness, her home life, the courage of her men, the virtue of her women. Does the observant man of this age notice "incipient rottenness" (to use an expression coined by the Governor of our State) in our family life and in our society in all forms, which, unless speedily checked, will go backwards to the overthrow of our most cherished institutions? As in the history of earlier nations the decline began at the home, so will it begin at the home in the American democracy. Should I direct your attention to the practical emancipation of the children of this age from parental control? The first duty of citizenship is obedience to rightful authority; and contempt of parental authority leads to contempt of all authority, and leads to anarchism. The vigor and sternness of family life and puritan government have passed away, and the young men and women of the land, given by this relaxation of domestic government an inch of liberty, have forthwith proceeded to take an ell of license. Students of history and human nature can readily foresee and easily foretell the consequences. Yet we are moving on at a rapid rate, and the elements of a mighty revolution are being daily multiplied instead of being diminished. The volcano over which we so peacefully dwell to-day will

some day erupt, and our most cherished institutions will, like Pompeii and the cities of the plain, be buried in ruins. The floods, already dammed up, are constantly collecting. The barriers will ere long yield, and no messenger will be fleet enough to warn a devoted people of the fate that awaits them. "He who is warned is thrice armed." "Shall we learn wisdom from the lessons of history?" The attempt on the part of the State to remedy the lack of home training in virtue and economy by the passage of sumptuary laws is doomed to an ignominious failure. Sumptuary laws have always marked the decline of nations, and our dispensary law and the restrictive laws will by no means show themselves exceptions to the rule. The revolution, which was started in this State several years ago, is already moving backwards. It has not moved along the line of greater freedom. To govern it has had to encroach upon liberties hitherto enjoyed, and to enforce its sumptuary legislation is compelled to maintain an armed constabulary. No nation ever prospers by the bayonet, nor can six-shooters long force a people to love and respect their country.

The evils born in the home rapidly spread to the political parties. The spirit that prompts a man to act in sympathy with his party, whether or not the principles supported by that party are, in his opinion, conducive to the prosperity of the country, is a positive evil. There are even in this State men who are fuming and fussing in a heated march across the desert of political ambition, and who hoped to cool their parched lips and refresh their fevered brows in the waters and by the shade trees which in their imagination, they see in a so-called democratic convention shortly to be called. This is indeed the rule of the people. A few men to meet the vaulting ambition of a few are actually thinking of not only calling a convention of a *part* of the voters of the State; but of suggesting candidates from governor down. It is indeed a pertinent question whether under such conditions we can maintain a healthy, liberal, public sentiment; or are we to succumb and be dragged down to the

level of the scheming politician? The reign of machines and bosses, the low level to which public life often sinks, and the extraordinary difficulty of arousing citizens to active and conscientious discharge of their public duties begets at times a profound sense of discouragement, and patriotic men seriously ask themselves if the ideal of democracy can ever be realized in a dignified, elevated and inspiring public life. It has been left to America to demonstrate to the world that it can; and if we would meet this expectation, our politics, which for more than a quarter of a century have been notorious abroad for corruption and inefficiency, must be purified. The best interest of this nation, the best interest of the nations of the world, demand it. A. S. HYDRICK, JR. ('96).

The Dawning of May.

The sun, with gleaming rays and bright,
Kisses the wrinkled cheeksi of nght;
Night, smiling, greets his bright array,
And blushing, changes into day.
The east grows red with daylight's tints,
The sky reflects her chariot prints,
"The clouds in thousand liveries dight,"
Blush and melt in mellow light.
The lark starts up and soaring sings,
The herald of the coming Spring.
Soft zephyrs waft the bird's sweet lay,
And gladly whisper, "It is May."
The great oaks wave their leaves on high;
The pines that melancholy sigh,
Nodding their plumes with graceful bend,
Unite their voice to say again:
"The chilling cold and biting blast,
The snow-storm and the ice are past.
Behold! there comes a maiden fair
With wavy locks of golden hair—
Sweet Spring, the birds' and flowers' Spring,
Her birds and flowers, see, she brings,
The softest sun and balmiest air—
The sweetest time of all the year."
The blue-eyed violets peeping up
Smile and nod to the buttercup.
The daisies border all the rills
With neatest fringe and starry frills,
The rose bush opens wide her hand
And shatters fragrance o'er the land.
The mocking bird, now silent long,
Opens his soul in warbled song.
The squirrels chase and sport and play;
For all is joy in happy May.

O. D. WANNAMAKER. ('96).

Value of Articulate Language.

Among the rich endowments bestowed upon man by his beneficent Creator, there is none which he should appreciate more highly or for which he should be more sincerely grateful than the faculty of articulate language. In this he possesses a weapon stronger than the sword, one which has overthrown and restored nations, and the power of which has been felt throughout the civilized world. It is this only that separates man from the lower order of animals and makes him what he is—a little lower than the angels. In all subjects requiring thought, language has had an important and conspicuous position. Various theories have been advanced concerning its origin; words have been dissected to show their relations and affinities, and all history has been reviewed for a correct solution of this question. I wish to view this matter, not from a philosophical, nor yet a philological standpoint, but to speak of it only in connection with some necessary precautions for its proper use.

It is this power of articulate language that separates man from brute, for it is now generally admitted that animlas are in full possession of thought, and lack only the power of speech for its expression. These animals have a language of their own, for they clearly show signs of highly emotional nature, of pleasure and of pain. Their only hinderance to mental development appears to be the lack of articulate language for expression. Their every action indicates the presence of reasoning faculty and it is only this one deficiency of language that makes them inferior to man. Man is the full possessor of this blessing and is thereby enabled to communicate his thoughts, to unfold the mystic covering of the soul, and reveal to others its varied activities.

> "Words are the soul's ambassadors;
> They go abroad to and fro upon her errands;
> They are the sole expounders of the mind,
> The correspondence kept betwixt all mankind."

They are the quintescence of those ideas which the thoughts distill and dissolve and melt again, until they

drop forth in accents in which lies the salt of fancy and all faculties. In this blessing of communication what a sympathetic union is thus established between men, and what an incentive to the further cultivation of our minds! Without this what an isolated being man would be!

Speech is necessary to the mind; for it spreads the beauteous images abroad which else lie dark and hidden in the soul. On the other hand, it frequently happens that thought is greatly degraded by language. A thought grand in itself is shorn of its grandeur by the unseemly garb in which it is attired. How common it is to see a thought so clothed that it is striking in appearance, but should its attire be thrown aside and its real force be fathomed out, it would prove only a cobweb and not a real spectre.

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think." Who can describe the power of a single word? When Bruce wished to incite the Scots and urge them on to feats of valor and deeds of daring, he had but to mention the name of Wallace, and every true soldier was willing to lay down his life for his native land. At the name of Stonewall the heart of every Southerner was fired and he was incited to deeds of glory and honor. Single words have turned the tide of nations and of empires, have shaped the destinies of mankind and have entered the domain of the church, causing dissensions and diversions whose influences will be felt to the end of time.

Thus words are sometimes entirely substituted for thoughts, sense sacrificed to sound, and so the flowers of rhetoric too often prove to be worthless chaff.

B. H. HENDERSON ('95).

The Seniors Vindicated.

The idea that a Senior has nothing to do is a mistake that needs several years of hard studying to prop it up, and if my good friend who thinks a Senior only has to

stay on top and drift with the tide don't mind, he will be drifted into the bullrushes and picked up by the hand of bad luck and cast overboard and be swallowed by the *malheur* that stands waiting for him.

Let my good friend have four times a week, Bivalve-Brachiopods, Lamellibranchs, Pleurotomaria, Pteropods, Cephalopods for breakfast, and Rhizopods, Trilobites, Zacanthoides and Paradoxides for dinner and then fish in the briny deep for the Stromatopora-rugosa, Cyathophylloids and the Halysitidæ, Echinoderms; and at the same time keep the different classes of the different animals in their proper places, and be able to answer without delay which animals belong to the Silurian and which to the Palæozoic or the Mesozoic eras. You must have in your mind at the same time whether it is a vertebrate or a non-vertebrate, and the different changes which the animal has undergone for several hundred years. We must not forget that the Crustaceans are divided into two sub-classes, a higher Malacostraca and a lower Entomostraca and that they belong to the Silurian animals and to the Trilobite genus.

Let us look for a few moments at the plants of the Devonian age. The first of any note are the Cyclopetris, Psylophyton and the Lepidodendrids, along with the Sigillarids and the Asterophyllites. As for the insects, the Palæodictyopera is a family to keep in mind.

So much for the animals and plants; let us look around and see what else a Senior has to do. He has to grapple with the mind-rending thoughts of Butler and the metaphysical arguments of McCosh. It is the Senior who gets up with a string tied to his toe into the chariot of thought and measures the distance from the earth to the sun or moon and traces the zodiac and calculates eclipses for the next generation of vipers.

If my good friend had said, the Greek Seniors had nothing to do, I would have agreed with the gentleman; for while the French element of the class is reading French, the Grecians are playing jews-harps for the idle Freshmen to dance "Shoo, Darling."

What say, old pard, does a Senior have anything to do?

If you think not, try a flying trip to the sun any clear day next week; but I can tell you that you will need your dinner before you get back, if you don't mind.

A SENIOR.

Father Ryan.

This is an age in which it is claimed that there are no men of importance who belong solely to state, nation or even nations, but that a man, if he lives at all, lives for the world. It is a time when old things are passing away, old customs are being abolished—those ties which bind us to home and native country are now on the verge of being cut. Coming closer home, we are told that the South is giving up her animosity toward the North, the trade between the two countries is drawing them gradually together, while the marriages which are taking place between the Northern and Southern people will soon bring it about that the whole country will be akin once more. May the time soon come when we will be reunited, when the interests of one section are the interests of the whole nation, when a stroke at one portion will be resented by the whole. But in our zeal for the uniting of our country, let us not close our eyes to the glorious deeds of our Southern soldiers, nor treat with contempt what has been said of them by our Southern men. Those deeds were glorious and they have been well told by Southern writers. These writers, it is true, have not received a just criticism from the outside world. Unfortunately it has been the duty of the North to place the standard of criticism on American Literature. It is useless to say that the South has not been treated fairly. Some of them have actually been recognized as writers of the second order; but several, and they are very dear to us, have never been accredited with living. One of the latter is Father Ryan, the Poet-Priest of the South, and it shall be my purpose to tell in a few words something of his history. It would be in regular order, of course, to say that Father Ryan was born in1834, and died April 23, 1886. All of this is of minor im-

portance. Father Ryan worked for the South when she was in distress. With his pen and brain he did as much for the South as did some of her mightiest leaders.

It is not my purpose to discuss whether or not Father Ryan was right in espousing the cause of the South. If objection be brought that he, being a priest, should not have urged men on to battle, but rather ought to have worked for peace, I shall not attempt to answer it. Certainly no one can deny that in all wars there have been men to sing the praises of those who led in battle. It was so with our Saxon forefathers and has come down to us. Indeed, in our own war, the North had her poet-writers. Were not some of them ministers or sisters of ministers? Did not some of them claim to have close communion with Heaven? Were they very sparing in their abuse of the Southern people? It is even whispered that some of those poets who wrote in favor of the abolition of slavery were in the beginning of their careers in favor of slavery. They very soon, however, turned their attention to writing poetry to suit the tastes of the Abolitionists. I don't suppose any one has ever charged them with insincerity, or denied them the right to change their minds to suit the pocket-money of the Northern people.

Father Ryan never deemed it necessary to defend his or the South's position. All the slanderous pieces written against the South, he thought it beneath him to answer. He believed the South was right, and sung for the Southern soldiers as they went forth to battle. For every base and unwarranted attack on the South by that doubtful Saint Whittier, Ryan had a sweet, forgiving poem for the North. There can be no comparison between Ryan and Whittier—that is none that is favorable to Whittier (and I take these because they seem by common consent to have been linked together). I defy any man to find in Ryan's poetry a single word or collection of words which might not have been used to an older brother who is imposing upon him. There is no calling of "bad names," no attributing of bad motives.

More than that, I feel safe in saying that for every

poem which Ryan wrote for the South, he could furnish the proof of his assertions. Can such be said of Whittier? I should dislike very much to say so, and then risk my chances of Heaven. While Ryan fought all the time for what he believed to be right—for principle—Whittier forgot and attacked the character of the Southern people. In fact, this was a mistake made by a great many of the Northern writers. If they possessed brains and poetic power superior to the Southern writers, why did they resort to such vile and contemptible means to carry their cause? It is said that some lawyers, when they find out that they have no case, attack the character of the witnesses on the opposing side. I don't mean to say that the North had no case, for she did; but she ought not to have acted as though she had none. The North lost her opportunity when she failed with all her brains, logical reasoning and righteousness to convert the Southern people from the error of their ways.

Ryan realized that it was by force that we had been overcome, and that on that account, "only half had been overcome." He never lost faith in the cause which he espoused, for after the war we hear him say: "In the heart of God's own laws I have a faith, and in my heart still believe in the triumph of our cause."

We must not, however, think of Father Ryan as a writer of Southern poetry simply. His deep religious nature expressed itself in some of the sweetest and saddest "hymns." A man so addicted to meditation could not hold within him unexpressed those deep thoughts which meditation always brings. It must not be supposed, however, that Father Ryan was an idle dreamer, who could not see the practical side of life. His connection for four years with the men of the Southern Confederacy gave him evidence of the fact that there was a practical side to life. Some of those sad and mournful poems of his bear testimony that his own life had brushed against and experienced some of the sorrow and rebuffs of this world. We go down with him into the "Valley of Silence," and hear him say—

"In the world each Ideal,
That shines like a star o'er life's wave,
Is wrecked on the shore of the real,
And sinks like a dream in a grave."

No doubt he had several "Ideals" wrecked. However, it must be remembered that Father Ryan was not guilty of always pouring out his woes and misfortunes to the world. There were some things that were not known to the world, and were even to him but the "shadow of a thought."

This word "thought" suggests that to me the titles of some of his poems. It is in these that we get a clearer insight into the character of the man. Christ himself has said, "As a man thinketh, so is he," and so we find it with Ryan. In his sad moments he thinks, "The tears our eyes shall never know are dearer than the tears that flow." But here also he thinks, "The surest way to God is up the lovely stream."

"Ah, 'tis hard when our beautiful dreamings,
That flash down the valley of light,
Wave their wing when the gloom hides their gleamings,
And leave us like eagles in flight."

"He wins most, who honor saves."

"He loses nought who conscience keeps."

"Better a day of strife than a century of sleep."

"The soul, like the earth, may have many horizons, but only one sun."

One beauty of Father Ryan's poems is their shortness. He seems to have gotten several ideas together and expressed them in as few words as possible. He seems never to have written very much without a purpose in view, not only to delight, but to instruct. Strip off from his poetry the outward jingle of rhyme, and you have left the naked thought, the production of his heart.

Father Ryan is not a master of pathos, nor does he indulge in its opposite, humor. He has more pathos than humor. The "Prayer of the South," however, it seems to us, would suggest the power of pathos to even a Northern critic. His "Their Story Runneth Thus" is pathetic, not only in the substance, but the slow move-

ment of the blank verse adds to this. There is something grand in that prayer. We have seen two brothers quarrel and fight, afterwards they repent and realize that the greatest wrong is not that which they have done each other, but that which they have inflicted upon the mother and father, and they come together and asked forgiveness. So with this prayer; it is the case of two brothers; they have quarreled and fought, but now appreciating the great wrong they have done their Father, the South (Father Ryan) takes the hand of her elder brother the North, and before the throne of Heavenly Grace, pours forth her heart in asking forgiveness. Ah! yours was a noble heart. There is something of the sublime in your nature.

Let us not forget that a place beside the master poets is not asked for Father Ryan. He never attempted any great poem with which he might electrify the world. The truth is, he never wrote for the world, although some or his poems have taken their places in the hearts of those who are not his countrymen. It is not claimed that he was the greatest Southern poet. He himself never hoped to be called the bard of the South. His own testimony on this point is conclusive.

> "The fallen cause still waits,
> Its bard has not yet come,
> His song through one of to-morrow's gates
> Shall shine, but never set."

There is one thing, however, that I do claim for Father Ryan, and do it with boldness, that is his sincerity. He always wrote only what he believed; he wrote with a good purpose. Had he been born in a more favored land, there is no doubt in my mind that he would have enjoyed a greater reputation as a writer. How much of his time was spent in the interest of our dear Southland. For this we love him. "The Conquered Banner" will ever live in the memory of the Southerners, and the time will come when even our enemies will see some truth and thought in his "Sentinel Songs." But now the sweetest and best side of his nature shows itself when, after we had lost, he comes to do his part in the

re-uniting of this country of ours. And who could do this with better grace than he? Lord Macaulay, in speaking of Addison's "retort on vice" and his success, says that he did it without "writing one personal lampoon." So with Father Ryan, whatever he did for the South, whatever he did against the North, he did without the aid of a single harsh word. Therefore he could write with perfect ease and sincerity his poem "Re-united" on the occasion of the yellow fever plague at Memphis.

Whether or not Father Ryan was a great man matters little; he had a great heart and that is sufficient. His love for his country was surprisingly great. His respect and admiration for woman was pure and simple; and his love for the home circle is expressed in some of his sweetest songs. What more can be said of a man who has before him continually what these words represent—country, woman, home?

A. MASON DUPRE (95).

Chapters From the Early History of South Carolina.

At this juncture Guernache appeared on the scene with his fiddle newly strung. Rushing into the midst of the opposing forces, he begins one of his liveliest strains. The revulsion of feeling was complete ; he was one whom they could trust and crys of "*Ami, Ami,*" were heard on every side.

Time was gained, and as is the case in nearly every mob when the hand of slaughter can be stayed for a short while, the cessation of hostilities was comparatively easy.

Gifts were given to the priests and soon the pipe of peace was being passed from mouth to mouth. Guernache had saved the lives of the little band, but it separated him farther than ever from his captain.

His labors were increased and in every way possible Albert showed his hatred for the unoffending drummer. He was forbidden to visit the Indians.

Monnaletta, surmising the truth, made her way to the

neighborhood of the fortress and waited patiently for an opportunity to reveal herself to her husband. An opportune time soon presented itself. Guernache having been sent into the woods to cut a certain amount of timber, was sorrowfully performing his task when Monnalletta suddenly presented herself to him; immediately she was clasped in his arms and words of love and tenderness were poured into her ears.

After this their meetings were frequent and the happiness of the drummer was supreme; nor could the hard tasks imposed upon him lessen the brightness of his countenance. One night while Guernache was on guard, he slipped away to pay a visit to his Monneletta. During his absence some of the storehouses caught on fire and were completely destroyed. Geurnache was perceived returning to the fort, and his conduct reported by that satellite of Albert, Renaud.

He was tried, convicted and thrown into the dungeon to await the caprice of his judge. Monnaletta immediately feared the truth and hovered around the fort, hoping to get some word to her husband. The opportunity soon presented itself. Lachane, a friend of Geurnache and a general favorite among the soldiers, was interviewed and messages of love were sent to the prisoner.

But making love by proxy was not very agreeable to either party; so after many protestations Lachane was prevailed upon to admit Monnaletta to the dungeon. She was admitted after midnight and conducted away before dawn. The first meeting only paved the way for another and soon every night found the Indian princess by the side of her Parisian lover.

One night Pierre Renaud perceived Lachane going to the dungeon in company with another person. He immediately reported his discovery to Albert, and the three, Guernache, Monnaletta and Lachane were surprised and arrested together.

Monnaletta was ordered to be scourged from the fort. At the first blow of the whip, Guernache tore away from his capturers and in one blow felled the lictor to the earth. Immediately he was seized by a dozen hands

and firmly bound, while the one he loved so dearly was driven like a vagabond from the fortress. The following day Guernache was tried for treason and convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Ten minutes were given him to find peace with his God, then the cruel rope forever stilled the beatings of that noble heart.

All that day and the following night the body swung from a giant oak; but when the next morning dawned, nothing but the bare limb presented itself to the gaze of the inmates of the fort. Monnaletta, who crouched in the woods near by suffering untold agonies, might have solved the seeming mystery, but she never again was seen by the colonists.

After this incident the peace of the colony was gone. A conspiracy was formed which resulted in the death of Albert and Renaud. Nicholas Barre was then chosen leader. Under his control the colony would have prospered; but Ribault failed to return from France with the much needed supplies. Finally despairing of aid, a small vessel was built and our little colony set out for their native land. They were so greatly hindered by calms that all the water and provisions were consumed. After all their hardships on land, it seemed as if they were doomed to perish within a few days sail of sunny France. When the last ray of hope had faded away, Lachane offered his body to appease their terrible hunger. His own hand struck the blow that gave life to his comrades. This sacrifice sustained them until they were boarded by an English vessel and landed on their native soil.

The remnants of Fort Charles can now be seen on Paris Island. It is an embankment about four feet in height inclosing a square piece of ground densely covered with scrub oaks and palmetto trees.

I am indebted to W. Gilmore for the facts recounted in these chapters. WEJA ('94).

The Significance of Monuments and Memorials.

"A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history." As we review all past and present history, we recognize the truth and importance of these words.

Man clings fondly to the past, for it has become a part of his existence. He cannot separate himself from its influence. It is a storehouse from which he draws experience and knowledge.

All ancient history has legendary and mythical accounts of his early life. It is told in song and story, and is found engraven upon monuments, pyramids, ruins of temples, etc., with which certain regions of the world—Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Greece, Rome and Palestine—are strewn. These stand silently and majestically as monuments of his former glory and greatness. The generations of to-day gaze upon them and are instructed.

No individual can live without forming history. Nations are composed of individuals, so no nation can appear and disappear from the shifting stages of the universe without leaving accounts of its development and decline. No nation has ever acted any important part in the history of the world and vanished from its busy scenes but that legends, and myths have crystalized, so to speak, around its life, and cling there to acquaint us with the character of the nation and the part it played in the annals of the world.

We are deeply moved by the sweet child-like simplicity, orderly restraint and filial awe that pervade the legends and myths of ancient peoples. It is through the study of them that we see his man in primeval condition and how he endeavored to penetrate the shadows of ignorance, superstition and error in order to bask in the cheering light from on high. There are memorials of the world in its infancy—the throbbings of the heart of reason—teaching and instructing us.

Man is a forgetful being, and as he has long history behind him, it is necessary that there should be something to remind him of what his predecessors did in days long

forgotten. Moreover, man is a thinking creature, and usually imitates that which deeply impresses him, so the more numerous the monuments and memorials of what he has done in past centuries, the more he will be forced to learn history, thereby gaining more definite knowledge of the human family.

Providence did not create the universe without establishing monuments and memorials of his divine goodness where all mankind might see and learn. We view the towering and majestic mountain crag, rising in all its might and grandeur; we gaze upon the shy stars as they rapidly peep forth in the meadows of heaven; we hearken to the swell and sob of the sea, and are awed when its waves are lashed into madness by the angry winds; we look down upon untold buried generations of lower creatures, and learn more of the exhaustless riches of his kindness, who "openeth his hand and filleth all things with plenteousness." A deep purpose underlies these things. They are an unquestionable refutation to atheistic views and the scorner's scoffing.

The Old Country is full of monuments and memorials. Pyramids, temples, buried cities, historical trees, famous burying; places statues of marble and bronze, embossed with silver and gold, emblazoned with traditions and inscribed with the great and glorious deeds of nations and empires; dark and gloomy castles, the cells of which are stained with the blood of martyrs and within the walls of which kings, princes, nobles, cavaliers, tradesmen and peasants have suffered cruel tortures and horrible deaths; battlefields where nations met, fought and were conquored, are all there to mark mankind's wearisome journey of six thousand years.

The lives and histories of nations are cut deep within these time-scarred land marks. The experiences, blessings and misfortunes of mankind's past life, which really begins with the exodus—*der grossen Volkerwanderung*—of our Aryan forefathers from Central Asia, are hidden there.

Monuments and memorials are suggestive. They portray the peculiar individuality of men and nations.

Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" was suggested by the statue of a satyr or faun designed by the eminent Grecian sculptor, Praxitiles.

The influence of Grecian literature is world-wide. It was the land of philosophy and song; it was a land filled with lofty temples, towering statues, mighty Cathedrals. Every temple, all state edifices, each statue were decorated with paintings of glorious achievements and covered with artistic skill. Many of its statues were distinguished for grandeur and sublimity, so it was impossible to have any other than refined, cultured, aesthetic, liberty-loving citizens.

The ideals personated by monuments and memorials become to men—especially the young living representations—the incarnation of the concrete by means of the abstract. If they are grand and sublime in form and meaning, they elevate men to God, to a future life, to more exalted and nobler purposes, thus proving that man's feelings are the response of the soul to something revealed by the intellect.

Man is an enthusiastic being whether the enthusiasm is of a higher or of a lower sort, and he usually imitates that which he thinks worthy of imitation. We have the scriptual admonition: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, if there be any virture, if there be any praise, think on these things."

The world today is thinking on the monuments and memorials, and through them is learning of the life and character of ancient peoples. Their tombs and monuments, hidden for ages past, have at last found a voice and are revealing to us the lost love of antiquity. The world is now building stately edifices and erecting monuments for future generations to admire and for the instruction of her growth. Build high, build stately, build nobly, O world! for you are building for other ages.

J. R. CLYDE ('96).

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D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

College Politics.

When bodies of men are divided on matters of policy or principle, parties divide off and party organizations become necessary and proper. In a college community there are commonly no grounds for party divisions, and public servants are chosen without regard to any particular principles or policy they may advocate. Hence the factions of college politics generally have no more creditable basis than personal ambition. These cliques around certain men are a dishonest kind of apparatus; for the plan is to buy votes with votes, irrespective of deserts: you support our man and we will support your man. To vote for men whom one does not believe to be the proper men for the places is certainly inconsistent with high integrity.

Partly because of the delicacy of the question, partly because of the animadversion likely to fall upon the critic and partly because those zealously opposed to doubtful methods are so few, this subject is rarely publicly discussed. Anonymous abuse against fraternities will never solve the problem. These societies are realities and likely to remain, and we must meet the question

with them before us ; therefore we deem any argument amounting only to animosity against them as useless and off the question.

The object of fraternities is to upbuild their members; but this no more justifies them in wrong political methods for elevating their friends than it would in robbing a grocery store to give their friends a banquet. The close organization of fraternities makes them especially easy to be perverted by men of more ambition than conscience. Hence it is inferred by outsiders that cliquing is one of the prime objects of these organizations. The fraternity man who thus casts reproach on his order is in a parallel line of business with him whose wantonness defames his own family.

If is impossible for a fraternity that cliques to be unjustly treated,even though it possess all the talent and get not an office. For if it appeals to this standard it must abide by it. Political combines ignore all considerations except a majority vote. If a fraternity consents to play clique it is fairly beaten at clique, and how can it complain that its merits are not recognizd? Why, that wasn't in the game.

This whine of unappreciated merit is the song of that respectable class assuming superior righteousness, who clique "to keep bad men out." We have yet to see the good done the college by this superior righteousness set. Their harm is patent. The theory of cliquing to prevent a bad set of wicked cliquers from putting in unworthy men is like stopping a thief from stealing by yourself first stealing everything he would have stolen. The moral cliquers add to this sin that of hypocrisy. The idea that the students of Wofford College have not the good sense to elect to office the proper men without the intrigues of wire-pullers! The only thing that tempts us to doubt it is that they submit to such methods.

Say some: We will get nothing if we do not follow these methods. One sentence answers this : Honors are things of the hour ; character is for eternity.

If there is something wrong those who think so should try to right it. Surely wrong cannot always prevail if

right opposes it. And if we cannot make the sacrifice of foregoing all the honors until the reform is accomplished, who will ever bring about the reform? Every great movement that has possessed mankind was once the minority.

Like the sun spots, these spots recur in greatest profusion at intervals of a few years. At last such ashameful, disgraceful pitch is reached that everybody stops in disgust. But in four years the generation that witnessed the degradation is gone, and the next unknowingly runs into the same mud,history thus gleefully repeating herself. The foul congregation of spots on the political sun were in the ascendant in the spring of '92. The time draws near in a year or two for another such crisis, and it is to warn against it that we write. What we have said may rouse some old sinner to renew his practices; but we trust that it will also cause many a good man to think, and therein is the surest antidote.

How much of the disintegrating, loose, frivolous spirit that now poisons the literary societies is due to bad politics would be surprising if the true analysis were made. A diseased organ debilitates the whole body. To make office-getting by any methods, to say nothing of wrong methods, a prime object will shrivel any patriotic literary enthusiasm in a society. To pander to those most easily managed in combines puffs up with conceit the lightheaded element and sets it ambitiously bobbing on top like gourds on water.

These remarks will prove, we hope, more suggestive than exhaustive. There are good men in college who will doubtless see the spots aggravating in a year or two. They are forewarned. To eradicate the evil would be a noble crusade.

History got in one of her best strokes of irony when the Mayflower, after having transported the ancestors of the abolitionists to this land of freedom, was turned into a slave trader.

Retro-Prospective.

The last reports before commencement have been sent out and the last period of work is on. This is a point from which we may look both on the future and on the past. '93–4 has been a year of a great deal of work and promises to furnish more yet. Some good and some bad things have been done; but it is too soon now to say whether the tide is rising or falling. One disappointment of the year has been the failure in the attempt at arranging for an intercollegiate debate.

We hope that this kind of contest may become established in South Carolina college circles. Nothing can be more stimulating to mental activity in the literary societies; and we are of the opinion that head-power is a much more appropriate guage for colleges than kicking power. At least let us measure logic once a year with some of our neighbors.

***

We were beaten at foot ball. No wonder; athletics do not receive much cheer at Wofford; nor will they ever gain a permament, creditable foothoold until there is some backing for them. We do not mean athletics exclusively among the ball players and kickers; but interest and participation in athletics by the students is general. When a well equipped gymnasium is established with attendance compulsory, perhaps, athletics will receive their deserts. Athletics must have a prestige officially given them. An athletic spirit is needed among the students, and it must have some nucleus, some fort or stronghold. A gymnasium would wake up the physical manhood of the college and create just such a spirit.

Athletics have a higher and more beneficent object than victory in a contest. If the gymnasium were made a regular department of college, many a weak youth would put on manhood. Too many men suffer for want of bodily training in college. A well filled head deserves to ride on manly shoulders. Vigor, and even roughness

of strength, is preferable to gentleness produced by weakness. It will never do for the intellectual classes to degenerate in physique.

Those having the gymnasium in hand tell us too truly that scarcity of money is in the way. But as men in times of peace prepare for war, so we will in times of scarcity prepare for better times, that the prosperous season may not fleet away while we are preparing to act and all our energy be spent in working up enthusiasm.

Newspapers.

"Towers are measured by their shadows; great men, by their calumniators." If this be a truth there are some gigantic men these days. The vast quantities of abuse heaped upon men by newspapers and on newspapers by those who disagree with them might make us despondent lest the press has fallen into such a bog that it will never emerge. High pitch of feeling has wrought low pitch of decorum and accuracy of statement. This is, we firmly belive, only a passing distemper. A few decades ago the leading newspapers of the country eagerly indulged in slanders to which the lowest now would hardly stoop.

Mud-flinging is a profitless occupation, that soils the hands of him who flings it more than him flung at. Sensible people cannot be deceived by abuse, nor, we might add, will sensible people resort to it. We hear much of the rise of the common man. Just there lies the trouble,—some who have arisen are altogether too common, spouting their billingsgate in the newspapers like they have always done at home. Rise of the common man, blest cardinal creed of the nineteenth century; but shall we have the rise of the commonest? Perchance Jerry the Sockless is but a faint foreshadowing of the people's idol in future senates, the Great Commonest. We know not what misshapen son of Time is yet to be.

Related to abuse and misstatement is that other sin

laid to the papers—feeding an esurient public on salacious news—murder, perfidy, incest, rottenness incipient and consumate. Be not surprised with consumption in one lung to find it in the other. In the matter of mere news it is much easier for a newspaper by improper publications to lower public moral tone than by any healthy news to elevate it. Sickness, alas, and not health, is contagious. A bad thing published loses some of its repulsiveness; a good thing published loses some of its attractions. Nothing of real public significance is too bad to be printed; but let it be in the right manner. Vice can be so pictured as to be despisable, or it can be honeyed over so as to be sweetmeats to a prurient mind. When a newspaper makes wickedness attractive it becomes a bad citizen. But its public service is to show wickedness as well as goodness in low and high places; for people have a right to know what is the condition of society.

Newspapers are the truest public servants. On them we primarily depend for almost every event beyond the range of our five senses. They do the work of a thousand couriers and ten thousand heralds, enabling the world for the first time since creation to know itself. There are deeper things in the periodic press than can be seen at a glance.

In the late disturbance at Darlington the Governor neglected to call out one of the most efficient companies in the State, the Wofford College Cavalry. The famous passage in Virgil resembling the clatter of horses' hoofs is produced by this company with striking naturalness. In fact, a practiced ear can detect the presence of a horse in the reading of more Latin than Virgil these days.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. T. DUNCAN, - - Editor.

The Wake Forest Student of March asked the following pertinent question: "Why may not the Magazines of Southern Colleges form a brotherhood for mutual encouragement and criticism for the upbuilding of each other? And when the time is fitting, when a sufficiently high standard shall have been reached establish a magazine—eclectic or otherwise—known as a Southern College Magazine and contributed to by colleges and their alumni?" We would like to add to this timely interrogatory a question a little more comprehensive and sweeping. Why is it that the South has never been able to maintain a magazine of a literary character? Why is it that a pecuniary death has been almost the invariable fate of all Southern literary magazines? Charleston, S. C., whose natural surroundings are as favorable to a literary atmosphere as any city in the United States has been very aptly styled the "cemetery of literary magazines." As galling as the epithet may be to those of us who would like to ascribe better things to our metropolitan city, yet we are compelled to admit that the criticism is just, when we remember that no less than a dozen magazines have been buried there for want of encouragement and financial assistance. William Gilmore Simms, the most prolific, and perhaps with the exception of Poe, the chief literary man the South has produced, devoted the best part of his life trying to build up a literary magazine in Charleston, but his efforts were thwarted. Had he received greater encouragement, his fine talents might have yielded returns that would have made his native city proud of her brilliant son. But he died without seeing the consummation of his cherished design, and said before he died that the only monument which he desired was a shaft of South

Carolina granite broken off at the top, with this inscription, "Here lies one, who after a reasonably long life, distinguished chiefly by unceasing toil, has left all his better works undone." Even this simple request has been neglected. If Charleston wishes to preserve her self-respect, let her yet, even at this late day, carry out this request, and place over the silent dust of her brilliant son of letters the simple monument of his own design. But Charleston is no worse than other Southern cities. Richmond, Va., if anything, is even a greater burying ground than Charleston. Let the South awake from her lethargy and show to the world that we are not a set of intellectual paupers, as alien critics have attempted to make us, and build around the memories of our men of letters the impregnable fortress of true history; so that future generations may know something of the worth and merits of the men who built our civil and religious institutions and gave a history to our country.

We hardly think the March number of the *Vanderbilt Observer* is up to its usual standard. *The Observer* is a very creditable magazine, but we scarcely think it has altogether the degree of excellence that its surroundings and advantages would warrant. The old proverb, "where there is little given, there is but little expected," applies with equal aptness and force to college journalism. Vanderbilt University is, perhaps, the best equipped University in the South, and has ample material and ability to get up a literary magazine of a very high standard. So we notice a deficiency in the *Observer* possibly more than we would in a journal surrounded with more unfavorable circumstances.

The Erskinian has fallen into the ugly habit of rasping everybody that does not say kind things about it. This is a great mistake our contemporary is making. The object of criticism is not to court controversial wrangle by any means, as the *Erskinian* seems to understand, but its purpose is to better and improve our peculiar work. If the *Erskinian* considers itself too immaculate to

be touched and too perfect for a mild suggestion, it had better withdraw from the field and rest quietly and serenely in the happiness and fragrance of its own approval.

Our Monthly, published under the auspices of the Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton, S. C., is a very welcome visitor to our office. We have understood that the mechanical work of this journal is conducted entirely by the orphans themselves. We congratulate *Our Monthly* on the noble work it is doing in bringing the people in touch and sympathy with the mission and functions of the institution which it represents. *Our Monthly* says: "There are one hundred and thirty-nine souls in our orphanage household." A grander stewardship was never committed to mortal man than that of protecting and caring for these dear little ones bereft of a father's shielding hand and a mother's watchful care and tender love. Would that there were more orphan homes abroad in our land.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - - Editor.

Ministerial Alumni of Wofford College.

The study of this subject has been very interesting to the editor and he trusts that the readers may find something of interest to themselves in this general survey of the preachers that have gone out from our institution.

34 classes, aggregating 377 men, have graduated from Wofford; 29 of these classes are represented by 77 preachers of the Gospel, or 20 per cent. of the total number of graduates have entered the ministry.

These men of God have been shepherds, not only of Methodist flocks, but also of Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian and Baptist, and they have located in Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Nevada, Colorado, Mexico and Brazil.

Eight of them are dead; five of this number belonged to the classes that graduated during or before the war, the others belonged to the classes of '69, '78 and '91.

Four of them have entered the foreign mission field in Brazil; one of these is among the dead. How long till some Wofford graduate will take the place made vacant by the death of faithful James W. Koger, whose ashes lie beneath a tropical sun?

Responsible appointments in South Carolina and other States are filled by some of these men. Their influence as men of sterling character and fine abilities is uplifting communities blessed by their presence and is widening and deepening the already firmly fixed reputation of the chiefest institution of the Methodist church in our dear old State.

The class containing the largest number of preachers

was that of '91, which sent forth eight, one of whom died before completing one year's work in the West. M. O. Ligon's life as a college student was exemplary in every way. The other seven are now members of the South Carolina Conference.

A fact interesting to us all is that the Methodist Church in our State can boast of 61 per cent. of these 77 ministers being in its service. They are working on circuits, are serving stations, have charge of districts and teach in colleges; one is editor of our denominational paper, and one is a Bishop of the M. E. Church South. The demand for a college-bred ministry in our church is manifest from the following companions: in '74, 11 per cent. of the clerical numbers in our Conference were graduates of Wofford; in '84, 12 per cent., and in '94, 18 per cent. The fullness of the meaning of these comparisons need not be considered here; but let him who is preparing to enter upon the ministry reflect on them.

It is certainly with a just pride that faculty, trustees, patrons and students look upon the achievements of Wofford's alumni in the highest, the most responsible, the lovliest of all callings. May coming years be memorable in future history for the faithfulness and noble work of the ministerial alumni of our dear institution.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

FRANK LANDER, - - Editor.

Physical Geography

Was the subject of the lecture which Prof. W. J. Blake of the Fitting School, delivered in Wofford Chapel, as the March number of the lecture course.

The most interesting feature of the entertainment lay in the fact that we saw what was spoken of. Prof. Blake had put himself to no little trouble in preparing for the evening. He had copied many beautiful pictures and arranged them as slides for the college lantern. First hand work also showed the Professor's talent for drawing, and when the oxy-hydrogen light was turned on the effect was beautiful, both as to color and distinctness of outline.

The Earth as one of the heavenly bodies was first thrown on the scene, then we were shown many of the most beautiful and awful spectacles which are brought about by Nature's forces.

Hot springs and geysers, earthquakes and volcanoes, and many other sights and scenes not often witnessed by the common man, were shown.

The lecture which these pictures so beautifully illustrated was well arranged and forcefully delivered. The audience was very appreciative and enjoyed to the full Prof. Blake's effort.

Association and tradition give value to many things that are of little intrinsic worth. The sword of Washington, a bullet shot in the Revolutionary War, an old coin—anything that recalls the past or brings us in touch with the aspirations and achievements of heroes, is treasured up and referred to with great pleasure by the owners of such relics.

In the Preston Society are to be found not a few inter-

esting articles, whose traditions and associations have been almost forgotten by the older members, while the younger element knows nothing at all concerning them.

In the archives are to be found letters from such men as Jefferson Davis, Bishop Wightman, Bishop Keener and many others. We pass over these without further remark to the two busts which greatly enchance the looks of the hall.

The larger one is a representation of Franklin H. Elmore, who by appointment filled the vacancy in the Senate caused by John C. Calhoun's death.

His voice was heard only once in the Senate Chamber and that was in answering the roll call. One month after his arrival in Washington he followed Calhoun into the eternal world. The bust was presented to the society in 1859 by Mr. J. B. Glass, postmaster of Columbia, Dr. Carlisle being its bearer from that place.

In the smaller bust every one recognizes the familiar features of Henry Clay. It is an excelent model, every line being finely brought out, even to the spectacles pushed back over his forehead. This bust was presented to the society by W. C. Preston, whose honored name it bears.

The summer before his death Preston visited his old homestead in Abingdon Va., where he found this bust of his great uncle. He immediately put it in his trunk intending to present it in person to the society. On his arrival in Columbia his health failed entirely and after lingering a few weeks he passed away; but before his death he deputized his friend William M. Martin, at whose house he was staying, to carry the bust to Spartanburg and deliver it in his name. Thus the society became possessor of this present from Preston's own household.

The picture of Preston which hangs over those memorable words, "God bless those dear boys at Spartanburg," was painted by Albert Querry when only sixteen years old.

Many other items of interest might be mentioned but

space will not allow. We will publish in some future issue the letter of acceptance which Mr. Preston wrote the society in 1858.

WEJA.

Tryon vs. Wofford.

Those who were so fortunate as to be present at the Kirby Court, Monday, March 19th, witnessed the finest exhibition of tennis ever given in this city.

Messrs. Esterbrook and Lanier from Tryon played a wonderfully steady game, but Messrs. Chreitzberg and Lander of the college, who were representing the "City Association," put forth *the greatest game of their lives*, and as a result came off victors to the extent of three sets to one.

The game was replete with brilliant plays. Lander's net was especially good, though Lanier was not far behind in this respect. Esterbrook's *pick-ups* were beautiful, while Chreitzberg's returns were unexcelled, as usual.

The Tryon team to a great extent played the rainbow game, which they do excellently. But our boys soon "*got on to them*" and returned their *high-bouncers* with remarkable accurancy.

Wofford College has long since established an enviable reputation for good tennis, and as ever she stands ready to meet *anything* that uses a racket.

The score was as follows:

SPARTANBURG.	TRYON.
3	6
0	4
6	1
11	9

Mr. George W. Henneman officiated as umpire.

E. M. L.

On Monday, March 26th, Dr. Wofford died. He was for a long time a trustee of Wofford College and was a nephew of Benjamin Wofford. The students attended the funeral services *en masse*.

Mrs. Butt, of Florida, with her two children, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Gamewell.

Many Wofford men availed themselves of the Easter holiday and went for a trip home. Messrs. Duncan, Sr., Moore, DuPre, Lyon, Watson, Lander, Harbin and others took the day at home and all came back with bright, new yarns about their respective lady *friends*.

Behold how base ball boometh! In times past, Wofford College had oftimes considerable trouble in securing decent opposition. This year, however, we have all we want. The Spartanburg Park Association has erected a close fence and put the ground in fine fix. Professional players have been engaged and our little glorified nine must needs to stir its stumps if they are to win any laurels on the diamond. Creitzberg will do our pitching and among the Freshmen there are several good catchers. These need a little training and all will be correct. Haynes will be missed on second but our Hayes is hard to head. Dendy and Shannon, of the Fitting School last year, will strengthen us much.

There is a style of playing sometimes seen about the ground which consists in jumping up and catching the ball with the left hand. This grand stand business is all out of place for a decent set of players. Some particular body known for whom this is written, let me add, "*verbum sat.*"

The Senior Class is considering seriously the possibility of going for a week's stay in Charleston during the month of May. The object of the trip is the study of phosphates and to let Senior K. see the sea.

The Local Department congratulates Mr. Samuel H. McGee, present business manager of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, on his recovery to health and happiness and on his return to school. Sam actually looks handsomer than before he was sick.

Mr. Paul Hardin, '96, was off duty two weeks on account of his eyes. His stay at home may have improved his eyesight but it "played the wild" with his cardiac arrangements.

Mr. Wm. M. Connor, jr., '97, spent the Easter holidays at Walhalla and visiting President E. B. Creighead at Clemson College. Connor is aglow with his trip and is as thorough a believer in Clemson's president as are the boys who were under him last year.

Mr. H. J. Shoemaker, '95, is in New York, being the delegate from Tau Chapter of Chi Psi to the annual convention of that order. Shoemaker is visiting some relatives near Saratoga Springs and will return in a few days to college.

Rev. W. A. Rogers was on the campus the other day. He led morning prayers and made an exhortation to the men to take advantage of the revival meeting at Central. The pastor will be assisted by a Dr. Leftwick from Nashville Tennessee.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell led the Y. M. C. A. afternoon prayer meeting some days since.

Dr. Carlisle and Prof. Kilgo will be in the South Carolina delegation to General Conference in Memphis. They leave some time in early May.

Mr. Frank Lander, '94, was painfully injured at tennis last week. He was running backward and suddenly met a tree going in the opposite direction. He sprained an ankle, a knee, bruised his breast and punched his face.

Mr. Louis Covington has entered Sophomore. Mr. Augustus Law has matriculated with the Freshmen.

On Friday, May 4th, will be held in the Calhoun Hall the annual election for editor-in-chief and business manager of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. Mr. Wallace, Editor-in-chief, will preside, Mr. McGee, Business manager, will act as secretary. The Associate Editors will be elected immediately following by each society in its own hall.

The Sophomore exhibition will be held in the chapel on the second Friday night in May. The public is invited. The Sophs will doubtless give a high-toned entertainment.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. WM. WATSON, - - - Editor.

William Gilmore Simms.

This Southern man of letters is a native of South Carolina, the city of Charleston, April 17th, 1806. His paternal ancestry were Irish, and his maternal probably English. His career in the literary line embraced the period between his nineteenth and the last year of his life, 1872. Like most aspirants for literary fame, and especially since his appearance signaled the early dawn of a Southern literature, his first attempts as a writer were rather of a political nature; and even down to a gray old age he imagined himself an inspired poet, and could never become reconciled to the fact that his productions did not please the people as did his contemporaries at the North. Although he, during his lifetime, published several volumes, perhaps the only poem worthy of special mention is the "*Atalantis*," upon which he put much pains and was consequently anxious for it to take. Another very appropriate little poem, suitable to the occasion, was read at the Consecration of Magnolia Cemetery in Charleston in 1880, titled the "*City of the Silent.*" Its merits were highly praised at the time, and he was renumerated with the sum of fifty-five dollars.

After a few dashes and spirts with the muse early in

his life, however, he discovered his true nature, that of tale teller, a romancer, in which field of work he must be acknowledged second only to Nathaniel Hawthorne, the greatest of all American romancers. His first prose work had for its subject "*Martin Faber*," in the sale of which he seemed to lack confidence, as he turned the manuscript over to the publishers "on their own terms, they assuming the cost of printing, and the risk and trouble of publication." The book sold well and the author received one hundred dollars from the publishers, feeling amply repaid. The success of this first attempt to give the public something interesting and original, inspired him to more earnest zeal and determination to accomplish something.

As to his ability as a writer he seems to have been equal to any and all emergencies at whatever time called upon. No word seems to be fitter to express his power to compose as the term genius, his imaginative mind was wonderful. His writings are not infrequently characterized by sound reasoning, but it is nevertheless true that often his flights of imagination lose the conclusions in an endless nowhere—his power of imagination sometimes knew no bounds. If this wonderful gift of his could at all times have been restrained and directed by logic and common sense, his influence and position as a writer would doubtless have been greatly enhanced. At times he seems to have recognized this fault in himself, as in many of his passages not even the masters Thomas Carlyle or Nathaniel Hawthorne would have thought of offering a criticism of dissapproval. That his failure to establish a permanent literary magazine in the South cannot once be attributed to any lack of ability on his part is disproven by the fact that his pen, backed by handsome sums, was constantly sought after by Northern educational periodicals of the highest rank; and doubtless he was urged as fervently as possible, owing to his Southern birth. His superior ability was recognized and his works loudly lauded by periodicals such as the "*North American Review*" (in its better days), the "*Educational Review*" and other contemporaries—any of them

would have gladly opened their pages to him.

He graphically delineates in his many novels social life and customs in South Carolina in ante-bellum days. Many of his works of fiction are founded on facts, relating true incidents of the conspicuous part she took in the contest for freedom, and the heroes she contributed to this cause do not suffer in his hands. We can but see that he had no little power in painting a landscape or delineating human nature—often clear to the minutest point, and frequently the reader finds himself being gently led up the dizzy heights.

Most especially has Mr. Simms done his native State a noble service in contributing to her meagre literature his historical romances. "The Yemassee" was the first of this kind, in which he tells us beautifully and interestingly of the influence of that mighty tribe upon the early settlers. He does not fail to give glowing accounts of deeds of bravery and heroism against them. It is here that are chronicled the legends, traditions and anecdotes handed down to us, through which we often get the light turned on as to the habits and customs of our forefathers. The first edition was disposed of in less than a week, and to show that his fame was anything but local, the book, before the end of the year, was in the third American and first English edition. Other books of his, by the way, were published in the Old Country, and several were translated into German and French. Thus encouraged by the popularity of his "*Yemassee*," he then resolved to make the scene of his next romance the bloody battle fields of South Carolina in the conflict for independence, the hero of which is one of South Carolina's daring sons. "*The Partisan*," and his other Revolutionary stories will ever be a source of much pleasure and profit to the student of history, and hero worshipers will delight in following into battle military leaders such as Marion, Sumter, Cornwallis and Tarleton 'whom he almost makes move and speak again.'

In passing it may be of interest to some to know that on the 22d of August, 1855, at the inauguration of the Spartanburg Female College, now extinct, the distin-

guished speaker was no other than William Gilmore Simms. He was ever ready to respond to any call of the kind, not that he loved notice, but that he tried every means of disseminating knowledge and inspiring in the youth a desire for the beautiful in life. But one of his chief troubles was that he always had "too many irons in the fire," which, in a great measure, accounts for the looseness and rapidity which one finds so characteristic of his writings. Sometimes being pressed by his printers for more manuscript, he would do the seemingly almost impossible thing of writing two books at once without confusing the plots and characters. It is said, his brain was never idle, and he essayed nearly every kind of literary work, and that, though far removed in his South Carolina home from decent publishing houses, sufficient libraries, equipped colleges, and a literary atmosphere, and other necessary environments, Simms was a poet, a dramatist, Shakespearean editor, essayist, aphoristic philosopher, historian, biographer, lecturer, commemoration orator, legislator, pro-slavery advocate, journalist, magazinist, critic, farmer, and finally novelist. It almost makes us sigh for the old man when we think of his holding up under such a load on his back, and marvel that he could have accomplished what he did.

Knowing Mr. Simms' peculiar weakness for the South and her institutions, it is perhaps needless to say that he was very influential in aggravating the secession movement. Article after article over his signature appeared, in which he held that the prosperity, welfare and permanancy of the Southern States with their characteristic individuality depended upon the maintenance of the slave system. It would do him injustice to assert that he defended the institution from a mercenary standpoint; his convictions of justice and right were well grounded and in asserting them clearly and forcibly as he did, he roused the sentiment of many a Southern heart.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Simms persisted in dabbling in politics and particularly in so small and local a thing as State politics. In this he may be justly charged of being an enthusiast without discretion. We find him

once purposing to travel through the North on a lecturing tour, but his first lecture in New York terminated his plans rather disastrously. Having assembled a large audience he very indiscretely addressed them on sectional Southern politics and in the course of the lecture scored heavily one of their pet hero writers for the villainous misrepresentations he had wantonly perpetrated upon the South. True he took the wrong time to make such announcements, but he is certainly to be admired for his boldness in throwing mud into the very teeth of his Northern audience. His rashness resulted in very abusive epithets showered upon the well meaning lecturer in the morning papers, and he was further mortified on the evening appointed for the second lecture at being greeted by the very small audience of about a score—it goes without saying, the exercises were indefinitely postponed. The only public office he ever held was one term in the State Legislature, which he filled very creditably but with no marked ability as a legislator. In the editorial columns of the various magazines and papers with which he was at times connected, he never hesitated to give expression to intense feelings of a whole-souled patriot supporting his convictions at all hazards. We cannot but admire the man who spoke to a sympathizing friend in such telling language as this when his own worldly goods, valuable books and all were consumed and Sherman's army had ransacked and pillaged and demolished the Capitol in flames: "Talk not to me about my *own* losses, when the State is lost." We are prone to believe, however, that in politics he wandered from his proper sphere. He certainly expended much of his talents and energy here without apparent good results, all of which must have been at the expense of his literary career.

Among his other many accomplishments he possessed the rare one of writing a readable letter. It was interesting because newsy, expressed naturally, just as he would talk. This pleasure he daily indulged in, and in this connection it may be appropriate to say that although he never had many close friends at a time, yet

he invariably established by this means an affectionate intimacy with those whose friendship he cherished. It is one of the prettiest pages of his life when his friends among the young men used to gather at his home to enjoy his hospitable board and his conversations which was always a literary feast for them. They looked upon him as the father, who as it were, amused his children by telling them stories. All of these young men afterwards became distinguished in their professions, and it is not unreasonable to believe that the noble mind of Simms was the source of much inspiration to them. He was an affectionate husband, a loving father and an affable host, and never was a man more ready to sacrifice personal comforts in order to share with the needy. A striking example of his large heart is when he sent Timrod, in a starving condition, a hundred dollars hard won by his own pen when his own family were almost in want. Although not decended of a line of aristocratic parentage, it is said that by his worth, both intellectual and moral, and the easy manner with which he conducted himself, he won for himself a place in the best society of his time, and moreover, the distinguished men of the State, such as governors and judges, considered any festive occasion not complete unless Mr. Simms, the South Carolina story teller was present to grace the occasion. As an instance of his gallantry toward the fair sex, when the startling, misrepresentative book against the institution of slavery in the South, titled "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," which did so much to increase the animosity between the North and South, was published, contrary to the urgent appeals of friends, he refused to answer it on the ground that it seemed like taking advantage of the weaker sex, so declined in favor of a female author, who it is said performed the job poorly enough.

In conclusion we will ask this seemingly appropriate question, where could we seek to illustrate more forcibly the old proverb, "That a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," than in the life of William Gilmore Simms, the South's leader among men of letters? If he had a hard time in gaining his position as a writer,

if it is true that he never was acknowledged the highest rank among his contemporaries, if it is true that men were jealous of his accomplishments which his genius and perseverance had given him, which they were loth to acknowledge, it is due to the fact that unfortunately for him he was born on Southern soil. If ever an author deserved praise for his labors, it is he. He could not enduce his people to sympathize with his undertakings, lending their money and minds to the promotion of the educational and cultured interests of the State. Mr. Paul Hayne says, "Mr. Simms had to battle with prejudice, nervous provincialism, presumptuous and suspecting ignorance;" and following is a pretty heavy blow the same author gave to our beloved section, and which must doubtless have been as true then as kindred things are to-day. He says, speaking of Mr. Simms, "And just such a contest, modified in detail, but the same essentially, awaits every true literary athlete, whose intellectual battlefield happens to be in this material, debased, provincial, narrow-minded South." This is a big and nauseous dose to down, but we cannot close our eyes to the truth when we see that history seems to back the statement in the life, not only of Simms, but of our timid Timrod and Paul Hayne himself.

Perhaps no man of whatever occupation has done so much charity work for his people. Being wedded to the South and her interests, he consecrated to her his best services, and the centre of his work was in the heart of the fair city by the sea. where he at different times was connected editorially with six literary magazines, all Charleston enterprises—*The Southern Literary Gazette*, 1828–'29, to the *Southern Quarterly Review*, 1849–'55, all of which died after a brief existence. It was in this noble undertaking that Simms invariably sank his money, gaining as his reward for honest and hard labor the curses and abuses of the people at his home. And yet some people insist in this age of enlightenment and culture upon calling Charleston the Athens of South Carolina. Such a one, to use the mildest language, we think, has not the slightest conception of what our seat of

learning should be.

Truly it may be said, he consecrated his life and labors to the good of his dear beloved Southland, and received as his reward the sympathy and support of a few who recognized his merits, but small compensation for his work, and the hard criticism and unjust condemnation of a host of others—he actually gave a long life full of toil to an unappreciative people.

W. W. WATSON ('94).

Hamlet.

This is a tragedy of darkness—dark thoughts linked with dark passions and darker crimes. There is no gleaming wit nor sparkling laughter—no delicate turn of fancy to add a brighter side to our interest or relieve for a moment the monotone of background. No mirth, no jest; and the few brutal gibes we find, instead of being a relief, serve to intensify the horror, and make us shudder as at the grin of a death's head.

So unremitting is the pressure of this cloud that it seems as if the northern sky which overhangs all has imbued the soul of each with its own harsh and gloomy hue and leaves only the different shades of darkness as lines of separation between the different characters. All are dark, wierd and terrible.

Though this is characteristic of all, our Hamlet, in the intensity of his passions and in the horror of his meditations, stands out as strikingly from the others as if he was white set in black, or a silhouette in the midst of a white wall. A single figure, beautiful but Laocoon-like, writhing in the toil of serpents who embody in their shining folds fear, instability, revenge, despair.

This was a man of many phases. One who possessed in a certain degree all the qualities of nobleness and strength, but was perfect in none. Strong in a definite purpose, weak in control of his will, persevering in his plans, irresolute and cowardly in their execution, trusting all and fearing all, fearing nothing and a coward.

A man of varying words and dark humour, desiring death as a release from life, but starting back in wild affright at the thought that after death dreams might come. Shifting, variable and unstable, holding one thing and one only unchanged—his purpose to revenge his father's murder. Heaven, earth and his heart urged him to revenge, his oath bound him to it; but he hesitated, recoiled and let occasion after occasion pass in vain and in gloomy debates with his inner self.

Why Hamlet hesitated so, we can not fully see. Was it that his fine spirit, finer than his times, shrunk from the harshness of murder? Was it that he was bewildered by the turmoil in his brain and doubted the evidence of his senses? Or could it be that his dark and puritan conscience, tinged with bitterness at his inability to cope with fate, whose unwilling instrument he was, defied him to do or not to do as his heart dictated? Perhaps it was that his faith in all things had been destroyed. First he doubted love and constancy, then honor, honesty and justice, then humanity, finally himself. So almost at one blow all on which he relied and trusted was swept away. His light was gone and he was left groping in the dark, uncertain in what direction to turn. All the landmarks, which before might have guided him, were destroyed; he must rely upon himself, and himself he mistrusted most of all.

And so he hesitated, vacillating and unstable—the hesitation of a dreamer called suddenly from the contemplation of some delightful image of his fancy to look upon a world which seemed under his eyes to grow black and rotten—to get out in this world and see his ideals of all that is good and beautiful crumble and fall to pieces—to find himself straying in a wilderness of horrors—himself shaken by a contest which harrowed his soul and almost unhinged his brain.

Whatever might have been the cause, certain it is that he hesitated, as his wavering will was colored by every new phase of thought, until he, made desperate by the consciousness of having only a short time to live, stabs the king and revenges his father.

Most wierd, most strange and most unnatural! Yet with a naturalness which brings it home to the hearts of all, making each man recognize in Hamlet a part of his own soul, and with a naturalness which labels it, greatest Shakespeare's greatest play.

D. THOMAS JOHNSON ('95).

Germanic Mythology.

The religion of that people who from the earliest times down to the fourth and fifth centuries were continually leaving their home in Northern Germany, and planting their battle flags in country after country, conquering as they went, is a thing that has exercised on the world a momentous influence. How much of the civilized world of to-day is not ruled by descendants of the Teutonic race? Especially does this concern us, the English and Americans, and the time will never come when any of us are ashamed to connect ourselves with these stern, cruel in the opinion of the world, but withal bravest of the brave, soldiers, pirates or what not, who leaving their northern home in the fifth century, took and kept England. It was their religion, their faith, that gave them strength and courage, that gave them success.

When Christianity was first attempted among these people we are told that they were losing faith in their religion, that some openly defied the wrath of Thor and Woden. Very probably this is true. Indeed it is a fact; and is exactly what we expect of such a people. But by no means must we accept it as a general truth. Every age has had its bold spirits, who rise above the atmosphere of common beliefs and conventionalities, and are pioneers in a new and sometimes better *regime*, while it takes time and reasoning to make the masses see as they see, and longer to believe as they believe. Such were these men spoken of above. To disprove this a general fact, I cite you to the history of other nations. Behind every great achievement from the founding of the world

to the present day, there has been, and necessarily must have been something above the human to guide man on, in which he trusts, in which he believes. This we call his religion, "the soul of practice, the primary vital fact in man's life." When he becomes a sceptic as to this, there is a general unloosing of his moral nature; decay, death, as far as worth is concerned, follow. Man does not brave the awful, unknown future of chance without feeling the support of a strong hand, assisting him and ever present with him. Witness the stagnation and decay of the Roman corpse, and the cause of the first taint, was loss of faith in her religion. It was a sincere and deep faith in the trueness of their belief, that made these Germans appear in the drama of history conquerors of the world; and sometimes it seems that everything had been prepared for their coming, and they act the part of heroes, diffusing a new and better life throughout the world.

To a certain extent we are all more or less familiar with Grecian or Romam mythology and religion, and to get an idea of the Anglo-Saxon, I briefly contrast them. Both of these religions were Paganism, but with wide differences. In the first place, one was the religion of a Southern people, where a beautiful cloud-land was ever present, where breezes blew continually, and the sun shone warmest and sweetest; the land of love and poetry, and truly a poetic land, where to live meant to enjoy. The other was the faith or creed of the far North, where the gloom of a six-month's night, yielded its sway to winds whistling over mountains of ice, the bearers of snow and hail, where to live meant to labor, to fight for existence. The Grecian mythology seems to me a real poem of love and art; the German, a grand epic of valor and duty. We find in German mythology no graceful dancing nymphs, no sirens to sing and play alluring songs, no airy spirits to flitter from brook to brook at man's approach. Giants and dwarfs take the places of these; while the German listens to cataracts and waterfalls, rather than to the gurgle of a brooklet, and the ice-laden wind, and the waves of the ocean are

to him sirens who excel in sweetest music.

The central figure in Germanic mythology is Woden, the god of war; also there is a beautiful myth connected with his name, that in the long gone past, he was a warrior, a poet and the inventor of letters. We find in him none of that sensuality of the Roman god Jupiter, a character of the imagination with all the faults and vices of a corrupted Roman life. Is it not nobler and far better to take a man, whose worth and philanthropy while on earth kept his memory ever fresh and among his countrymen, as a benefactor of humanity, around whose name time has woven beautiful myths and legends, and let him gradually become a god? "What is so ennobling as hero worship?" is Carlyle's question; nothing, unless it be the worship of a deified hero, which becomes God worship.

The recognition and worship of a superior as a god, though inherent in the nature of all men, also means that the devotee has wrestled with the problems of the vague and incomprehensible, and with a dim foresight into the future, has shaped his answer as best he could. His god is his ideal, and the god of no people is in advance of their civilization. So this Woden is the highest type of manhood our forefathers could conceive of. He was the pattern by which they endeavored to shape their characters, and a noble pattern he was. Brave, patriotic, pure, obedient to duty is what his life seems to have been.

Thor, the god of thunder, was also held in great respect. Heralding with his thunderbolts the return of spring and summer, he was thought to be the ruler of the seasons. He, too, was probably once a hero, and his character is very interesting, in some respects English In his might, he blasts great mountains with his hammer, and in the battle with Time, though he can make no impression with his strokes, yet he returns undaunted to the attack.

The goddess Nerthus very probably represents a fleeting desire of these old warriors, weary of continual strife and clanging of armor, for peace and a different kind of life. The following from Arnold's Bolder Dead in the

mouth of one of the gods is very significant and appropriate:

> "For I am long since weary of your storm
> Of carnage, and and, Hermod, in your life
> Something too much of war and broils, which make
> Life one perpetual fight, a bath of blood
> Mine eyes are dizzy with the arrowy hail,
> Mine ears are stunned with blows and sick for calm."

She appears about once a year like a sunbeam in their lives of storm and gloom, and after a welcome that seems to me almost ironical, she fades and vanishes.

Both the manner and place of worship is typical of this race all through its history. In a spot open to the skies above, surrounded by a grove of sacred trees, whose leaves allowed the rays sent by the friendly god of the sun to enter, hallowed as being near the burial place of his dead, and connected with the beautiful myths to which this manes-worship gave birth, the German chose to meet and worship his god. In sincerity, reverence and humility, he entered this temple of nature, and prostrated himself in the dust. Did he pray? Were there times when he became so wrought up that his soul found relief in prayer? There is certainly an acted and a spoken prayer—a look, a word, an act, a supplication. In the primative age, nothing seems to me so natural as that the man in worship should prostrate himself before his god; fearing to be so presumptuous as to speak, all prayer would be acted.

Even in this period we catch glimpses of that spirit, that in after years gave birth to the Reformation of Luther—every man his own priest.

The Germans made frequent and expensive sacrifices to their gods, varying the victim to suit the occasion. The bull, the ram and the white horse, the last rare and valuable, were the animals most used, but on special occasions men were the victims, and in a crisis the king or chief warrior was offered to the god to appease his anger and regain his good will.

The early Germans like all primative people saw the supernatural in nature and glorified her. We worship

the Creator, they, the created. They were infant poets; for they only observed Goethe's "open secret," and did not penetrate its sacred mysteries as Carlyle's poet would. Science had not taught them to put their fingers in nature's eyes, and instead of a fact conforming to an inductive law, they saw in every phase of nature the face of a god revealed. So these over grown children, men with the minds of children, as they have been called, struct by the beauty of a burning star shot across their heaven at night, responded with their love for the grand and sublime and worshipped it as the revelation of a God.

The sun revisiting them after a long absence in which there has been only darkness and cold gloom is the return of a God who would make friends with them again. The stars are the silent keepers of the night, while the moon ever waning and waxing, furnished splendid play for their imaginations. The earth is a kind mother; the wind, the voice of a god; thunder, the work of Thor blasting rocks and mountains with his hammer. Of all nature, its seems to me, the sea, the emblem of eternity, was most beloved. Its ever awe-inspiring and terrible strength, its voice of thunder and the mad lashing of its waves, touched in the breasts of these men a sympathetic chord of joy, and at no place could they feel so at home, as when tossed hither and thither in their little boats on the bosom of the raging ocean. Beowulf's last request is, what the desire of most of these people was to be buried on a point of land projecting into the sea, where the salt-laden winds will ever howl over his grave and where every beat of the waves, the pulse of the earth, may shake him in his last sleep.

Our forefathers have been accused of worshipping idols. May this not be a mistake, and these so called idols be only preserved images of the gods, taken into battle by the priest to assure the warriors of victory or columns set up by the people to commemorate some great victory, to which they afterwards paid great respect and honor, just as in the Catholic Church the image of the Virgin Mary is now worshipped? Let us hope so

at least. When the Puritans under Cromwell entered battle singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," they were unconsciously carrying out this old practice of taking images of the gods into the fight.

In after years, the beliefs so imbedded in the nature of the race, crystalize in myths and superstition. In England at a much later period we hear of so much grain left in the field—"a gift to the god of the harvest," while Heine in a graceful little poem tells us of the belief of a German child that dwarfs and elves visit her home every night.

But a strange belief it was that these people had of the power of their gods to maintain their supremacy. They believed that they were supreme for a while, but at some future time another line would spring up, overcome the line of which Woden was the founder and chief, and rule Heaven in his stead.

"Far to the south, beyond the blue, there spreads
Another heaven, the boundless; no one yet
Hath reached it. There hereafter shall arise
The second Asgard, with another name."

When our forefathers embraced Christianity, and with their accustomed earnestness and energy sought to serve their new God, Woden therefore with sad but resigned footsteps marshalled his heroes far back into the spacious halls of the Palace, called the Past, and henceforth there remained of him only tender recollections and ever weakening influence.

W. H. WANNAMAKER ('95).

University Life at Athens.

We are accustomed to think and speak of the Greeks of the classic ages as being highly educated. The literature that they produced at that period would go far to bear out such a belief ; many years indeed were sometimes spent in the mere acquiring of grace and elegance of expression, but we find that in the strictly classical period the Greek had not conceived the idea of education under the supervision of the State. The careful

system of training at Sparta and the police regulations at Athens concerning the management of private schools included only primary education. "Nowhere do we find anything approaching to a State endowment or regulation of university education." We must go back to the Persian wars for the first causes of the movement, that greatly enlarged by the influence of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, culminated in the University of Athens. After the extraordinary expansion of the Greek mind in these wars, it naturally began to turn inwards upon itself, and to feel the want of a higher education. The first effort at supplying this want was a voluntary one—that of the Sophists; but who, it is to be feared, made these efforts more from selfish interests than from any real desire for the diffusion of knowledge. As to whether this was their real motive, we cannot be positive, but their independence of all State direction and avoidance of all political duties has brought grave suspicion upon them.

There are two accusations brought against these Sophists by Socrates and Plato: one is a very serious charge, that namely of the imperfect and superficial work done by them. They held that only a short while was required to teach all of the letters, science, metaphysics, philosophy and politics that was needful. The other, a charge of receiving tuition for their services, like the kindred idea that formerly was so averse to receiving interest on a loan, in our present stage of enlightenment has become ridiculous.

The later teachers, Aristotle, Plato and Socrates, taught either in the public gymnasiums or in halls connected with their homes. These halls were usually elegantly fitted up, and it is supposed that here the lecture superseded the old mode of catechism. These teachers, however, are not entirely free from the charge of Sophistry, for we find them all delighting in useless arguments and fine distinctions, and it becomes really ridiculous when reading the dialogues of Socrates to see how he spends hours to entangle one about a minute point that when decided, amounts to nothing either way.

When the master of a school died, he usually appoint-

ed in his will some one of his favorite pupils as his successor, and the title of scholarch was given to the head of a school. No thought seems to have occupied these scholarchs other than that of a propagation, repetition and expansion of their master's ideas. If by any mishap the original works of their master were lost, they were totally at sea, and could accomplish nothing except from what they could piece together from the little scraps of his learning and wisdom that they had retained in their memory or notebooks.

The only true method of the State's controlling education, that namely of endowing chairs of instruction with the power of removal of their occupants, had not yet taken root in the Greek mind. The Roman emperors were the first to establish such a method in Athens, and the highest public honors, large salaries, immunity from taxation and all civic duties were awarded to those teachers.

But now let us turn to the much more interesting life of the students, their daily habits, manners and customs, their peculiarities, all of which give a distinct tone to the student's life. We speak of the 'atmosphere' surrounding any seat of learning; does it not come from the old customs and traditions that are retained by the conservatism of youth and which to a certain degree form the character of every new comer? Inasmuch as the early Italian universities were established by fugitive Greek scholars, it is probable that some of the customs of modern times can be traced back through them to the University of Athens.

The college cap and gown were required for all attendance upon the lectures and other exercises. There were no college buildings, no regular places for the students to stay, but they lodged wherever they could. The idea and desire of furnishing education free has been and is an interesting feature of the Greek mind, and seemingly a permanent one. Side by side with this idea in the minds of the poor students at Athens was the desire for an education, no matter what sacrifice was necessary to obtain it. We have a very pathetic picture

of four or five students lodging together in a small attic room, all throwing in their scanty earnings, gained by any honorable means, to purchase a lamp and book, and then we see one studying while the others slept, and when he finished, waking up his companion and handing to him the lamp and the one text book that they have between them.

The preservation of order was entrusted to a senior prefect, who was elected every ten days by the class, but the professor, we are told, sometimes struck unruly, idle or stupid scholars, and the being "sent down," probably equivalent to our expulsion, brought disgrace on not only the lad himself, but frequently on his parents as well.

In each of the four principal schools of philosophy we find a meeting of all the students to dine together once a month or oftener. Of course at first the bill of fare was plain eating and much philosophical conversation, and the main object was to establish a closer bond of union between teacher and student, for people seldom become very intimate if they do not meet together at table; but after a while these feasts degenerated into mere carousals.

Frequent mention is made of the student clubs. These at first were probably of national, origin just as we would expect to find any body of foreign students in our own day banding together. Later they were formed on other bases, for ambition and popularity, without respect to any political bias. There was usually some prominent teacher attached to each one of these clubs, and here was had the beginning of that rivalry between the different professors for the new students, that lasted down through the Italian and mediæval universities. Sometimes these clubs while on the lookout for new pupils collided with each other and had regular pitched battles, worse than the town and gown rows in England. We hear of every sort of violence being committed by these students, of their debts, idleness and dissoluteness; but this does not deserve much attention, for the noisome and baser sort of students(?) always make a greater im-

pression on the casual observer than the quiet, orderly and studious elements. Even tossing in a blanket was not unknown to them, and was sometimes applied to unpopular teachers of small authority.

The length of the course is uncertain, but periods of from five to eight years are mentioned as much too long for fashionable young gentlemen like Cicero's nephews, who expected to apply themselves to professional work. Sometimes we have mention made of lads of tender age still under the care of a pedagogue, waiting together with the middle-age men for a post. No limit seems to have been placed as to age or number of courses kept. Each student or his parents made the selection of the course to be taken. This plan was not then productive of the harm that it now is, for there was no such long list of subjects detatched both from themselves and from a liberal education as in the present day.

Athens was by no means the only seat of learning; there were many other places very celebrated, notably, Rhodes, Tarsus, Masilla, and above all, Alexandria. It is rather striking that it is a comparitively rare occurrence to find a native Athenian in the Sophist's chair, the highest position in the university. Tarsus is well known to us from one celebrated student—the Apostle Paul; and it is remarkable how the Stoics, the most serious of all the practical systems, are identified with that portion of Asia Minor. Afterwards iconoclasm had its root there and this land of serious reforms again forced upon the world an earnest view of life. It is said that from the exiled iconoclasts Protestanism spread across Europe; so that the New England Puritan derives his uncompromising earnestness from that country that has produced both Stoicism and the most vigorous early Christianity.

B. W. WAIT ('95).

The Dying Missionary.

Far from native shores I'm dying,
  In a lonely land I'm lying;
Stranger eyes are at me spying,
  None to mourn but Mary crying
And the mighty ocean sighing,
    Sighing me to rest.

Oh, this bosom's long been heaving;
  But my toil-worn soul is leaving
Those that hate and friends sad grieving;
  Still to Christ alone 'tis cleaving,
And that soul he is receiving,
    Receiving into bliss.

We who native land forsaking,
  Freely for the race all staking,
Soothing hearts that have been aching,
  In God's plans we are partaking;
Earth a paradise we're making,
    Making it for God.

Can I then be lonely weeping?
  Love like mine, infinite sweeping,
In its scope all mankind keeping,
  Makes my home where'er I'm reaping
And to me death is but leaping,
    Leaping into Heaven.

D. D. WALLACE ('95).

To 1015.

'Tis better to have loved and lost
  Than never loved at all.
So sung one to the one he most
  Revered for worth of soul.

But since Iv'e learned your worthless cast,
  I swear by yonder sun,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
  Than to have loved and won.

4423 ('94).

Wofford College Journal.

A LITERARY JOURNAL, Published monthly by the Calhoun and Preston Literary Societies.

Address all general matters to D. D. Wallace, Editor in Chief; all communications to W. Wm. Watson, Literary Editor; all exchange matters to W. T. Duncan, Exchange Editor; all alumni matters to E. S Jones, Alumni Editor. all local matters to Frank Lander, Local Editor; all matters of advertising subscriptions and finance to S. H. McGhee, Business Manager.

No article will be published unless the author's name and address have been deposited with the editor.

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WOFFORD COLLEGE, MAY, 1894.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

A University Course.

A man possessed with a love of knowledge can never get enough. From the high school he works his way into college and when he finishes he runs straight upon the question whether he wants to continue his culture in the ordinary walks of life with a sharp eye and quick wit or go to a university for strength and polish. If he is of the irrepressible sort, who want no more restraint of teachers, when he stands between the quiet of scholastic walks and the glar of the bustling world, he feels half ashamed that he has so long been a cipher, very prettily rounded, but still a cipher in all this,

"And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then,
Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men."

Milton said he cared not how late he went into life, so he went fit; according he was about thirty-five years old when he finished his education. Such a plan suited Milton, but it would ruin the generality of men. Most men need no such education and could not use it. To give it to them would be like clothing laborers in broadcloth and supplying them with golden pickaxes and

shovels of silver. The question is, is the college graduate fit? Fit for what? Not to write Paradise Lost, but to be an honest, earnest, valuable American citizen. If he is, then a university course is a luxury, costing a thousand or so dollars. There are and should be, however, men who are not satisfied with simply this, and who can serve their country better with the extra equipment of the university.

There are two ardent advocates of university training. First, there are those who love culture for culture's sake; who love the classic surroundings, the literary atmosphere and life of letters, just as the birds love the forest. The most delicate and elegant literary gentlemen are of this school—literary epicures, Thomas Grays and Matthew Arnolds. Pure, and not applied, education is their aim. Of course men who have to struggle to keep alive have no part in this kind of university life.

The other class of men demanding university education is those who believe that humanity can be uplifted by the intellect of powerful men, and are moved by a deep philanthropy to exert themselves for that end. They enter the social conflict to better it, and use for their purpose the wide reach, power and range of extensive culture. To them the university is not the hallowed recepticle of sacred associations, but the potent fort of future possibilities. The leaders among men should have all the strength of university training and use it. Do not get university education for a mere ornament, that two or three letters of degree may follow your name.

There can be no more valuable factor to unify our conglomerate elements of national thought than great universities. The daily ideas of master men trickle down through less to lesser men, and reach the bottom in some state. The more thought at the top, the more at the bottom. They should harmonize and broaden the intellect of the country, override sections and parties and produce the American type of mind. Why should we presist in trying to foster "Southern" institutions, "Southern" magazines, "Southern" universities, or anything

narrowly "Southern" that further isolates us from the great world that moves forward, even though we stand as still as "Joshua's moon in Ajalon?" Let the university be national in thought and sympathy.

It is unfortunate that the expensiveness of a university course puts it beyond many who desire and deserve it. A sprinkling of university men is a powerful influence in a community. We hope that the class of '94 will furnish some men worthy of anything any institution can give them. The desire for university training does not imply any deficiency in the college: rather the contrary; the best colleges furnish the most men for post-graduate courses. If the men of brain are to run the country, it is well for young men to bethink themselves of the university.

Coxey's Army.

In its several divisions the "Army of the Commonweal" now aggregates nearly ten thousand. Xerxes' ten thousand immortals, the ten thousand at Marathon, the retreat of the ten thousand have all in their time been notable; but this ten thousand is like unto itself and no other. Not knowing why, it undertakes a journey which would be considered heroic for an army; almost a mob, it is docile in the hands of its leaders, and without a commissary it neither forages nor starves.

The explanation has been suggested that Coxey has been paid by the republicans to get up this agitation to cast odium on the democratic government. At first sight such an hypothesis seems far-fetched, nor do the reasons urged confirm. The "army" is a spontaneous symptom of the times. It is deeper than partisan spleen. Prompted by the present extraordinary depression and dissatisfaction, and sustained by the socialistic or even communistic notions which are so fast becoming chronic with a considerable portion of the people, Coxey is showing what terrible possibilities are in turbulent vagrants and unscrupulous leadership. With telegraph commu-

nication and fast trains a mob of many thousands can be assembled in a few days. With its high-strung civilization this country is like a person of nervous temperament, that is quickly excited, has rushing of the blood to the head, palpitation of the heart and such sudden affections.

Doubtless many of the members of this army have been mistreated by unscrupulous sons of lucre, and feel that the government is due them reparation. To seek it by intimidating Congress by show of numbers is, of course, illegal and highly injurious to free government. Their ten thousand men represent considerably less than one six thousandth of the population, and therefore to comply with the demands of an army a thousand times as large would be accommodating government to a very small minority. We do not see Coxey's object in bringing a host of men like his bodily to Washington unles it be intimidation or force. His demands are made no more just or reasonable by the presence of his backers. Already his example is trying to be followed by the officers of a large labor organization who wish to ship eight or ten thousand men to Washington.

It is lamentable and alarming that in this republic such a number of men should on such short notice be engaged in such a semi-revolutionary pilgrimage as this. It is a dangerous hint to hundreds of thousands of destitute, desperate men. It introduces into our politics a new *coup d' etat*. Perhaps these ten thousand are but as a cloud the size of a man's hand.

Dr. Josiah Strong's new book, "The New Era," is far superior to "Our Country" in every way. It has none of the bugaboo, scarecrow that characterized "Our Country." The theme is Christian civilization. There is more wholesome thought in single chapters of "The New Era" than in the whole of "Our Country." It is an able, arousing, strengthening book.

The persistence on the part of many in the recent election for editor-in-chief and business manager to vote for no candidate a member of the other literary society manifested a spirit bearing in it no semblance of good, born of wrong notions and pregnant with danger. For one thing, this defeats the object of securing the best possible service by having these officers chosen irrespective of society. It is not intended that the Calhoun Society conduct THE JOURNAL one year and the Preston the next; but that the student body run it all the time. This, however, is a digression; it is the spirit manifested that we protest against. Such a spirit can give no excuse for its existence. Every consideration makes it unjustifiable. It is puerile, unfriendly, hurtful. It is as though a man should set his hands to tearing each other.

Of late the two societies have often been brought into invidious comparisons and at times have thrown themselves before the community in unpleasant contrast. Boasting and detracting have not been rare. Of such things this spirit is the result. This antagonism benefits neither society, elevates or refines no member, makes sympathetic co-operation impossible when such becomes expedient and consumes in smouldering jealousy fire that should glow in the ardor of debates.

We sincerely hope that this rivalry will not go to the unseemly scrambling for new men next year, which is so likely to unequalize the societies. It is consummate folly for one society to do anything to injure the other. It will react. Would it help the right arm to paralyze the left; would the left foot be fortunate if the right were palsied? For some time we have noticed the development of this evil animus. The causes have been purely accidental, irrelevant, not inherent in the relations of things. Let it perish, before strained relations, enmity and injurious results generally ensue.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. T. DUNCAN, - - Editor.

We notice that the *Carolinian* has changed its board of editors, and judging from the general character of the April issue we do not think the journal has suffered any loss in the change. The Exchange editor, in outlining his policy, makes the following remarks: "I hope that all editorials will be taken in the spirit they are written, that of fair criticism. Also it seems as if the *Carolinian* and certain papers in this State are at war, always abusing each other. It is time for this to cease and for us to speak of each other only in the above mentioned manner." The *Carolinian* has sounded the right note at last. We sincerely hope the present Exchange editor will breathe this spirit into all his work and not fall into the dangerous current in which his predecessor delighted so much to drift and exhaust himself in giving the unnecessary information that the South Carolina College is a non-denominational institution. There is no reason why there should be war between the *Carolinian* and any other magazine in this State. Let all ill-feeling, if there be any, be lost in the one great idea of mutual benefit and development.

The *Davidson Monthly* undertakes to read the editors of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL a lesson on the proprieties of college journalism and dictate the character of the matter that should enter the pages of our magazine. This wiseacre of the Davidson *world* began his lesson early in the year on the Literary Department of our JOURNAL and his majesty (?) brooked no delay and yielded no surrender, until his Pierian (?) fountain, squirting its Parnassian (?) effusion over one department after another, had finally exhausted itself on the Local editor. We suppose there must be a collapse about now

and he is sitting back in the retirement of his glory trying to persuade the longings of his vacuous cranium that he has achieved results. If there is one character over which pity ought to weep with compassion, it is that little dwarfiish editor of a college magazine, so hidebound, conservative and orthodox as to preclude the entrance of a new idea or the development of any industry—always croaking and trying to say something smart and never knowing how to say it. The fact of the whole business is this Knickerbocker editor of the Davidson *world* has been asleep all his days, and waking up, Rip Van Winkle like, is surprised to find that the world (not the Davidson *world*, however,) has moved off and left him about a century behind. You must talk sense, contemporary, if you would have us listen at you. Lord Byron, in that invective poem on "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," very wittily said, "Fools are my theme, let satire be my song." The editors of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL make no pretension to perfection or proficiency in any high degree. We try, by varying our themes, to give our subscribers a readable journal and we are vain enough to believe we have to a considerable extent accomplished this end. This much, however, we do boast of, that every line that appears on our pages is written by the students themselves. This is a claim that our hypercritical *Monthly* cannot dare make. I will say, by way of information to less observant readers, that the only contributions to the Davidson *world*, which approach anything like literature, are not written by the students of Davidson College, but by its alumni and then this little callow dictator of the Exchange Department jumps upon the housetop with a speaking trumpet and cries out in stentorian accents, "look here what we have done." We! As for his comments on the different exchanges, he has run along in one old groove so long that a person conversant with his style could write up the Exchange Department a month before the *Monthly* was issued without doing serious violence to any person or anything. In the name and for the sake of our work, and in respect for the patience and

indulgence of our readers let us get out of "ruts" and give them a variety of matter, if it breaks down every vestige of tradition and custom which false ideas and notions of life have built up and perpetuated.

The Southern Collegian from Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, stands in the vanguard of college journalism. *The Collegian* is well edited in all its departments and is altogether a very interesting and instructive magazine. We send our congratulations to our contemporary of the historic Old Dominion.

The April number of the *Peabody Record* has an exceedingly rich table of contents. We desire to call special attention to the poem entitled "A Confederate Treasury Note." This editor does not remember of reading a martial poem anywhere that was more calculated to inspire a feeling of reverence and respect for a "Lost Cause" than the one of which I have just spoken. In our judgment it is the embodiment of true poetry. It is the soul singing—the natural outburst of a common feeling. Yes, contemporary,

> 'The hearts of the South will honor it,
> As long as its story is told."

It is to be regretted that this poem cannot be placed in the hands of every Southern youth. We have a right to honor our dead, and hand down to posterity the matchless story of by-gone years, "that were bright with deathless splendor and honored with Southern tears."

The Wake Forest Student for April devotes considerable space, both of its Literary and Editorial Departments, to the discussion of financial questions. The financial question is one of life and gravity, and one which should engage the earnest consideration of every thoughtful, philanthropic mind, for upon its proper solution depend the peace and prosperity of our people. We are glad indeed to see the students of the different colleges beginning to devote more time to the study of

economic and industrial questions; for it is upon these young men that the mantle of government will soon fall, and it is imperatively necessary that they should be thoroughly prepared for the duties and responsibilities which it imposes. But as weighty and grave as these questions may be, kind, sympathetic editors, we will have to forbear their discussion; for the Exchange Editor of the *Davidson Monthly*, or rather we had better say the archbishop of the *Davidson See*, from whose sovereign authority there is no appeal, has issued the *writ* of *mandamus*, forbidding the further consideration of such questions in the columns of college journals so we will have to come down off our perch and in blind obedience to the edict of our sovereign tribunal go to peddling stale college jokes and "chestnuts," and occasionally administering a broken dose of college athletics. The Exchange editor of THE WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL took occasion in several issues of our magazine to express his regret at the general spirit of lawlessness which seemed to pervade our State and his sense of shame at the humiliation that the whole South sustained by the Corbett-Mitchell fight, but hereafter we will have to forego this privilege, as our dispenser of the new code is even more bitter against subjects of this character than he is against questions of finance, the tariff bill, etc. But seriously, friends of the editorial persuasion, is it not hard to be compelled to stand off and see our country go down into the very maelstrom of bankruptcy without permission to contribute our mite to its rescue, or even know the cause of its destruction, or worse yet, to see the strong arm of the law, to which we look as the very citadel of our strength and protection, withered and blasted by whiskey thugs and breeders of anarchy, and the fairest flower of the world's domain prostituted to an arena for the exhibition of brute force without even the privilege of raising our voices in protest? If these are not questions that should concern us most, then I am constrained to believe that patriotism is a wraith, and philanthropy a chimera and a snare. *The Monthly* speaks very glibly of students coming

from the reading room "bubbling over with news" and not taking any delight in editorials of the above named character; but then you know some people never "bubble" over with anything but superb cheek and monumental conceit.

The two last issues of the *Randolph Macon Monthly* have failed to reach us. This we regret, for *The Monthly* ranks peer to any of our exchanges, and we feel that we have missed a great deal in not being able to review the March and April numbers.

As Others See Us.

It is sometimes highly gratifying and encouraging to editors and students to know what others think of them, so we take occasion in this issue to publish a few testimonials clipped from our exchanges that the students and friends may know something of the esteem in which our journal is held by the college world.

The WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is of high literary merit. Many of the articles in the March issue show deep and mature thought. This paper is a credit to its editors.—*Mnemosynean.*

The WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL is growing into the dignity of a magazine. The last issue was a 64-page number.—*Onr Monthly.*

South Carolina's WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL has an able editor, whose editorials will repay the moments spent in reading them. From our humble sanctum we presume to recommend editorial writers to emulate the example of the editor just referred to.—*The Southern Collegian.*

The WOFFORD JOURNAL for March is quite full and interesting. Each department shows that its respective editor worked to make his especial field successful.—*Converse Concept.*

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - - Editor.

The Alumni Department of a college journal should be one its most interesting features. There is nothing pleasanter to an old graduate than to glance through the columns of his college paper and note the rise and progress of his old classmates. It recalls delightful memories of times gone by, and makes him almost wish himself a boy again. While it is not always possible to get accurate information in reference to the deeds and whereabouts of your Alumni, yet we feel that the work of the department has not been altogether without good results. It gives us pleasure to note all progress of the sons of Wofford, and we would feel grateful if our Alumni would assist by informing us of any items of interest in reference to themselves or their fellow-graduates.

Doctor Charles F. Smith, Profeesor of Greek at Vanderbilt University, has accepted a similar position at the University of Wisconsin. In losing Dr. Smith, Vanderbilt has lost one of her ablest men and it is with great regret that we see him severed from the cause of education in the South. But our loss is Wisconsin's gain, and we congratulate that University upon her securing the services of Dr. Smith. We wish him much success in his new field of labor.

Mr. Trimmier, Clerk of Court of this county, has recently visited Columbus, Miss., and reports a pleasant visit. In that city Rev. J. W. Roseborough, of the class of '73, is pastor of the leading Presbyterian church. Mr. Trimmier says that he heard only high compliments passed upon the work of this Alumnus of Wofford.

Mr. H. M. Lanham, of the class of '93, passed through Spartanburg last week en route for Texas. Since his graduation, Mr. Lanham has been pursuing his medical studies at Philadelphia, where he reports much success.

Mr. Walter Thomas, who spent some years with us at Wofford, has just completed his Pharmacutical course at Philadelphia with the degree of Ph. G. Mr. Thomas had the honor of being the class-poet, having been the only South Carolinian to hold that position. He will make Spartanburg his home for the present.

Wofford will be well represented at the General Conference. Of the clerical delegates, Doctors W. D. Kirkland, S. A. Weber, A. Coke Smith, Prof. J. C. Kilgo and Bishop W. W. Duncan are Wofford graduates. Dr. R. N. Wells was also a student at Wofford for a while. Of the lay delegates, Dr. H. Baer and H. H. Newton are alumni of Wofford.

Mr. Lewis C. Cannon is successfully mining gold in Union county near Glenn Springs.

Mr. A. M. Muckenfuss, '89, is now Prof. of Chemistry at Milsaps College, Jackson, Miss., where he gives great satisfaction. Mr. Muckenfuss, after leaving here, attended Johns Hopkins for two sessions where he took high rank in class. Milsaps is to be congratulated upon her success in securing his services as Professor of Chemistry.

Mr. P. P. Bethea is principal of a flourishing school in Marion County.

Mr. Hamer, who attended Wofford for two sessions, is farming near Marion.

Dr. R. D. Smart is now pastor of the first Methodist Church at Little Rock, Ark. Dr. Smart has just completed a series of revival services, in which he was assisted by Doctor Leftwich. Not only were sinners converted, but the spirtuality of the church was greatly deepened by the meetings.

W. T. Haynes, '93, is pursuing a post-graduate course at Vanderbilt University.

Rev. H. F. Chreitzberg, '73, is pastor of the First Methodist Church at Asheville, N. C.

Rev. W. R. Richardson of Trinity Church, Charleston, has just completed a series of revival services at which great results were accomplished.

R. E. Ware, '90, is principal of a high school in Marion county.

L. H. Smith is in charge of a flourishing school at Latta, Marion County.

Arthur Bethea is now bookkeeper for the firm of Holliday & Co., Marion, S. C.

We are glad to note that the Rev. J. Marion Rogers is improving.

C. A. Woods, '72, is the leader of the Marion bar.

From these few jots it will be seen that Wofford graduates are not without influence in the State. They are not only large in quantity but in quality as well. Alumni, why not rally around your Alma Mater and complete that endowment fund?

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

P. B. Wells, Pres't; W. L. Walker, Vice-P.; A. V. Harbin, 1st Critic;
M. C. Woods, Rec. Sec.; A. M. DuPre, Treas.;
W. C. Cannon, Librarian.

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY

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R. S. Truesdale, Cor. Sec.; O. D. Wannamaker, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

Hon. J. B. Cleveland, Pres.; Rev. J. C. Kilgo, 1st Vice-President;
Prof. D. A. DuPre, 2nd Vice-P.; J. K. Jennings, Sec. & Tres.
T. M. Raysor ('78), Orator for '94.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. H. N. Snyder, Mg'r.; W. L. Walker, Capt. Base Ball Team;
A. M. DuPre, Sec.; Frank Lander, Treas.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega; Pi Kappa Alpha; Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Psi. Kappa Sigma; Chi Phi;

W. Wm. Watson, Manager of Alumni Hall.
Smilie Taylor, Caterer of Wightman Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

FRANK LANDER, - - Editor.

The Recent Revival.

It is the usual practice for the pastor of Central Methodist Church to hold his annual revival services during the early spring so that Wofford men may have the advantages which such a season brings.

Never in the history of this generation of students, has there been such a powerful meeting in Spartanburg as this one through which we have just passed. The leading spirit of the day was Dr. Leftwich, of the Tennessee Conference.

This gentleman is a power. He stands erect and square shouldered, wears a beard tinged with shades of grey, has a piercing eye and as genial expression of countenance as one ever sees. The blood-curdling, sensational photographs of Hell, which some *evangelists* (heaven help the term) use so often are conspicuously absent from Dr. Leftwich's sermons. The Doctor realizes that when a sinner gets over his fright he often gets over his religious ideas and relapses, and so he talks—a man to men. His chief doctrine seems to be the moral responsibility of man to God, and argues religion as a duty with the policy idea clearly a secondary scheme.

The results of the meeting are an enlivening of religious enthusiasm in church members, a reclaiming of many backsliders and the salvation of many souls. Wofford men took an unusual interest in the series and those who have changed their style of life will be faithful to their vows, for there was no excitement or turmoil which could have influenced them. May they ever be true to the cause they have espoused and prove to the world that there is a reality in religion and that South Carolina manhood is not a joke!

Base ball business beginneth to boom. When the Spartanburg team crossed bats with Greenville on May 4th and 5th, Messrs. Dendy, Evans and W. L. Walker were on the list, and right nobly did they play. Dendy distinguished himself with his firm work in left field, two running catches being the most brilliant of the game. Evans easily won merited renown by his long running play in center, catching the ball as he jumped his length. Walker wondrously whirled the ball and with his awkward looking left arm delivery puzzled the last year champions and won the game of Saturday.

Wofford is justly proud of these gentlemen. Gus Chreitzburg's hand is fast improving and he will preside in the pitchers' place during the Spartanburg series of games May 8, 9, and 10.

Dr. James H. Carlisle and Prof. J. C. Kilgo are in Memphis, Tenn., delegates to the General Conference.

Mrs. Hodgdon, from Washington, is visiting her brother, Prof. D. B. Easter. We hope that the balmy breezes from the piny campus may be of great benefit to her and that she may make her stay in South Carolina sufficiently long to be convinced that this is the garden spot of the world.

Walks are being cleaned, campus trimmed up, lawns mown, flowers planted, trees pruned and things put in better shape generally, in view of the quickly coming commencement.

In the election for JOURNAL editors, Mr. Geo. R. Leonard was chosen Chief-editor; Messrs. S. H. McGhee and Wiggins from the Calhoun Society, Messrs. Shoemaker and Henderson from the Preston.

In the Calhoun Society, Mr. Paul Hardin is the Monthly Orator for May; he will be followed by Mr. Wolfe in June. The Prestons have chosen Mr. P. H. Stoll for their May orator.

Mr. James H. Carlisle, Jr., and his sister, Miss Sallie Carlisle, are attending the session of the General Conference with their father, Dr. James H. Carlisle.

Rev. James Kilgo was on the campus during April.

Hon. H. H. Newton, of Bennettsville, gave the college a flying visit as he came through en route to Memphis.

Prof. H. N. Snyder delivered an address before a Sunday School mass meeting at Griers on Saturday, May 5, 1894.

Rev. Paul V. Bomar, pastor of the Baptist church at Versailles, Ky., was in the city on a visit to his father and family.

Class Day at Converse.

The morning of April 21st dawned fair and bright and soon the leaves on the Converse campus just peeping from the late budding trees whispered among themselves with faint rustlings, "Why come so many people here? And what does all this mean?" But soon the curiosity of the leaves and the waiting eyes of the assembly gathered around the college walls were satisfied, for about ten o'clock, a bright phalanx of gaily-robed maidens marched in military step from the great door of the main hall of the college. In this march each class (its members dressed in Grecian robes of their respective organization colors,) was a distinct body which was

led by its standard bearer, holding aloft her class banner and just behind her walked the president of the organization, and then the other members followed in double file. After some graceful marching, the whole body surrounded the tree to be planted by the Junior class, after which an ode was delivered by that one of the Juniors who had been elected to do so. Then the class sang a song, a planting song, joining hands round the tree, and when this was done, the members alternately sprinkled water and earth over the roots of their tree, thus closing the Junior exercises.

Marching hence to the Senior tree, to strains of martial music, the whole body was formed into circles around it. An address of welcome was delivered, and the Senior tree was presented by an appropriate speech to Mr. Converse,—whose name the college bears. Then came the burning of the Senior class emblems and thus its duties and responsibilities.

When these exercise were concluded, the college yell, "Io! Io! Io! Converse!" was enthusiastically given by all the college girls.

The children of the Kindergarten department pleased every one by the cleverness and agility they displayed in winding the May-pole, and their dance was pretty and graceful.

The campus exercises now being over, the bright column moved into the college again and was swallowed up by the great door that had an hour before opened for it to pass out.

The Converse Reception.

Class Day was celebrated at Converse College, April 21st, with tasty and imposing ceremonies. We chime in with the editor of the *Concept* in saying, "The crowning event of the day was the Junior reception, given to the Seniors that evening at 8:30, in the college parlors." To say that the reception was a success very inade-

quately expresses it. Nothing was spared to make the evening a pleasant and enjoyable one to the guests. The Senior class of Wofford College consider themselves highly complimented, as they were the only invited guests, with the exception of those who were officially or otherwise connected with the institution; and we shall always indulge it as a grateful recollection that we had an opportunity to come in touch and pulse with the fair ones of our sister college. We feel that we know each other better. All estrangement, if any existed, vanished amid the sweet aroma of flowers and resonance of gentle voices, mingled with the merry laughter of those, whom men call fair. The memories of this delightful occasion and of those who so kindly entertained us will linger with us long after we shall have ceased our connection with Wofford College as one of the most pleasant recollections of our college course.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

The Sophomore Exhibition.

It was on Friday evening, May 11, 1894, that the college community and many friends from town and many from Converse assembled in the chapel to hear the stirring eloquence of the six Sophomores who were chosen by their class as the best speakers of '96.

This is the program of the occasion:

R. E. Copes, Orangeburg, S. C.—Our Country—Past and Present.

W. B. Evans, Marion, S. C.—Let the Dead Past Bury its Dead.

G. M. Moore, Greenwood, S. C.—Execution of Montrose.

J. R. Clyde, Marion, S. C.—Death of Henry Clay.

A. E. Holler, Rock Hill, S. C.—Euology on Philadelphia.

P. H. Stoll, Ninety-Six, S. C.—Our Opportunities.

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RECEPTION COMMITTEE:

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C. H. Barber,	E. L. Ray,
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RECEPTION 10 TO 12.

The gentlemen who spoke did so gracefully and forcefully. Not a break or halt could be seen in the delivery of a single speech—all the men did honor to themselves and reflected credit upon their class. The audience was highly appreciative of the efforts of these young Ciceros and perfect attention (an attribute not universal of a Spartanburg audience) was shown them.

The ladies from Converse College pulled the Reception out of the accustomed mire and by the help of the chaperons a real nice time was enjoyed.

The efficient service of Mrs. Warren DuPre and Mrs. J. A. Gamewell must needs be noted officially as contributing largely to the success of the Reception.

The music, hitherto furnished by the old "aggregation of gin-saws," proved to be most delightfully given by *Spartanburg Sextette.*

The gentlemen who compose this association are each skilled musicians, and the blare of trumpets so terrible in many brass bands gave place to delightful harmonies, softly rendered and pleasing. The Local Department hopes that the Reception Committee will consider the claims of this organization as they select the music for Commencement.

At twelve o'clock the bell struck, the reception closed, the many maidens found their ways home escorted by the chivalry of Wofford—the lights go out and soon the campus, but lately alive with the hum of many voices

now is silent and deserted. We will long remember the Sophs of '94 and thank Chief Simpson for his fine management of the company.

We are indebted to Miss Virginia Walker, of Converse College, for the article entitled "Class Day at Converse." Our official thanks are hers.

On Saturday. May 12, the Seniors took their annual excursion through Spartanburg County, in quest of rocks and gold. We left early in the morning and touched at Clifton, Glendale, Glenn Springs, Thompson Mine and then our route was homeward. The trip was enjoyed by us all and although the fifty miles of buggy travel somewhat stiffened our limbs, yet we are ready to go again if it were possible. The most interesting feature of the trip was the visit to the Thompson mine. Through the kindness of Mr. Louis Cannon we were allowed to examine the plant of the Company, and he kindly showed us all the process of obtaining the gold from the ore· At Glenn Springs at about three o'clock the entire class discovered marked examples of apatite. We got home late and got up next day still later but we saw many things which made us surer than before that our Geology and Mineralogy were not studied in vain.

Mr. Fuller Fooshe ('97) has been obliged to leave school on account of sickness and cannot return befere next year.

Fitting School Locals.

It seems hard to settle down to regular work again after the meeting; however, our Professors did not let us forget that we were at school.

Mr. Rushton fills the president's chair in the Legare Society for the last term in this session, and Mr. Craven in the Simms.

Desiring that their members should have physical improvement as well as intellectual culture, the Simms and Legare Societies have purchased a tennis set, and base ball seems to have been forgotten in the enjoyment of this game.

The effect of Dr. Leftwich's meeting was seen in the Y. M. C. A. prayer meeting Sunday morning. Much interest was manifested, and several were enrolled as active members.

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

W. WM. WATSON, - - - Editor.

The Reconstruction Era in South Carolina.

South Carolina, perhaps, has been worse misrepresented and her history more wantonly perverted by alien quasi historians than any other State in the Union, and if I accomplish no more by this sketch, which at best will be imperfect, than to relieve the minds of my readers of any false, slanderous impressions that may have been made, and clear away the shadows of odium that have gathered about our State by reason of unfriendly and uninformed historians, I shall be satisfied with my undertaking and feel that my efforts have been amply rewarded.

Our history has been a "constant and expanding miracle" from its incipiency; from the times when the silence and solitude of the primeval forest were only broken by the war whoop of the savage and the ominous echo of the wild beast in quest of food, to the present day. Our citizenship is the joint product of two of the greatest nationalities that have ever impressed themselves upon the world. By a blending of the French Huguenot and English Cavalier, uniting the stoical piety of the one with the epicurean excesses of the other, losing in the product the foibles of either and preserving the virtues of both, there has come forth a brave and chivalrous people, who for unbridled hospitality, dauntless cour-

age and unbounded patriotism the world acknowledges no superior. It is to this source that we trace our ancestry, and from this union have sprung the men who built our institutions and gave history to our country. No people were quicker to resent an imposition and on the other hand, none were more ready to make honorable amends for any wrong or grievance which they might haveoffered than those of whom I speak. The great principles of independence, the right of the people to rule, and the sovereignty of the State are as old and time-honored as the State itself. To say that the doctrine of State Rights, which attracted such wide attention about the middle of the nineteenth century, was a machination of an ungenerous people and designing politicians, engendered and engineered for the sole purpose of fostering and perpetuating the institution of slavery, is to do violence to history and withhold justice from our brave and honest fathers.

A very apt illustration of this spirit was exemplified in 1677, fifty-five years before the twin provinces were separated into North and South Carolina and one hundred years before the American Revolution, when one John Culpepper, Surveyor General of a little province in Albemarle, in opposition to a tax of two pence imposed by the British government on each pound of tobacco not shipped into the ports of England, (which was evidently designed to give England a monopoly on all the tobacco of the American Colonies,) martialed his forces, seized the collector, Miller, looted all the money that he had collected as revenue, and confiscated it to the peace and prosperity of his little sovereignty.

Numerous examples might be cited to show with what bitter tenacity our fathers clung to their civil rights and how sacredly they guarded the threshhold of their independence, but the facts are too familiar to all students of our history to necessitate my relating them here. Suffice it to say that the great principles of which I have spoken were born with our pioneer progenitors, instilled in their posterity, and have been transmitted to us, undiminished by time and untarnished by circumstance,

and to-day in the fast-fading twilight of the nineteenth century, we hug them to our bosoms as the only impregnable safeguard against the invasion of our civil and religious liberties.

Our Palmetto State is famous in song and story as the cradle of liberty—the home of Marion, Sumter, Hayne and Calhoun—first always in war and in peace since the Huguenot and Cavalier founded our commonwealth and tided it over the trials and vicissitudes of many generations. It was in Charleston, S. C., under a large oak tree which was ever afterwards known as the Liberty Tree, that the first American convention met to declare themselves independent from British rule. It was under this celebrated Liberty Tree that Christopher Gadsden, just after the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act had reached Charleston and the whole community was wild with enthusiasm at the event, privately called a few of his friends together and drew their attention to the preamble of the act and assured them that they had no cause to rejoice over an act that still gave Great Britain absolute dominion over them, and urged upon them not to relax their opposition or indulge the idle hope that Great Britain would relinquish her claims upon them. The whole proceedings of this meeting were silent and impressive, and with linked hands and determined expressions they pledged their faith to resist to the bitter end, which pledge was fully redeemed when the great crisis of trial came. When the history of our country is told with truth the heroic sons of Carolina's soil will be accorded the peerless honor of being the first to declare their independence, which they solemnly pledged their faith to achieve or die in the effort, and the first to send assistance to their neighbors of Massachusetts when the hour of trial and need arrived. But as pleasant and inspiring as it may be to indulge in reminiscences of our Revolutionary fathers, I must forbear at present, for it is another period of our history, that I am chiefly to write now.

Less than a century had rolled its length after the American Revolution, in which South Carolina and Massachusetts fought shoulder to shoulder and with

hand locked in hand against a common foe, and to achieve a common interest, when these same two states were separated by an "irrepressible difference," and standing in menacing attitude to each other, with bayonet in hand, breathing out mutterings of hostility over an institution, for the initiation and fostering of which they were both equally responsible. In 1861 the dusky clouds of war were gathering thick and fast about them, and the Southern boys in response to duty's call donned their suit of gray and hurried off to the fields of old Virginia, and there yielded up their premature lives and filled a soldier's grave for a cause, which they thought to be just and right; For four long years a mere handful of Southern boys held in abeyance the myriad forces of Northern soldiery, backed by the sentiment of the world, and, when at last overpowered by an almost innumberable strength of number they had seen the last ray of hope go down in darkness, they turned their battle-stained faces longingly to their desolate and war-wasted homes and took up their weary march, one of them saying as he buttoned up his faded gray jacket, "I will go home, see my wife and child, raise me a crop, and, if the Yankees fool with me, I will whip them again."

In speaking of the reconstruction of the Southern States I deem it neither necessary nor pertinent to argue the original question, whether or not a State had the right under the constitution to secede. I am willing in this discussion to grant that this question was settled at Appomattox by the arbitrament of war, the highest tribunal to which human differences and human grievances can appeal for justice and redress, but I will offer a few thoughts on the legality of the acts of reconstruction in 1867, which led to the complete prostitution and wreck of the whole South. The secessionists claimed, and on this claim they staked their all, that by repealing the ordinances of the conventions by which they accepted the constitution they had a legal right to secede from the Union. The Unionists on the other hand said, "No, your ordinances of repeal are void, and any attempt to maintain the validity of them by force is sim-

ply rebellion and insurrection, which we are bound by the constitution to suppress;" which idea triumphed after four years of bloody war, in which thousands of valuable lives were lost, besides the countless woes and untold misery that were entailed upon our country. There were only two ways by which the Southern States could secede, one was by the repeal of the ordinances of their conventions which inducted them into the Union, the other was by force of arms, and, when the legality of the one was denied, and the other was defeated by the sword, the only right and logical conclusion to be drawn is that the States were still in the Union, subject to all the demands and entitled to all the privileges of the Federal Constitution. When Lee laid down his sword the Union idea had been victorious and the Federal Constitution was not in the slightest degree altered, nor were the relations and obligations of the Confederate States in any way modified or diminished. Nowhere was this idea more clearly set forth than in the language of Judge Sprague, of Massachusetts, when he declared, "The nation requires no new sovereignty by making conquest of its own territory in order to quell an insurrection or suppress hostilities, but merely maintains its previous rights and regains possession of that, of which it had been temporarily deprived." This declaration from the Federal Court being true, and I am constrained to believe that no one will deny it, what else was there to be done by the insurgent States but to take the oath of allegiance and give their ancient laws their accustomed sway,—subject in the language of Justice Nelson, "only to the new organization, by the appointment of proper officers to give them operation and effect."

This was evidently Mr. Lincoln's plan of reconstruction, for he reiterated in his last message to Congress, the same memorable expression that he had so often uttered before, that "The war will cease on the part of the government, whenever it shall have ceased on the part of those who began it." Mr. Lincon in all his utterances showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that he would be a party to no scheme designed to plunder and prostitute

the South. But the lips that gave expression to such noble sentiments were silent in death and his words had lost their influence. A man of less executive ability and less power of conciliation had taken his place. It is but justice to Mr. Johnson, however, to say that in all his actions he showed himself friendly to the Confederate people, and endeavored with all his power to carry out the plans inaugurated by Mr. Lincoln, for the reconstruction of the Confederate States, but the blood hounds of New England, led by Charles Sumner and Thad Stevens, thirsting for the crimson gore of Southern heroism, antagonized him on every hand and thwarted the plans of their great leader. Notwithstanding every Confederate soldier had grounded his arms, and accepted in good faith the fate of the war and peace was reigning throughout the South, and in spite of Mr. Lincoln's often repeated statement, that "they (the Confederate States) can at any moment have peace, simply by laying down their arms and submitting themselves to the national authority under the Constitution," Congress in 1867 solemnly declared that the war was not over, by passing an act by which the Southern States were to be divided into military districts and placed under martial law, until loyal and republican state governments could be legally established, and these military officers, the most infamous set of scoundrels that ever plundered a helpless people, were to exercise absolute power over life, liberty and property until these new acts of reconstruction were carried out, which acts declared null and void all state governments then in operation, extended the elective franchise to the negro and disfranchised all who had held office under the Confederate government, thus excluding those men, whose service was so much needed in such a crisis, and further provided for the calling of conventions and the adoption of constitutions, the conditions of which were to be dictated by the Federal Legislature.

Under this provision of the reconstruction acts of Congress, enacted March 23rd, 1867, authorizing the Southern States to call conventions for the purpose of framing

and ratifying constitutions, South Carolina proceeded to elect delegates to meet in convention at Charleston, Jan., 1868. This convention, according to the statement of Hon. J. J. Hemphill, who is most excellent authority, and to whom I am indebted largely for my information, was composed of "Northern adventurers, Southern renegades and ignorant negroes," and the constitution, which was adopted in April, 1868, was framed and voted on by negroes, to whom the right of suffrage had never been extended, either by the State or the Federal Constitution; for the fifteenth amendment of the Federal Constitution, which confers the election franchise on the negro, was not ratified until two years afterwards. The Governor of our State at this time was the Hon. James L. Orr, of Anderson, S. C., a man of eminent ability and sterling integrity, who afterwards held high official positions in the Republican ranks. Governor Orr, like a great many other good conservative men, thought that it would be wiser and better for the State to join in with the Republicans, and try to purify them, but he afterwards very wittily remarked that he had no idea how much dirt a man would have to eat to do it.

After the Constitution had been adopted, the Republican party immediately entered into an election for Governor, which resulted in the election of one R. K. Scott, of Ohio, who was at that time a resident of this State by reason of his connection with the Freedmen's Bureau, an institution that benefitted nobody, except to furnish lucrative position for political henchmen and alien office seekers. The first General Assembly that met under the new Constitution was composed of 72 whites and 85 negroes, there being in both the House and Senate only 21 Democrats, the remaining 136 being Republicans. The speaker of the House of Republicans was F. J. Moses, a native of this State and a man, whose character was subsequently characterized by Gov. Chamberlain in a letter to President Grant in the following language; "Unless the entirely universal opinion of all who are familiar with his career, is mistaken, he (Moses) is as infamous a character as ever in any age disgraced and

prostituted public position." With the inauguration of Scott and the meeting of this dusky, mongrel Legislature, there began a reign of extravagance, profligacy and debauchery, that continued without an interval throughout the eight years of Republican rule—completely demorilizing our citizens. and plunging our government into a state of bankruptcy from which it has never been able to entirely recover.

I have neither the time nor the disposition to follow out this dark blot upon our history in all its horrible disgusting details, but shall content myself by calling attention to a few of the most indiscreet and pernicious measures enacted by the General Assembly, and some of the flagrant abuses of power and public robbery by the State officials during this period, without attempting to be accurate in the point of chronology. One of the first measures enacted by this hybrid Legislature was called the Civil Rights Bill, the provisions of which entitled the newly emancipated slave to all the rights and privileges on the railroad, at the theater and in all public places of his former master, and the act further provided that, if these rights were alleged to be denied to the negro by the white man, (and the strength of this denial was to be based entilrely on the accusation of the negro himself,) the burden of proof should be on the defendant, thus averting and putting to naught the long-established custom that a man should be considered innocent until he was proven guilty, and subjecting innocent men to the punishment of heavy fines and penalties on the mere accusation of an ignorant and irresponsible negro, without a scintilla of proof from any witnesses.

It does not take a wisdom of a Solon or the foresight of a prophet to judge and predict the inevitable result of such illicit and ill-designed legislation. The most peaceable and law-abiding citizens began to feel a sense of insecurity. They saw that the very law to which they looked for protection of life and property, was hostile to them. The negroes soon became lazy and insolent and under such circumstances it is no wonder that Anglo-Saxon blood sought to protect itself. Anarchy reigned

supreme, mobs and bloody riots were of frequent occurrence. Women were insulted in public places by bands of insolent negroes. The law was throttled and rendered ineffective by criminals sitting in the highest chambers of power, instead of standing in the dock.

Near Newberry C. H. is a simple, neglected grave that tells the heroic story of a brave Texan boy who was brutally and ruthlessly murdered far away from home, while rushing into a train to protect some helpless women from the violence and insults of a negro mob. The citizens of Newberry have been criminally unkind and thoughtless of this martyr boy of the "Lone Star" in allowing his grave to remain without a single stone to mark his absence. If they would preserve their self-respect, let them yet, at this late day, erect some simple memorial to his martyrdom, with proper inscriptions to tell future generations the story of this brave son, who gave his life a sacrifice to defend Carolina's women. *

Another question, to which the Legislature was directed during Scott's first administration, was the creation of a land commission, designed to provide homes for the homeless negroes, which was a very laudable object if it had been properly carried out, but let us see what was the result. From official sources it appears that $802,137,44 was spent by this commission for 112,404 acres of land, the greater part of which was so utterly worthless that in the language of Mr. Hemphill, "to have supported one able-bodied freedman would have been regarded as the greatest of agricultural achievements." In 1869, when Scott's first term was about to expire and he began to get alarmed about his chances for re-election, he set himself about with all his evil ingenuity to intimidate his opponents and keep them away from the precincts. In order to accomplish this end, he introduced into the General Assembly a bill to provide for the reorganization of the State Militia, and the act further provided that no military companies

* In 1890 the people of Newberry erected a monument to the soldier referred to. Nearly all the sum expended, about $300, was raised by the efforts of one of the local newspapers.—Editor.

should be framed for the purpose of exercise in the manual of arms. Under this act, Gov. Scott refused to grant a commission to any but negro companies, all white companies were immediately ordered to disband and surrender their arms. Gov. Scott then had 96,000 negroes enrolled throughout the State into military companies; armed with Winchester Rifles, the cost of which was charged up to the State at $250,000, besides he spent $374,000 of the State's money in his canvass. But the greatest frauds were practiced under the shadow of the State House itself, to which we look as the citadel of our protection and the fountain of justice. When the Republicans came into power they proceeded to refurnish the State House at the modest and moderate expense of $95,000. It has recently been nicely furnished anew at an expense of $3,061. The whole amount paid out for furniture during Scott's administration was over $200,000. It was afterwards investigated when the Democrats came into power, and found that there was only $17,000 worth remaining in the State House, appraised at the prices originally charged for it. There was another item of considerable expense under the somewhat indefinite head of "supplies, sundries and incidentals," which sucked from the public pap during one session of the Legislature more than $350,000, of this amount, however, $125,000 was spent in a whiskey and cigar saloon in one end of the Capitol, where the mongrel officers and their political "heelers" drank and smoked at the expense of the tax-payer.

But nowhere was rottenness more rampant and public robbery more unrestrained than in the management of the public printing. The whole cost of the public printing in this State for the 8 years of negro rule was $1,326,589. The total cost for the 78 years previous had been $609,000 thus giving a cost of 8 years of reconstruction over 78 years previous the sum of $717,589, but figures grow dull and the reader is tempted to turn away in a frenzy of rage and indignation. The facts, however, are even worse than I have told you, when from public sources it is found that the taxable value of our property

reduced in 4 years from $489,000,000, to $183,960,000; and while the property of the State had been reduced to a little over one-third of its former amount, the taxes in the same period had been increased five hundred per cent. and that, while during this period no public works of any importance had been done, our State debt had increased $13,000,000, which represented nothing but unnessary extravagance and unmittigated theft, is it any wonder that our sensibilitie grows weary and our minds turn away in a frenzy of disgust? This is somewhat imperfectly the status of our State during the dark days of reconstruction. Criminals and robbers sat in the high chambers of power, ignorant negroes held by executive appointment jurisdiction over liberty and property, and any two of them could grant the writ of *habeas corpus* as effectually as a Justice of the Supreme Court. Gov. Chamberlain, in 1875 said in an interview with a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* that there were actually two hundred trial justices in this State, who could neither read nor write the English langauge, when he entered upon his duties as Governor. Moses' administration differed from that of Scott's in its general system of extravagance and robbery only in the extent, to which time gave him opportunity to exhibit his schemes of embezzlement and pillage of the public funds.

Governor Cbamberlain, the successor of the infamous Moses, was a man of much higher character and of more conservative views than either of his carpet-bag predecessors. He talked reform from the beginning of his administration, and by a wise, judicious course achieved some marked reforms in public expenditures and succeeded to some extent in creating a sense of security in the public mind and allaying the hostility between the races, but those associated with him in power were of the baser sort, a set of scoundrelly, thievish villains, whose political life depended upon the keeping alive of race antagonism; consequently all Governor Chamberlain's talk of reform was bound to meet with a clash between the executive and the other branches of the gov-

ernment and his efforts to check robbery and profligacy in public places and restore peace and confidence in the public mind were doomed to meet with dismal failure. By '76 the civilization of the once proud Palmetto State had become notorious among English-speaking people for its corruption and debauchery in high places and general system of robbery practiced by State officers. While Governor Chamberlain bent all his efforts to effect reform and redress in the wanton extravagance of public funds, and the universal prostitution of official power; yet it was soon evident that his environments were too strong for him and that he had lost absolute control of his own party. But the securities and liberties of our people were to be trifled with and their murmurings lulled to silence no longer. That grim Puritan spirit that never quailed under threat or blow, had lain like a slumbering volcano long enough, the day of deliverance was near at hand, the sons of that dauntless heroism that made South Carolina matchless among States during the seven years of Revolution began to assert their rights, and when at last in hopeless despair of ever getting any relief from the voracious gang who then sat in our State House, they rose up with all the ancient grandeur and majesty of their Revolutionary sires, and swept out of power that infamous horde of vultures that had been preying for eight years upon the very citadel of our freedom and protection at the expense of a country's woe, and placed in their stead a set of able, honest and fearless men. Since '76 our State has enjoyed an era of unwonted prosperity in the development of all the branches of its industries and resources and in the honest and economic administration of governmental affairs, and, in a comparatively large measure, peace and contentment have reigned supreme throughout the length and breadth of Carolina's soil.

If circumstances would warrant the undertaking I should like to speak somewhat at length and in detail of the management and manipulations of the Democratic party during the exciting campaign of '76, when it looked at every moment as if our country would be

drenched with human blood, and of those men who stood like giant sentinels to duty during the days that tried men's souls when right and liberty were struggling for mastery and supremacy against governmental rottenness and the relentless manacles of negro tyranny. There is history just here that ought to be preserved. Especially does the obligation rest imperative with the people of South Carolina to keep correct annals of these times on account of the peculiar relations that they have always borne towards the Union, Our Palmetto State bore more than its share of the burdens and disasters of the Revolution, and the same spirit of independence that actuated our fathers to crush British domination under the rumbling wheels of artillery led to the secession of South Carolina and the Confederacy of the Southern States. The Confederacy perished, the bright hopes of the apostles of secession went down in darkness and despair, and as it is against the spirit of history to be just and fair to the conquered, it is imperatively necessary that we should throw around our people the impregnable and indestructible bulwark of recorded truth, that future generations may read and learn with verity something of the matchless glory and heroic worth of those men who for four years bore aloft the bonny flag of Southern hopes and endured with the same intrepid spirit the direful disasters of a false and chimerical reconstruction. But as my paper has already extended itself beyond its original limits, I will leave this work to other and perhaps more competent hands. But before dismissing this subject with its shocking accounts of reconstruction, I wish to say that I am no pessimist as to the future of our State. I have an abiding faith in the wisdom of the Puritan and Cavalier to foster and maintain a high and lasting civilization. I believe that an era of dazzling greatness will soon dawn upon our horizon, and ere the last shades of the nineteenth century shall have gathered about us, the bickerings of disappointed demagogues and Shylocks will have perished with the sordid motives that gave them existence, and as the beacon light of the twentieth century hurries to

announce its approach, it will scatter its flood of light over a civilization that will rival the Utopian dreams of old or prosperity in its borders and contentment among its people. WADDY T. DUNCAN.

Slavery In South Carolina.

In 1669 there set sail from England two ships loaded with emigrants, under the direction of William Sayle, to settle the province of South Carolina. Arriving in 1670 a settlement was begun at Port Royal, with, perhaps, two hundred inhabitants, but owing to trouble from the Spanish colonies who had settled to the south of them, and to better pasture lands on the Ashley river, they removed in 1671 to the west side of this river, and there commenced a settlement, which they called Charles Town in honor of King Charles. In 1679 they again moved under the direction of the land proprietors to Oyster Point, where the foundations of the present city, Charleston, were laid.

But meanwhile William Sayle's body had been consigned to the dust from whence it came. Joseph West had been appointed Governor and Sir John Yeamans, claiming the gubernatorial chair, had arrived from Barbadoes with a few negro slaves, whom he put to work on his plantation on the Ashley river. This occurring in 1671 or 1672, as some historians say, was the beginning of the institution of slavery in South Carolina, which caused so much of the enmity between the North and South. In the hot days of 1860 from which the two sections of country, have not yet fully recovered and led Carolina's noblest sons to shed many a drop of precious blood.

Thus almost coeval with the first settlement of South Carolina, slavery was begun and found very profitable on the rice plantations, as the slaves were accustomed to the climate and could endure hard work and live on

but little nourishment. So rapidly were they imported from Africa and her surrounding islands, that in a few years they almost outnumbered the whites two to one. The dismal swamps of the Ashley and Cooper were soon converted into fields of luxuriant rice; and instead of the moan of the owl and the cry of the panther, the song and whistle of the negro echoed and re-echoed over hill and valley. Unaccustomed to manual labor and the scorching rays of the sun, the colonists did but little work, but made their slaves work for them while they figured in politics and government.

No sooner was slavery found profitable than many went into the slave traffic, both from America and England. Dutch merchants of New York captured often by force the poor negroes of Africa and bringing them to the Carolinas sold them as slaves. Traders also from England capturing them by stealth sold them to the colonists often for paltry sums of money. At first the colonists only expected to keep them until they could get the value of their money out ot them, but the temptation was too great and laws in which the absolute obedience and non-resistance of the slaves were the fundamental principles were enacted.

As the negroes were very ignorant and uncivilized, the colonists took advantage of this, saying that to enslave them would be to christianize and civilize them—a good policy indeed, for undoubtedly the Carolina negroes of to-day owe their civilization and christianity to the influence of our forefathers. It may seem wrong to have taken them by stealth from their native land and enslaved them, but may this not have been the way through the Providence of God in which they were to be christianized? But however this may be, they were enslaved and many became Christians, and to-day they are in a scale of civilization which far surpasses many of those who once surpassed them.

As already stated, inured to savage life and the hot sun, they made good slaves and brought their masters great gain. Each master had his own plantation and slaves who had to work a certain number of hours each

day. But though they were compelled, with lash if necessary, to work, yet they were well fed and clothed, and it is to the credit of South Carolina that she treated her slaves more respectfully and gentlemanly-like than any other slave-holding State. The masters never forgot that they were human beings, created in the image of God, though they were sometimes cowhided and made to suffer in various other ways. Their ignorance and barbarity were evident, and it was to the interest of the masters to teach them the Gospel, since it made them better servants and more obedient.

In the southern part of the State farming was very extensive and large plantations were to be seen at every hand on which slaves with their overseers worked all the year long, the owners only visiting the plantations once or twice a year as occasion demanded. The size of the farm was proportionate to the number of negroes, each being required to make at least five bales of cotton, besides rice and other products in proportion. The negroes lived in little log huts well ventilated and with big fire-places, as they seemed to thrive better in such than in framed buildings. At the sound of the bugle at a certain hour each morning they had to rise and get ready for the day's work. Soon they were in the fields and with songs of glee they learned to wield the axe and hoe and guide the plow and reap the teaming fields, bringing countless sheaves and supplying thousands of looms with silk-like cotton.

"The weed's soft influence, too, their hands prepared,
That soothes the beggar's grief, the monarch's care,
Cheers the lone scholar at his midnight work,
Subdues alike the Russian and the Turk,
The saint beguiles, the heart of toil revives,
Ennui itself of half its gloom deprives,
In fragrant clouds involves the learned and great,
In golden boxes helps the toils of State,
And with strange magic and mysterious charm,
Hunger can stay and bores and duns disarm."

If they failed to make the required amount the masters thought they were broken and it may be that the poor negroes had to suffer the result of a bad crop year

when they had done all they could. But being well clothed and fed they were as happy as need be and sang of their master as the hero of some great strife. From morn till dewy eve they ceased not to guide the plough and wield the hoe, but when noon came all labor was forgotten and to a bountiful repast they repaired. After dinner they rested an hour or two either in sleeping or in harmless sport, and then to the field again they went where until sunset and sometimes later they continued to toil, the mellow sand yielding to the sturdy plough and the rocks crying out beneath the stroke of the hoe. About sunset there often went up from the fields the sound of many voices making melody in the air that with Orpheus of old soothed the way-worn traveler and charmed the beasts of the fields. Methinks it would have reminded one of the holy angels as they sang of the Babe of Bethlehem, or as they praised God when on the Isle of Patmos John received the great Revelation. During November's airy nights crowds of them would often gather around their master's barn and shuck his corn, amid laughter and songs of the "little brown jug," as it was passed around. Thus from house to house they went, having a happy time and making the barn-yards ring with innocent songs. The old time log-rollings were also pleasant times with them, for there they vied with each other as to their manhood. He who pulled down the greatest number of men was considered the hero of the occasion and of him the others boasted.

After eight o'clock in the evening they were not allowed to be strolling about without a permit from their masters, the violation of which was imprisonment until their masters could get them out, the fee being fifty cents. This was to prevent the slaves from running away and being in the noise and confusion of the street and highways. To this was due to a great extent the absence of mobs among the slaves. When they did escape, trying to shun cruel treatment, they were soon captured by the patrollers, men employed by the State for the purpose, who returned them, shamefully treated, to their masters. I have often heard the old negroes

speak of these men with their blood hounds, and tell how the slaves feared them. They would not travel alone at night when they knew that the patrollers were in the neighborhood.

When they refused to work and were disobedient, they were punished at the whipping-post and sometimes, I am sorry to say, unmercifully. The whip was laid to their naked backs until the blood often gushed forth at every stroke, and even when they had christian masters was this often the case, for in their absence the overseers did not care how they treated the poor darikes. The innocent too often suffered with the guilty and too often both alike had no way of revenge, for the courts refused to hear them only as witnesses and that not against their own masters and they could not enter suit against any white man. However treated, they had to endure it. In the extreme case of murder they were at times heard and the case is on record of two white men being hung for killing a negro who was attempting an escape from his master. In case of negro killing negro the masters punished the murderer in such way as they thought best. But notwithstanding all this they were always cheerful and gay, and even to-day I have often heard the survivors of those times say they fared better then than now, for they always had a home and plenty to eat and wear, and were not concerned about the responsibilities of life. Of course there may have been a few exceptions. In sickness the physician was at hand and they had no bills to pay. Nurses waited on them and often the mistress of the home soothed their aching pains with her gentle touch and kind words. They were told of Jesus and his love, which they delighted to hear, and in Him they put their trust. The old and feeble were taken care of as a child, and when death came, they were neatly laid away to await the resurrection morn.

All legal holidays were given to them, which they spent as they desired, either in hunting or fishing or some other innocent sport. They often congregated in the woods and old fields where they spent the day very

pleasantly in their way. On Sunday a few went to church but the majority roamed the woods in search of wild flowers and sometimes hunting, as they knew no better, not remembering the Sabbath day to keep it holy. While this is true, there was also another feature of their social life which was very dark indeed, I mean the practice of adultery. True, they had some kind of a marriage ceremony often performed by the master, yet chaste life was very rare and the masters cared but little as it was to their advantage. Their marriage was not permanent and polygamy was practical to some extent. The children were taken care of by the masters as it was to their interest, since they were valuable property and at the age of maturity would be more valuable.

So much for the field slaves. The household slaves were the the servants of the home. They prepared the meals, kept the house neat and in order, and attended to all the household duties. Being in contact with mistress and master so much they were often very intelligent and knew the skill of a few of the arts and sciences. They were obedient, often kept the keys to private rooms and knew of their master's secrets. They acted as attendants when their masters journeyed and when neighbors were invited to a repast they served; such scenes would have reminded one of ancient Greece where banquets and wine feasts were numerous. The masters' children were nursed by them and they loved them almost with a mother's love. Neatly dressed they were often seen with the children strolling about in the old fields in search of flowers and beside the still waters in search of a refreshing drink. At fountains and springs the children gathered to enjoy the balmy breezes with no one to watch over and care for them but the slaves. But while they were thus trusted the masters often repented too late over some calamity brought upon them by them. Poisonous herbs sometimes crowned the table-board and strychnine or someother poisonous drug in the cup brought death to a member of a family whom the slaves did not like very well. By them secrets were often revealed and false reports circulated. Coming in contact with fellow

slaves on holidays and on Sundays especially, insurrections were sometimes raised, and it was with much difficulty that they were quelled. Especially was this the case in 1737 during governor Bull's term of office. Instigated by a few slaves and encouraged by the Spaniards to escape the bands of slavery by coming to them a small band of negroes one Sunday began a raid, compelling all slaves with whom they came in contact to unite with them until an entire community was roused to action and the raiders put down and sent home with the necessary punishment. House after house was burned, and several murders occurred before the insurrection could be quelled. Often did such rebellions take place, and it was only at the cost of blood that they were quieted.

Another cause of these disturbances was that our Northern friends sent negro preachers and speakers into the state to make the slaves believe they were being treated unjustly and that they should rise up and demand their freedom. Papers and letters were also circulated among them for this same purpose. Having kidnapped the poor Africans they sold them to our parents and grand-parents, and rose up and demanded their freedom because they could not utilize slaves of the South, and then "thanked God that they were not as other men are, extortioners, adulterers, etc." These slaves having access to all the house and its contents, they understood the use of artillery and cutting utensils; hence when an insurrrection occurred it was with great difficulty that it was put down.

In homes of smaller plantations and less wealth the slaves were happier, for they were treated like children, more like human beings. They were allowed small fields and garden spots to themselves and parts of every Saturday to work them. What they made was theirs, and when gathered their masters went to the markets with them and saw that they received the value of their products. They often planted melon patches and with their masters went to the market and sold them, coming home with a pocket full of change. The negro women

were allowed to take in washing and cultivate garden spots, making use as they saw fit of the proceeds of their labor. Even the masters sometimes borrowed money from them and paid them legal interest. A slave who had thus accumulated a small fortune, was once asked why she did not buy her freedom, to which she replied, I am well satisfied, and do not want freedom, for if I were free then the cares of this life would fall upon me and I would die without a friend to place a rose on my grave. Such was slave life in the greater part of the state and how much better they fared then than now.

On Sunday they were often to be seen on their way to the church to hear the man of God preach, and the children neatly dressed, sometimes in silk, were seen with Bible and hymn book in their hands in their places in the Sunday School where they learned of Him who died to save them. Music was their delight, and in some churches in the state they constituted the choir. Given a separate department in the church the minister preached to them as well as to the whites. In places they had their own churches, but white men always worshipped with them and in their Sunday Schools white men taught them to read and instilled into them the elementary doctrines of Christianity. That they could understand these teachings is fully illustrated by the old slave's reply to his young master who could not understand certain portions of the epistle to the Romans, that he should go back and study the sermon on the Mount until he understood it and then he could understand Romans—very wise advice indeed and no doubt the young man felt that he could be taught by an humble, but obedient negro. They had Wednesday evening prayer meetings conducted by their masters, but who gave the poor slaves an opportunity to speak a word of experience and exhort one another to good works. And how they prayed and sung! The spirit seemed to get hold of them, and they wrestled in prayer like Jacob of old, sometimes until the break of day. What a contrast between this and their savage life in Africa, where they had no churches, and where civilization, as we know it,

was unknown; there they lived like wild beasts, here like human beings, feeling one responsibility of this and the life to come resting upon them.

Christmas was a joyous occasion with them when they presented and received gifts from their masters. The children longed for Santa Clause to come and what happy beings they were when on Christmas morn they found their baskets full of toys and confectioneries and such other things as please children. On this day they were taught of the birth of Jesus and the older ones exhorted to be cheerful and gay, for they were commemorating the incarnation of the Son of God.

I now come to speak of that phase of slavery which is the saddest of all, I mean the slave-trade, the traffic of human souls for a few pieces of silver. But when we come to understand it and know more about the lives of our forefathers and their surroundings, the subject is not so sad after all. True, mother and child may have been separated at times and man and wife severed forever; yet the institution of slavery, as a whole, should not be condemned on account of a few law breakers, for the law of the State forbade the sale of children under a certain age, seven at first, then ten, if I mistake not, and very seldom were man and wife separated. Our ancestors had too much human sympathy to do such things. True there were slave traders who did nothing else but buy and sell negroes like horses, but I venture the assertion that the majority of them were foreigners or New Englanders. Very seldom was a slave sold by one farmer to another, and when they did it was with the utmost care that the slaves be not placed under cruel treatment and sometimes the sale was so agreed upon that after a time the slave was to be restored to his former owner.

Hear what a Northern writer has to say on this subject: "Very many of the slaves advertised with full descriptions looking like invitations to buy, are merely legal appointments to determine claims, settle estates, without any purpose to let the persons offered for sale pass from the families to which they belong," and then he gives an example. Slaves were often allowed at the death of

their masters and mistresses to select their next owners, and not only was this true at their death, but even in their lifetime also, if they were obliged to sell. The masters thought too much of their negroes to allow them to be sold to just anybody. They had their future well-fare at heart and often when they were compelled to sell on account of debts they would borrow the money from some friend or from the slaves themselves and buy them back again, paying full interest on the money and paying it back as soon as they were able. But says some one, families were often severed at the death of their masters as their young masters were not able to keep them. True, but what better happens to many a white family when the father or mother dies? The children are often scattered to the four winds of the earth, so to speak, and never see each other again. Occassionally the slaves were set free and could do as they pleased; at other times they were divided as best they could be by families and individuals between the heirs of the father's estate. The change from one master to another was not necessarily a change for evil any more than for good. The masters sometimes suffered for their slaves and increased their plantations as their slaves increased, in order that they might not have to sell any of them.

Doubtless there were cases in which the slaves were treated like brutes and even worse perhaps; but that does not argue that there were no Christian masters who treated their slaves as becometh a master. I once heard a negro who had been a slave say that he belonged to a man who punished his slaves by rolling them down a hill in a barrel pierced with nails—a barbarous act, but, while there were a few such men, yet the majority of masters loved their negroes and when necessary would fight for them.

In regard to the charge that they were not educated and their future welfare not properly looked after, suffice it to say that it is not altogether true, for as already stated they were encouraged to go to church and had churches to themselves. In Charleston and in other towns also they had some very valuable church prop-

erty. In the country districts they had parts of the churches to themselves and special interest was taken by the whites in their being trained and drilled in the scriptures. As regards their education the statement is partly true, but when we remember that the whites themselves took no special interest in educating their children but thought more of money and politics we could not expect them to educate their slaves. It is true though, that they were trained at home where they could put into practice what they learned and in some instances the negroes became very intelligent. Furthermore many of them were not able to educate their slaves but had to make them work all the year long in order to meet all demands upon them; but it can be truthfully said that many of the negroes learned to read their bibles and to count so that it was a pretty hard matter to cheat them. I saw an old slave some years ago—dead now—who could not possibly be tangled in the multiplication table, which he said he learned when a slave by counting grains of corn. Otherwise he had but little common sense and was very superstitious. The negro of to-day in America owes his civilization to the bonds of slavery. It may have seemed to him an evil way to "justify the ways of God to man" and cause him to rejoice in the hope of the great salvation; but when he thinks of his former position in Africa no doubt he is thankful and looks up to the white men with much gratitude. Take him from our midst and send him back to his native land and he will degenerate, for this has been tried; so he is still dependent upon the white man but he seems to forget it at times. Thus,

"Taught by the master's efforts, by his care,
  Fed, clothed, protected many a patient year,
From trivial numbers now to millions grown,
  With all the white man's useful arts their own,
Industrious, docile, skilled in wood and field,
  To guide the plow, the sturdy axe to wield,
The negroes schooled by slavery embrace
  The highest portion of the negro race;
And none the savage native will compare,
  Of barbarous Guinea, with his off-spring here."

O. M. ABNEY.

Prose Writers of South Carolina.

To the thoughtful observer the progress of the American people is unsymmetrical. We have made amazing strides in material prosperity, and our machine shops and factories have outstripped our libraries and universities. American genius and effort have realized comparatively little in literature. "Culture and the creative faculty have followed but haltingly the swift advance of a mighty material development." But still we have many American books, and some of them take high mark in the literary world. It is not my purpose, however, to treat of American literature as a whole, but only of South Carolina literature.

Some one has said that the sun rises in the east and sets in the west; but that the South is by the way. And while this may be true to a certain extent, it is certainly not more than half truth. When the history of South Carolina comes to be written,—when we have our "Wizard of the South" to tell our story, it will be evident that we have furnished some of the leading minds that have figured in the history of our country, that we have had our full share of culture and elegant ease, and that we have not such a scanty representation in the literary world as most people suppose.

As Southerners, we do not begrudge other sections their achievments in the world of letters, nor do we wish to overestimate our own writers; neither do we pray the favor of the world on our unlauded Southern Muse, for as literature is above party question, time will set this all right for us.

We fully realize the fact that what we have done is insufficient, and that it embodies neither the finest genius nor the most intense labor of the Southern mind. We have for the most part acted our epic, and it yet remains for it all to be transcribed to parchment. Very few of our authors were authors only, who gave all their time and attention to literature; they seemed never to have realized the fact that the Muse of the mind's outcome is jealous. Most of them were professional

men who turned to the paths that lead to Parnassus as a mere pastime, and who quickly retraced their steps back to the humble role of common life. Such for the most part has been our literature; but after all it is not unworthy of us; and though its quality and quantity are somewhat meagre, yet we are proud of what draughts we have of the living Hippocrene, and we look for something higher and better that shall express in its entirety our noble thoughts and lofty aspirations, and that shall immortalize the glowing traditions, the gracious memories, the ancestral glories of our South Carolina History. It might be interesting to analyze minutely our Southern thoughts and character, "with its unity of feeling as strong as any national or caste feeling," but time will not permit, so I shall proceed at once to give a bird's eye view of the prose writers and writings of South Carolina. The list is too long to pay much attention to each one, so I shall discuss at length the leading names in each department, and barely mention the minor writers. Attention will not be given to the press, our time being fully occupied with those who have made achievements in the realms of History, Scientific research, Fiction, Biographical and Autobiographical writings, Sermonic Literature and miscellaneous writing. The writers in these several departments will be taken up in the order named.

There were very few productions of the historic class in South Carolina for some time after her settlement. The population was small and scattered, and the settlers were not a writing people. There were a few historic tracts however, that may be mentioned.

Thomas Ashe, clerk on board the English ship Richmond, sent out 1680, published on his return a work entitled "Carolina, or a description of the present state of that country, and the natural excellencies thereof."

John Archdale, one of the governors of the province, published in 1707 a work entitled "A new description of that fertile and pleasant province of Carolina; with a brief account of its discovery and settling, and the government thereof to this time. With several remark-

able passages of Divine Providence during my time." Both of these tracts are to be found in Carroll's collections. These two works are concerned mainly with the two Carolinas.

In the field of history the first name of importance that presents itself to our notice is that of Dr. David Ramsay who, though a Pennsylvanian by birth, spent most of his life in Charleston, S. C. He was a graduate of Princeton University, and moved to this State in 1773, where he practiced medicine. He was very prominent as a politician, having been for several years a member of the South Carolina legislature, for three years a member of the National Congress, of which he was president for some time. His most noted works are, A history of the revolution of South Carolina; A history of South Carolina from its settlement in 1670 to the year 1808, in two octavo volumes; A history of the American revolution; A history of the United States from 1707 to 1808. He was the author of "Universal History Americanized."

The memoirs of Drayton and Moultrie are well written and accurate, and are known throughout the State.

"The Historical Collections of South Carolina," by Mr. Carroll consists of a collection of very valuable and important papers relating to the early history and literature of the State. He is also the author of "the catechism of the United States History," a book which is in the main a "happy conception and well executed." The analysis of the Declaration of Independence is specially striking as exhibiting the talent of the author.

Dr. Gibbes "Documentary History" is a valuable work, and contains much information, in the shape of documents, papers and letters, which throw much light upon the part South Carolina played in the Revolutionary war. Though not a formal history it contains the material on which the statement and philosophy of formal history must rest.

He also wrote a "Life of Washington," "Memoirs of Mrs. James Ramsay," "a history of the Congregational Church in Charleston," besides numerous orations, addresses and pamphlets. The Charleston Medical College

owes its existence indirectly to Ramsay, of which institution he was afterwards a professor.

Ramsay never rose to the dignity of a classical historian, for his works are decidedly wanting in artistic treatment. However, they are truthful and accurate, for he lived in close relationship to the affairs he described, and in many of them he was an eye witness. His character for entire honesty and sobriety of judgment makes his testimony, and in most cases his opinions, authoritative and final.

Besides Ramsay, we have in the realms of history, Mills, O'Neale, Carroll, William Drayton, John Drayton, Rivers, Davidson, Wilson, Shipp, Home, Lathan, Gregg, Mott, Laborde, Moultrie, Drayton, Gibbes, Dalcho, Caldwell, Cardozo, Boykin, Chapman, and Weber.

Prof. Rivers has made quite a valuable addition to our historical literature in his "The historical sketches of South Carolina." It gives a correct account of the early period of our history extending to the close of the proprietary government by the revolution of 1719. He is the author also of a catechism of the history of South Carolina.

Dr. A. M. Shipp has written "Methodism in South Carolina," published 1883.

H. H. Tupper edited in 1889 "two centuries of the first Baptist church in South Carolina," from 1683 to 1883.

The "History of the old Cheraws" has been written by Mr. Gregg, a book which shows much reserch, and accuracy, and clearness of statement.

Chief Justice O'Neale's works, "The annals of Newberry," and "The Bench and Bar of South Carolina," are perhaps more valuable and better known than most works of their character.

Mr. W. H. Trescott's Diplomatic works, Capt. J. F. J. Caldwell's "History of McGowan's Brigade," and Mr. Cardozo's "Reminisences, of Charleston," are worthy of mention.

Col. Boykin's "Falling Flag" is written in a single and clear style, and gives an account of what he himself experienced during the retreat of the army of Northern

Virginia from the evacuation of Richmond up to the surrender at Appomatox. It contains much historical information, concerning the retreat of the army, not to be found elsewhere. J. R. Poinsett is the author of "Notes on Mexico, written in 1822," with a historical sketch of the revolution.

Mill's statistics of South Carolina are indispensible to one who would be fully acquainted with our early history. It is accurate, and gives very fully the early history and statues of the State.

William H. Drayton, a native of this State, and a member of the continental congress is known especially as the compiler of a history of the American Revolution. His son, John Drayton, who was for a time Governor of South Carolina, wrote also a "General View" of South Carolina, and edited the history of the American Revolution left in manuscript by his father.

Dr. J. C. Nott, born at Columbia, in 1804, was the author of "The physical historyof the Jewish race."

Dr. J. L. Wilson, born at Sumter in 1809, though known mostly as a missionary, yet is the author of a well written work on the "History, condition and prospect of Western Africa."

Prof. James W. Davidson, of Newberry, S. C., has written a "School history of South Carolina," bringing the history of the State down to 1860.

The history of the northern section of our State had received little attention until J. H. Logan of Abbeville, 1823—1885, published "his history of the upper country of South Carolina," from the earliest period down to the close of the war of independence. This work gives evidence of research, care, and thougthfulness, and brings to light many suggestive incidents relating to that section of the State.

Simms' "History of South Carolina" takes no high mark, but was once very popular as a text book.

In 1849, H. J. Moore edited and published at Charleston Scott's "Campaign in Mexico." This book contains some excellent sketches of the country, manners, and customs of the inhabitants. Moore died in 1892.

Charles W. Hutson of this State, who afterwards taught at the University of Mississippi, though more generally known for his achievments in other lines of work, yet has produced a good work, entitled "The be ginning of Civilization." Prof. Hutson has also written a history of French literature.

"Camp and field papers from the portfolio of an army chaplain" is the title of a valuable work by Rev. Joseph Crews, throwing light on many points of interest during the late war.

In 1861, J. Johnson Pettigrew published for private circulation a work entitled "Notes on Spain and Spaniards, in the summer of 1859, with a glance at Sardinia," under the pseudonym "A Carolinian."

J. H. Rice, jr., superintendent of schools at Chester, S. C., published in 1893 "Ninty-Six and her traditions."

Rev. John Johnson, has written an admirable work entitled "The defense of Charleston harbor, including Sumter and the adjacent islands, from 1863 to '65."

Dr. J. M. Gaston, of Columbia, wrote in 1863, "Hunting a home in Brazil" in which is given an account of the agricultural resources, and other characteristics of the country, also the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

The "Cowpens Papers," being the correspondence of General Morgan and the prominent actors, are contained in the collection of T. B. Myers, and were confiscated to the centennial celebration, May 11, 1881. These papers were first published in the *News and Courier* in 1881.

Recent school histories of South Carolina have been written by Chapman and by Weber.

In the realms of scientific investigation, we have the names of Porcher, Holmes, Cooper, Garden, Bachman, Woodrow, Mrs. L. S. McCord, DeBow, Middleton, Kilpatrick, Lening, LaBorde, Hill, Wilson, the LeContes, Leiber, J. and W. Bartram, Halbrook, the Gibbeses, Home.

Dr. Bachman, though born in Philadelphia, lived most of his time in South Carolina. He was a clergyman and natural scientist. He was a thorough and deep

scientific investigator. He assisted Audubon in his great work, and gave him so much help and cheer that much of his fame is due to Bachman. He was the chief author of that famous work on "North American Quadrupeds." His works consist of two kinds; those descriptive of natural history, and those defending the bible account of creation on scientific grounds. His principal works, besides that named above, are: "Examination of Dr. Agassiz's natural provinces of the animal world," "Doctrine of the unity of the human races," and "Characteristics of species and genera as applicable to the doctrine of the unity of the human race." The last named is his principal and best known treatise.

Dr. F. P. Porcher, of Charleston, is well known in scientific circles, and has rendered much service to science, and his own State. He was born in 1825, and though a busy practising physician, yet found time to wield his pen advantageously in the interest of scientific subjects connected with his own State. His "resources of the Southern fields and forests, medical, economical and agricultural," is a valuable work, and shows thoroughness of preparation and accuracy of research. His other works, though not so well known, are yet characterized by a truly scientific spirit. They are: "Medical Botany of the State of South Carolina;" "Medical, poisonous, and dietetic properties of the cryptogamous plants of the United States."

The scientific writings of Dr. Cooper have perhaps stirred the State more than those of any other writer. While they were generally regarded as heretical, yet they stimulated the people to investigation and thought, and the influence which he thus exerted on his adopted State was forceful. Dr. Cooper was of English birth and a graduate of Oxford University. He was a man of great mental activity and was for a time President of the South Carolina College. He wrote much on political economy and kindred topics, and being of very pronounced opinions, his writings are exact and to the point. His special writings are: "The Bankrupt Law of America compared with that of England," "An English version

of the Institutes of Justinian," "Lectures on Political Economy," and "Revision of the Statutes of South Carolina," in three volumes. Though some of his opinions clashed with accredited doctrine, yet he was withal honest in his views, and stood up for them in death as well as in life.

Dr. Alexander Garden has also taken a high mark in the literary and scientific world. He was a Scotchman by birth, but spent much of his time in South Carolina. He was well acquainted with many branches of learning, but is more particularly known as a botanist. He kept up quite a correspondence with Linnaens, who gave his name, Gardenia, to a very beautiful shrub. He was of high standing, not only in this country, but was esteemed by the literati of Europe. Accompanied by Governor Glenn of South Carolina he visited India for the purpose of increasing his knowledge of natural history, and about the same time he was made a member of the Royal Society of London. Most of his botanical knowledge was acquired in the woods of South Carolina. His contributions to that branch of natural science reflected credit on himself and his adopted State. He died at London in the year 1792.

Dr. John Lining was a Scotchman by birth, but in 1730 he came to this State, being then twenty-two years old. His medical writings, statical experiments, and meteorological observations have gained for him a high rank in the pioneer scientific world. He was the first man in South Carolina to experiment with electricity, and his meteorological observations were the first made in South Carolina.

Henry Middleton is known as the author of "the Government and Currency," "Economical Causes of Slavery in the United States," "the Government of India," and "Universal Suffrage." He was the son of Governor Middleton of this State.

A very admirable "Introduction to Physiology" has been written by Dr. La Borde.

Thomas Walker's Botany, written in Latin, is a work which reflects credit on the author, being full and accurate.

Gen. D. H. Hill, a distinguished officer of the Confederate army, has written many articles on scientific subjects, and is the author of an algebra.

Samuel Galloway wrote "Ergonomy," a treatise on industrial science.

John Waldo of Georgetown published in 1818 at Philadelphia a work entitled "Rudiments of English Grammar, designed for the instruction of youth of different ages and capacities."

E. T. Davis, Principal of Business School of Spartanburg District, published in 1859 "An Analytical Grammar and Dictionary."

The geological report of South Carolina was prepared in 1848 by M. Tuoney, and published at Columbia.

Mark Catesby, the celebrated naturalist, passed several years in this State engaged in the researches for his natural history. He finally in 1722 made this State his permanent home.

Stephen Elliott was born at Beaufort in 1771. He was a strong advocate of the establishment of the medical college in 1825, and was afterwards elected as Professor of natural history and Botany. His most elaborate and valuable work in his "Botany of South Carolina and Georgia." He was at one time editor of the "Southern Review," in conjunction with Hugh S. Legare.

Dr. John E. Halbrook, of Beaufort, and at one time Professor of Anatomy in the Medical College of South Carolina, is the author of two prominent works; "Ichthyology of South Carolina," and "North American Herpetology."

Dr. James Kilpatrick, has enriched Medical Science, by his "Cantharides in Small Pox" and his "Essay on inoculation in South Carolina." Among the medical works those of Doctor Marion Dickson, Sims, Kinloch and Porcher should be mentioned. The treatises of Dr. J. S. Thomas, and Dr. Chisholm's work on surgery take very high mark.

Dr. Lionel Chalmers, a Scotchman, but who resided many years in this State, published an "Essay on fevers" at Charleston in 1767. He was also the author of a work

on the weather and diseases of South Carolina. We would not omit the name of that "beloved physician and earnest scientist," Dr. Lionel Chalmers Kennedy, of Spartanburg, South Carolina, who did so much for that town, and to whom she is under a lasting obligations for the gift of the Kennedy Library.

Medical science has at present several able men in our midst, but it should not be our province to discuss them at this time.

Adam's moral philosophy, Thornwell's discourses on Truth, the metaphysical works of Henry, and Mile's profound philosophical works take a very high mark in the department of Philosophy.

The scientific labors of Home, the Gibbeses, the LeContes, the younger Lieber and others are worthy of special mention. Dr. Joseph LeConte's "Religion and Science" and "Evolution and its relatlon to Religious ought" Thare among the most valuable recent conrtibutions to that class of works whose object is to reconcile the seemingly conflicting testimony of science and evolution.

Nor would we fail to mention those incipient scholars found in her halls of learning, foremost among whom stand Basil Gildersleeve, Charles S. Venable, Holmes, Maxey, Longstreet, Pelham, Dr. J. C. Mott, Robert Henry, Elliott, Thornwell, LaBorde, Cooper and Barnwell, many of whom we have met, or shall meet in other connections. Our colleges and universities are at present filled with ripe scholars, and men of great depth and breadth of learning, whose reputation reaches far beyond their own State, but a fair and comprehensive estimate of their labors and achievements cannot be given at present. It can safely be said, however, that the future literary historian will find in their works rich fields of thought and investigation. We shall, nevertheless, draw attention to one of them especially, Dr. James Woodrow, whose writings are too well known to need any extended discussion here. Suffice it to say that all of his investigations are both broad and deep, and every page of his writings is characterized by truth and sincerity, all shal-

lowness and doubt being absent. He has been truly called a "Stalwart Son of Science."

In the realm of political science South Carolina has had noble representatives, foremost among whom stands the name of Calhoun who sounds the depths of governmental science in his treatise on government and his "discourses on the government and constitution of the United States."

Hugh S. Legare's chosen object in life was the fusion of the civil and common law. His writings have been collected by his sister, with a well written memoir.

Francis Leiber, LL. D., is the author of a work on civil liberty, and self-government. He is also the author of "Political Ethics," "On Criminal Law," and various other works of a like nature.

Ex-Governor Perry of this State was very prominent in politics, and has written much on the subject; besides numerous other writings.

J. D. B. DeBow, of Charleston, wrote on Political Economy, dealing largely with commercial statistics and finance. Mrs. Q. S. McCord wrote much on Political Science.

Among our statesmen and orators are: John Rutledge, Gadsden, Lowndes, Hayne, C. C. Pinkney, McDuffie, Hamilton, Elmore, Preston, Henry, Lamens, John Lamens, Rhett, Trott, and a host of others of more than local fame.

In theology, South Carolina has furnished some able men. Her sermonic literature has been very abundant, though very little of it has risen above a mediocre degree.

Among the theologians we find Bishop Bowen, Bishop England, Bishop DeBow,. Bishop Whightman, Bishop Elliott, Dr. Bachman, Dr. Thomas Smyth, Dr. Thornwell, Dr. Furman, Dr. Potter, Dr. Meynardie, Dr. Whiteford Smith, Dr. Kerth, Dr. Wilson, Rev. Mr. Thomas, and Rev. C. F. Gadsden.

The best contributions of the Episcopal church are the sermons of Bishop Bowen, while the Baptist church is represented by Dr. Furman, the Presbyterian church by Dr. Thornwell, and the Methodist church by Rishop Whightman.

Dr. Thornwell was at one time President of the South Carolina College, and was also a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Columbia. He was an able theologian, and his works will compare with the most profound discourses of any people. He has published six large volumes, theological and miscellaneous.

Most of these divines have published works, though the greater part of the fame of some of them rests on tradition and will eventually pass away.

Dr. Bachman was more distinguished as a natural scientist than as a theologian, though he has made some contributions to theological science.

Rev. J. W. Miles, who was for some time Professor of Greek Literature in the Charleston College, is the author of "Philosophic Theology, or ultimate grounds of all religious belief based on reason", and "the ground of morals." He is also the author of "the student of theology." He was the orator appointed by the joint committee of the city council and citizens of Charleston on the occassion of the funeral of Calhoun.

Dr. Dalcho has written some able work, entitled "Evidence of the Divinity of our Saviour," also a history to which we have already referred.

The works of John England, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Charleston, fill five large octavo volumes, and bear testimony to his literary industry and ability; the greater part of the material in these volumes consists of theological discussions.

Rev. Alex. Garden, an Episcopal minister, of Charleston, who lived from 1685 to 1756 has written a volume on justification, which is well thought of. He has published two sermons, and six letters to Whitfield which are interesting and instructive.

We would mention also the names of Gervais, Plumer, Davis, Dickson, Dickinson, Henry, Bowen, Denison, Cross, Summers, Means and others.

In the realm of fiction we have those who have received well-deserved laurels. In this field of labor W. G. Simms is entitled to decided preeminence. The manners and customs of the old South have been clearly set forth by him.

He was born in Charleston, the Athens of S. C., in 1806. In Prof. Trent's life of him we have a good picture of the struggle of the man. He was truly "the wizard" of South Carolina. Though his talents were not the most, nor his opportunities the greatest, yet he has accomplished for his State what thousands more blessed than he, failed to accomplish. He has written many excellent stories, of which his "Yemassee", a tale of Indian life, is doubtless the best. His discriptive poems, both in depicting character and scenery, are of the highest order. Sims is accused of being profane and cause; and while this may be partly true, yet he only depicted life as it then existed. Ethnologists claim that his writing gives the best portrayal of Indian life to be found in any literature.

Simss' genius shines out the brightest in his short stories, thus giving credence to the statement that the Americans excel the rest of the world in this branch of literature.

Mrs. King was a writer of much note in her time and was called by many the "Thackeray of America." She was a society woman, and was happy only when in the whirl of fashionable life. She has a light, graceful, characteristic style, and is very satyrical.

The writings of Charles W. Hutson deserve more than a mere passing mention. Several tales have been written by him which are well worth the reading. They show their author to be a man of scholarly tastes and a master of human nature. His "Beryl" is a genuine love tale of the higher order, and reflects the life of the so-called "good old ante-bellum days " His novel "Out of a besieged city" paints in glowing and unmistakable words the story of the siege of Charleston by the British.

"Thirty-four years" is the title of a novel published in 1878, by Mrs. Dr. Means, Spartanburg, written underd the pseudonym, John Marchont.

The book gives us in an excellent manner a true story of Southern life, and shows its author to be a typical, high-bred, intellectual Southern woman.

"Measure for measure" is a novel written 1883, by Miss Mary Stanley, of Columbia.

Mrs. Sallie Chapin, of Charleston, has written a novel entitled "Fitz Hugh St. Clair, the South Carolina rebel boy."

We find a number of writers of Biographies and Autobiographies. The principal biographical writers are Weems, Horry, Wightman, Palmer and Johnson.

Rev. Mason L. Weems, 1759—1825, was a native of Beaufort. He is the author of the following works: "Life of Washington," "Life of Marion," "Life of Franklin" and "Life of Penn." His works, though very popular, are not accurate, fiction being very often confused with fact. His "life of Washington" is perhaps the most popular. Horry assisted Weems, but failed to get the credit of doing so.

Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer's life of Thornwell is an admirable work, and shows him fully competent in character analyzation.

Judge Johnson's "Life of Greene," is also a well written work. The recent life of C. G. Memminger is a choice production.

Prof. Jas. Wood Davidson's "Living writers of the South" is the work of a scholar. It is well written and accurate. Prof. Davidson held to the idea that nature was the utmost limit of art, and that when creative art transcends that limit it is false.

Miss Mary Bates' work entitled "The domestic life of John C. Calhoun" is the best sketch published of him.

Among the Autobiographical writers are the names of Bellinger, Capers, Scott, Sims, Travis, and Jenkins.

Dr. J. Marion Sims' Autobiography is rather tedious and stilted. There is not the fresh spring time about it to make it popular.

Bishop Capers's story of his life is a very readable and enchanting book; and tells in an attractive style the story of the life of a very attractive man.

Besides these there were several miscellaneous writers whose names we will mention with their works.

In 1845, Samuel Hart published at Charleston a work

entitled "The Charleston Book", in which he gives the names of the most prominent minor miscellaneous writers of that city, with a selection from each. The preface of this book is very suggestive. In it he says, "The writers of the South are persons, generally of other pursuits. What is done among us, in a literary point of view, is the work of the amateur, a labor of stealth and recreation, employed as a relief from other tasks and duties." This is only too true of our writers, and accounts for "that air of didactic gravity, that absence of variety, and of the study of artistical attributes." But in most of these pieces there is that fancy, fluency, and readiness of resource, which "indicates such a presence of the imaginative faculty, as leaves no doubt of the capacity, from which the work is drawn, to engage with great success in the active pursuits of literature."

Our State has a host of miscellaneous writers worthy of special mention. Space forbids us discussing the works of each, so I shall only mention the names of the leading ones, and leave to the reader the task of filling in all information concerning them. They are the following: William Crafts, Elliott, G. W. Williams, Leland, Mrs. Ellet, A. D. Sims, Reese, M. C. Wells, Percival, H. J. Mott, Requier, Mrs. Gilman, Wm. Walker, H. Baer, Gen. Hill, Mackey, Mrs. Logan, Prof. Sachtleben, Dr. Robert Henry, Winkler, Maxcy, Adams, Brooks, Preston, Geddings, Pettigru, Gist, Pinckney, and many others.

While this sketch of the writers of our State is by no means complete, yet it is sufficiently long to show that in all departments of research and thought our people have been characterized by a high degree of thought and intelligence. Our culture has not been of that "hyper-refined kind which shades off into diletanteism and which is fatal to creation; but large, generous, and assimilative, not special and critical."

Our principal trouble has been expressed by Henry when he says that "the muse of history has been so much in love with Mars, that she has seldom conversed with Minerva."

We are proud of the past, and as there are now several writers in our State who are coming to the front, bidding fair to confer honor on South Carolina, we feel confident in saying that the future is bright. "Life with all its suggestiveness, with all its mystery, and with all its primal power, is in us and about us. And man is still great enough and the world still young and rich enough for us to win from its fair, wide fields fresh supplies for our immortal needs."

PRESTON B. WELLS.

Higher Education in South Carolina Before the Civil War.

The schools and colleges of a country are always good indexes to the character of its people. The stern Puritans who settled Plymouth in 1620 reflect the character of their mission in the speedy erection of churches and school houses. All connection with the Old World had been completely severed, and their coming to the wilds of America was to found a permanent home for themselves and their posterity. But the first settlers of South Carolina—as also of Virginia—were from a different class of Englishmen. They were Cavaliers, not Puritans, and visions of an El Dorado which would fill again their shrunken purses and restore greatness to their inherited names were not easily dismissed from their expectant minds. It was not until colonies of French Huguenots, Dutch, Scotch and Irish had become mixed with the English settlers that a proper coloring was given to the character of the little settlement for it to display the conditions of a permanent society.

These emigrants, though poor, were not altogether ignorant. A high estimate of the value of education which was not long in manifesting itself was brought with them. Dr. Ramsay informs us "that the knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages and of mathematics could be obtained in Carolina at any time after 1712 or the forty-second year after the settlement of the province." This was a free school which Dr. Ramsay

refers to and was largely the outcome of several legacies bequeathed by different persons for such a purpose.

Mr. McMaster in his "History of the People of the United States" in speaking of the early history of the different colonies, states that, "in the Southern States education was almost wholly neglected, but nowhere to such an extent as in South Carolina. In that colony prior to 1730, no such thing as a grammar school existed;" and further on he says; "the condition of the Southern States (with reference to education) as compared with the Eastern and Middle States was most deplorable." These statements are clearly misrepresentations of the true state of affairs and had Mr. McMaster only taken the trouble to verify them, they would never have been written. The greatest result accomplished by them has been the production of an excellent essay on colonial education in South Carolina by General McCrady, in which the slander has been clearly refuted, and the true attitude of South Carolina towards education in colonial times is brought more clearly to the light. Without doubt New England has a great deal of which to boast in the early foundation and continued development of the greatest American educational institution—Harvard College,—but her historians on this account should not be so hasty to conclude that South Carolina and other Southern States were wholly without an air of culture in their colonial days. If this were so, it is a most remakable paradox that Charleston from being even without a grammar school in Revolutionary times, as McMaster states, should spring so suddenly to the front as to become a centre of literary culture and refinement in the United States second only to Boston.

Evidences are abundant that as soon as the homes of the settlers had become firmly established, or their rice and indigo fields planted, schools were multiplied throughout the colony ; though no colleges were successfully organized till after the Revolution. The planters preferred to have thorough preparatory schools at home and to supplement this instruction by a course in the English or other European universities. Hugh S. Le-

gare says: "Before and just after the Revolution, many, perhaps it would be more accurate to say most, of our youths of opulent families were educated at English schools and universities." Instead of thinking nothing at all of education, it seems that they regarded it as of greatest importance and determined that their sons should receive not only the best America could afford, but the best to be found anywhere. Such a constant and close intercourse with the mother country through her universities and inns of court was kept up by the colony that at the commencement of hostilities with England, Washington feared lest South Carolina had contracted so strong an attachment that she would not strive so vigorously for her independence. Such fears, however, were not to be sustained. Those whose minds had been developed in the rich culture of European civilization were not weakened in their love for America, but were only better prepared to take the lead in court and field and battle for her honor.

The public and private schools in South Carolina before and after the Revolution, were excellent for the times. According to a certain historian, it was not unusual for them to prepare boys not only for the Freshman, but even for the Junior (or third year) in college. Private tutors, graduates of English and French universities, were also to be found in some of the more opulent homes. The growth of aristocracy in South Carolina, as in Virginia and other Southern states, was not friendly to the development of a public school system, though it conspiciously elevated the standards of the private schools and academies. Mr. Coates' school in Charleston, Waddel's academy at Wilmington, and many others of less renown afford a tempting field for the pen. But the subject here to be considered is the institutions for higher education in ante-bellum days, which shall be reviewed in the following order: First, the early unsuccessful attempts of the State to found a state institution, and her later success in the South Carolina College; second, denominational colleges; next the colleges for special instruction; and lastly, female education in the State.

The first time the word "college" appears in South Carolina history is in the House Journal of 1732 where it is recorded that "Rev. Thos. Morrit made proposals for establishing a college." Nothing else is known about this proposed college, except that history states the project failed for lack of funds. We suspect, however, that funds were not the only thing wanting, as the historians might lead us to believe; but that those who had the means and also the reins of government preferred good schools to poor colleges. Nothing else is recorded for some time.

In 1769 a bill, drawn largely in the hand-writing of John Rutledge, for founding "a college to be known as the college of South Carolina," was passed by the General Assembly of the State.

It provides for "a president, who shall be professor of Divinity, Moral Philsosophy, Greek and Hebrew—salary £350 sterling;" a professor of mathematics and Natural and Experimental Philosophy; a professor of Civil and Common Law and of the Municipal Laws of the colony; a professor of History, Chronology, and of the Modern Languages. It was an advanced scheme for the times, and the different departments sound more like the chairs of a modern institution. A significant fact is that the President was required to be a member of the church of England. The plans for the college never materalized, on account of the Revolutionary war.

In 1785 the legislature, filled with the glowing hopes and great purposes of an independent colony, passed an act to establish three colleges in different portions of the State—one in Charleston; one at Winnsboro, and one at Ninety-Six. Certain funds had been bequeathed by some friends of education in different parts of the State, to the first college that should be established. These were accordingly divided among the three projected institutions. Of the last no record is known; the second never rose above the dignity of a grammar school; the first is the beginning of the college of Charleston.

A large classical school kept by Rev. Robert Smith was made the nucleus of the new institution. Exercises

were begun, and in the year 1794 the first diplomas from a South Carolina college were conferred upon six graduates. With these six graduates, the college course was abandoned and it became once more a high school. In 1824 an effort was made to elevate the course of instruction and restore its college character. Three of the principal schools in the city were united under the presidency of Bishop Bowen, an alumnus of the former institution. The attempt was successful and the college continued its exercises regularly for eleven years, when on account of limited funds it was ceded to the city of Charleston on the condition that it should be supported by that city. The college again took a fresh start and disencumbered itself of the preparatory school department. Under the efficient management of Dr. Adams, it rose to considerable prominence, though it always remained a "home college," deriving its patronage almost entirely from the city. Its list of almuni is not large, the yearly attendance upon the collegeate department never exceeding seventy-five. Prof. Agassiz, the distinguished scientist, was at one time connected with the college. In a list of its prominent graduates may be mentioned: Rev. C. C. Pinckney, Gen. Chas. F. Freemont, Dr. Wightman, Chancellor Lesesne, Hon. Wm. D. Porter, Wm. H. Trescott, Paul Hamilton Hayne and many others.

In 1795 the legislature granted a charter to the Beauford College. Nothing further is known of this college, but it is probable that it was nothing more than a grammar school.

In 1797, a college "by the name and style of the college of Alexandria" was incorporated in Pinkney district. The preamble to the act of incorporation, regrets, "that the rising youth after obtaining a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages are obliged to resort to colleges in other states." But "where is the college of Alexandria?"

In 1801 Governor Drayton in his annual message to the assembly advocated the establishment of a state college. The act of incorporation was unanimously passed, and

in 1802 the college was organized. Two years later buildings were erected at a cost of $50,000 A faculty was chosen with Jonathan Maxey, of Union College, and formerly of Brown University, as President. The history of the South Carolina College from, its incipiency to the civil war, presents a wonderful though varying career. William Harper, the first matriculate, who afterwards became chancellor of the State and "one of the ablest jurists that have adorned the American bench" is a fair sample of the character of men that received training from this institution. Among others of its distinguished alumni may be mentioned, Jas. L. Pettigru, Baylis Earle, J. B. O'Neal, McDuffie, Legare, D. L. and F. H. Wardlaw, Richard Yeadon, Basil Manley, T. J. Withers, Edmund Bellinger, Jas. H. Thornwell, W. C. Preston. A host of others might be named besides those now living. The greatness of the men educated at South Carolina College is partly accounted for when we glance for a moment at the Professors under whose influence their minds developed. A list of presidents up to the war is as follows: Jonathan Maxey, Thomas Cooper, Robert Henry, Robert W. Barnwell, Wm. C Preston, Jas. H. Thornwell, Chas. F. McKay, and A. B. Longstreet. Some of the Professors deserving special mention are, Francis Lieber, Stephen Elliott, James Wallace, Chas. S. Venable, and the two LeContes.

Before the founding of the South Carolina College the youth of South Carolina who desired higher instruction were forced to go North to obtain it. This was too much for Carolina's pride long to endure; so when her own college was established nothing was left undone to make it the peer of any American institution. A comparison for requirements for admission to the South Carolina College with those of Harvard, Yale and Columbia, in 1862, as also the courses of instruction persued in these different institutions, is thorough proof of its peerage. At one time under the presidency of W C. Preston the register reached 237 students. The present library of 27,000 volumes was collected mainly during the years of its antebellum prosperity. It was in successful operation

up to the war, when "a company was formed within the walls for State service."

The next feature of higher education to be considered is the denominational colleges. Not a little of the spirit which hastened the establishment of such institutions was due to the rebelling cries of the different denominations of christian churches in the State against the infidel teachings of Thomas Cooper, who from 1820 to 1834 was President of the South Carolina College. Protests against his blighting influence and demands for his removal were repeatedly made, till he was finally tried before a committee of the Board of Trustees and acquitted. His acquittal was a signal for increased educational activity among all of the christian denominations.

In 1834 the Synod of the Associate Reform Presbyterians, which met at Due West in Abbeville County, decided to begin a classical school chiefly for the education of their ministerial students. A few thousand dollars were raised and the school was started. In 1839 this church, which has always demanded an educated clergy, resolved to raise the course of instruction in the Clark and Erskine Seminary, as it was then called, and applied to the legislature for a charter for Erskine College. So strong was the fear lest this institution might weaken the prospects of the South Carolina College that no charter was granted until 1850, eleven years after the first application was made. Though without State recognition, the College was opened with a faculty composed of Dr. Pressly as president and three professors. Dr. Pressly was succeeded in 1846 by Dr. Grier, to whose earnest efforts more than anything else was due the success of the institution. The professors of Erskine College have always been men of liberal education; the first faculties were composed mostly of graduates of Northern colleges and universities. The present brick buildings were erected, the principal one of three-stories, in 1842; the other, a two-story building, in 1850-1. Another two-story brick building was erected in 1858, principally for the use of the debating societies. All but

$13,000 of a $50,000 endowment was swept away by the war.

The next denominational college to be established was Furman University. The foundation and subsequent history of this college is one of the most interesting of any in the State. It can be traced distinctly for two centuries back to Charleston, where was organized the first Baptist church in the South. Furman University, like Erskine College, up to a certain stage in its history, was only a theological school, but in its conception was part of a wonderfully ambitious enterprise. At the first General Baptist Convention, held in Philadelphia in 1814, Richard Furman, the presiding officer, made an appeal to the church for a national Baptist University, to be situated in Washington, D. C. The address was effective, and as a result the Columbian University was founded. The plans for this University included the establishment of preparatory schools in many of the States, both Northern and Southern, one of which was to be situated in South Carolina. Accordingly, through the personal work of Dr. Furman, a school of this kind was started at Edgefield C. H., known as Furman Academy. After a few years it was removed to Fairfield, where a disastrous fire soon put an end to the classical course and manual labor feature, and it was known as the Furman Theological Institution. In 1852 the school was removed to Greenville, where under State charter it became Furman University, with full academic, classical and theological courses. The name "university" was unfortunate and has little meaning except as a lasting testimony of great purposes unfulfilled. At the time the name was adopted, however, it was the intention of the management to add to the three departments already in operation, a law school; but this tender bud, though almost ready to bloom, was killed by the war. Dr. Broadus and Dr. Boyce, among other distinguished educators, were vitally connected with the early history of Furman University. Like all other Southern institutions, the university invested all her endowment in the "lost cause."

Wofford College became a possibility in 1850 on the death of Benjamin Wofford, a wonderful Methodist preacher who left in his will $100,000 for the establishment of a literary, scientific and classical college, to be "under the control and management of the conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church of my native State." In the following year one half of this amount was expended in the erection of suitable buildings. A charter was obtained and on August 1, 1854, work was begun, with Dr. Wightman as president; David Duncan, professor of languages; Jas. H. Carlisle, professor of mathematics; Warren DuPre, professor of natural science; and in the following year Whiteford Smith, professor of English literature, was added to the faculty. Entrance examinations for Wofford were high and were almost the same as those required for admission to the South Carolina College. The management of Furman University considered the dormitory system a failure and so built none; Wofford, however, began her history with such a system but determined to prevent its bad qualities from exerting themselves by a rigid system of rules. One rule forbade the students attending public parties and theatres. Another required strict attendance on church services, and still another read, "the faculty regard late suppers or convivial reunions in the back rooms of stores as open to grave censure on many accounts, and as altogether improper." Wofford early won a reputation on her debating societies.

One of the most flourishing ante-bellum institutions in the State, whose history flashes like a meteor before the coming darkness, was the Newberry College, property of the Lutheran Evangelical Synod of South Carolina. The college was organized in 1856, and two years later $20,000 were spent in the erection of buildings. Attendance was large; in the second session the roll of students numbered 175. An endowment of $50,000 which was quickly raised was as quickly sunk in Confederate bonds. The first faculty was composed of the following: President Dr. Stork, and professors Garlington, Mayer, Bochman, Brown, Stork, Pifer, Streekhise,

and Whittle. The civil war, which paralyzed all educational efforts in the South, came nearer annihilating Newberry College than any other of the State's denominational institutions. It was completely dead for many years, and has never yet recovered the position it held in its early history.

Ante-bellum institutions for special instruction were as follows:.a theological seminary, Cedar Springs Institute, two medical colleges, and the Charleston "Citadel."

In 1828 there was established by the Hopewell Presbytery, a theological seminary at Lexington, Ga. In 1830 the South Carolina Presbytery secured its removal to Columbia, the Rev. Thomas Golding, D. D., assisted by Rev. Geo. Howe, continuing in charge. Patronage increased and additional buildings and professorships were added. This institution had one of the largest endowments of any in the State and was under the general supervision of both the Georgia and South Carolina Synods. Just before the war there was added to the seminary a "Perkins Professorship of Natural Science in connection with Revelation," endowed with $40,000 by Judge Perkins of Miss. Each of the other chairs in the seminary had an endowment of $50,000. The present library of 19,000 volumes was collected almost entirely before 1860. Many of the most eminent divines in the South received their training here.

In the year 1849, a private school for mutes was begun at Cedar Springs by Mr. N. P. Walker. The school opened with only five pupils all of whom were from Spartanburg County. Its success, however, soon attracted State notice; for previous to this time, the only asylum for mutes on the continent was one in New England. Hon. T. M. Dawkins, commissioner of the deaf, dumb and blind, brought the school before the consideration of the State Legislature and proved his interest by contributing $250 himself and providing for two more beneficiaries. In 1850, the legislature appropriated $,3000 for mute instruction. Five years later a school for the blind was added; and the legislature resolved to

take the institution under State supervision. The purchase was made and $30,000 more were spent in the erection of buildings, which were completed and ready for occupancy by 1860. The institution received yearly, for instruction, from $7,000 to $15,000 In 1860, sixteen mutes and seventeen blind pupils were in attendance.

"The 'Medical College of South Carolina,' under the control of the Medical Society of South Carolina, and located in Charleston, received its charter from the State in 1825. In consequence of some difference between the professors and the society, the former resigned in 1832 and a new faculty was elected which conducted the college until 1839, at which time it was permanently closed."

Immediately upon the resignation of the first corps of instructors, another college was organized by them and chartered as "The Medical College of the State of South Carolina," which enjoyed a very successful career up to the war. In its list of alumni are to be found many distinguished physicians both dead and living.

For several years previous to 1841 the State had been maintaining, at a cost of $24,000 annually, an arsenal at Columbia and a citadel in Charleston, in both of which arms and munitions of war were kept under guard by companies of paid soldiers. Gov. Richardson in the last year of his term of office urged upon the legislature the advisability of converting both into military schools. This plan hit upon by the Governor was a happy one, since students would serve as efficiently for guarding the stores as paid companies, and at the same time the state would be training an invaluable body of militia for defense in case of war. On December 20, 1842, General Jamison introduced a bill for this purpose which was successfully carried through by the assembly. Both schools were opened, but in a few years the one at Columbia was made a preparatory school for the Citadel in Charleston and the course of instruction in the latter institution modeled after that of West Point. Owing to the distant mutterings of the coming conflict "The South Carolina Military Academy" immediately sprang to the

front in popularity. Up to the war 1800 young men had received instruction from these walls, 226 of whom were full graduates. Its military record is no less brilliant. Of the two hundred and twenty-six living graduates at the beginning of hostilities over two hundred became officers in the Confederate service,—of every position from lieutenant to brigadier-general and discharged "their duties with a zeal, intelligence and courage that made them distinguished even in that great army of Southern soldiers."

Another military academy was established, in 1855, at Yorkville by Micah Jenkins and Asbury Coward who had just graduated from the state institution. It can hardly be classed as an institution for higher instruction, but was quite a successful preparatory school for the Citadel.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

The history of female education in the State has never been written up ; the reason probably is that there is so little to be recorded. In the good old ante-bellum days the South idolized her women, but did not sufficiently provide for their education. Not that of late years there has been such a wonderful development in this direction, but that the outlook to-day for superior female advantages is certainly much brighter than ever before in the history of the world. It is a mistaken idea, however, to suppose that in those times South Carolina was not abreast with any other state in caring for her daughters. A comparison of the per cent. of illeteracy in the different states that the white female population of those states composed in 1870—a time when all educational endeavor in the South had been paralyzed for almost a decade—shows that the women of South Carolina and Virginia, as a class, were better educated than those of any other state in the Union. Georgia claims the honor of having within her bounds the oldest female college in America---Wesleyan--- which was founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Many of South Carolina's women attended this institution, mostly from the lower part of the State. The families living in the upper portion, patronized the female

college at Salem, N. C., an institution of high repute, founded by the Moravians in 1802. The first female college in South Carolina of any special reputation was the Barhamville Female College, situated a few miles from Columbia, and presided over by Dr. Barham, a Jew. This school became quite a popular one and continued in operation up to the war. In 1846, Rev. Dr. Curtis and son, of England, purchased the hotel at Limestone Spring, and opened it up as a female college. On account of superior advantages offered by the school and the bracing locality in which it was situated, the institution became almost as famous for female training as the Wilmington Acacemy had been for male. In 1846 the Baptists established their female college at Greenville, and under the charge of Professors Duncan, Judson and Samms, gained a reputation for superior training. In 1859 the Methodist Female College was opened under the presidency of Dr. Whiteford Smith. "For several years its success was most marked." The Due West Female College was established in 1860 and has continued in operation ever since. The Orangeburg Female College is worthy of especial mention; and at Yorkville, Laurens and Sumter were institutions of local fame. Almost every town of any importance had its male academy and its female high school, but few can be considered as institutions for higher education. In 1838 Miss Paines' school was opened at Spartanburg and continued for several years, attracting a considerable patronage from the lower parts of the State. This was superseded by the female college presided over by J. Wofford Tucker and others. Dr. Gould and his three daughters, a cultured family from Boston, established a flourishing seminary at Pendleton in the forties. The Catholic Convent was founded in Charleston at an early date and was afterwards moved to Columbia. In these two cities were maintained for years female schools of a very high order, but no colleges, except those mentioned. The school of Madam DuPre was considered a refined institution of superior quality and was considerably patronized by the most aristocratic families o

Charleston and surrounding country. It would be interesting to examine more closely the coures of study persued in female colleges and compare with those of to-day, but space forbids. It is safe to say, however, that female education in the state has made more progress since the war than all before in its history.

H. L. BOMAR.

Henry Timrod.

We judge the character and force of a man, not by any peculiar characteristic of that man, but by all that he accomplished.

John Milton is judged, not by his article on divorce, but by that immortal poem, "Paradise Lost." Homer is judged, not by the myths that have come to us through the ages, but by that greatest of epics, the "Iliad." We accord Poe his high place in the literature of America not by his being the author of the "Raven" alone, but by a just criticism of his life and works. Just so with Henry Timrod. We are not to weigh his greatness by any phase or idiocyncrasy, but by all he contributed to literature.

Those who believe in the influence of environment are amazed that Timrod accomplished so much, did so well, while those who believe in heredity at least do not wonder that he was a poet, for his father, William Henry Timrod, in whose veins German and Scotch-Irish blood flowed, was a man of versatile powers and brilliant gifts, self educated, but well informed, especially in English literature, loved and honored by his fellow citizens for his brilliant intellect. All classes would crowd about his shop, chiefly for the delight of listening to his unpremeditated and eloquent conversation. He was, as Mr. Paul H. Hayne has said, "a provincial Coleridge, holding his little audience spell-bound by the mingled audacity and originality of his remarks."

Nature not only lavished upon him the gift of conversation, but amply endowed him with many other

rare gifts, the greatest of which was a poetical imagination. He became a successful book-binder, government official, and soldier; however, he could find spare moments in the intervals of his busy life to write poetry, and he even composed a magnificent drama of five acts, the manuscript of which was unfortunately destroyed to the bitter lament of his son. He had a pure, clear style, and his verses show a melody and polished finish combined with a pure, poetic fire of feeling. His best poems are the "Ode to Time," an apostrophe to the "Mocking Bird" and a sonnet called "Autumnal Day in Carolina." When Judge Bryan recited the "Ode to Time" to Washington Irving, he exclaimed vehemently: "Tom Moore has written no finer lyric." He died at the age of forty-four, a man of remarkable mental vigor and versatility, which were even shadowed by the mental capacity and intellectual achievements of the son, though William was a man of varied gifts and no ordinary ability.

Henry Timrod was born in Charleston, S. C., December 8th, 1829. He inherited from his father a liberal and generous way of looking at all questions, religious and political. The bodily activity and natural gift of conversation were not transmitted to him, but the open air taste which distinguished a man in his generation, were transmitted to him, who was destined to become illustrious in belles-letters. Though born and reared in a city, yet he longed for the freedom of the country, where he could roam its green fields and woods; its sights and sounds always afforded him extreme delight; its deep blue skies, and "the glory of the changing seasons aroused the poet's imagination. In these he was especially delighted, for his innate principles recognized the fact that to be face to face with nature was to be with his best teacher. From his mother he inherited much more, though he was essentially unlike both his parents in many respects. He was an amiable and affectionate lad, remarkable for his exceptional intelligence and his love for books. His constitution was not strong and the hectic flush could be seen in his cheeks, even while a mere lad.

Timrod obtained his primary education at one of the best schools in his native city, having among his school mates Paul H. Hayne and Basil Gildersleeve who were destined to win a place in literature and classic philology that would make every man with true Southern blood flowing in his veins proud to own them.

At the age of seventeen Timrod matriculated at the University of Georgia, and it was there that his vivid intellect began to shine out with unusual brightness.

While at the University he gave almost his whole time to the study of the classical and English authors, because he believed they would enhance his mental culture and refine his taste. Timrod was never foremost in his class. He was not talkative except upon literary subjects, these be treated very cleverly : he never spoke for effect and his powerful sentences were well balanced. His class-mates never thought him capable of winning the great reputation which lay in store for him. But the books that he read while in college were making impressions on him that could not lie latent, but must show themselves in poetry. Although he did not seek the companionship of his fellow students, yet he was not wholly without close friends, for he chose the elegant art of Virgil, and the graces of Horace and Catullus as his bosom companions, and wise was he in his choice. His mind had now taken a positive turn to poetry and like most young poets shone forth in love songs, some of which were published in "The Charleston Evening News," winning for him considerable reputation, inspiring him to seek after the pure and noble and not waste his valuable time in trying to please the dazzling eye of fancy.

Unfortunately for our young poet, his college course was suddenly brought to a close, on account of ill health and financial embarrassment, at the end of his sophomore year.

On Timrod's return to Charleston (the Athens of South Carolina) from Athens, Georgia, where he attended college, he took up the study of law under James L. Pettigru, then the most distinguished member of the

Charleston Bar, but his heart was not in it. He was especially fond of argument, and was an admirable reader, but had not the intellectual endowments of language and illustration necessary for an extemporaneous speaker. He had, however, talent which would have made him distinguished in any profession. His speeches in a debating club of law students were always heard with pleasure. There was no lack of quick apprehension in applying them.

To vary the monotony of his law studies, he kept up his literary pursuits, and in 1848 having assumed the nom de plume of "Aglaus," he began to contribute a series of poems for the "Southern Literary Messenger," then edited by that accomplished scholar, John R. Tompson. Among the contributors were Haynes, Simms, and others, and Timrod soon found himself in congenial company. "Timrod was too wholly a poet to keep company long with so relentless, rugged, and exacting a mistress as the law!" the result was that the study of law proved distasteful and he gave it up, renewing his studies of the classics with the intention of becoming a professor or tutor in private families.

In poetry his favorites were Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge and Tennyson. He did not grow enthusiastic about Shakespeare's plays, but liked the Sonnets.

For the next five years, after he had abandoned the study of law, he acted in the capacity of tutor in the family of a Carolina planter, returning in his holiday seasons to Charleston, where he was welcomed by a coterie of friends. Among these was Simms, who could be no better pleased than to have gathered around him the younger literary men, and discuss various topics connected with art and letters. One outcome of these delightful gatherings was the establishing of that ill-fated periodical, "Russell's Magazine," which was intended to serve as an exponent of Southern thought and culture For three years its pages were graced with some as fine poems and literary articles as ever adorned those of any periodical. If you will examine "Russell's Magazine" from the time it was started in 1857 until it died

a natural death in 1860 you can read some of Timrod's most charming and characteristic poems, which were composed for its pages;---such as "Præceptor Amat" and "The Arctic Voyager," in the later of which we are able to discern for the time in the poet, the influence of Tennyson interwoven with that of Wordsworth, who was Timrod's earlier guide. Although his earlier poems showed some deep marks of imitation, yet it must be admitted that they display individuality and a masterly power of genius. In the same magazine we find Timrod figuring as a prose essayist and critic. His best production is, "What is Poetry?" in which he ably discusses those operations of the human mind upon itself and the world without, which, incarnated in language, we term " poetry." In this discussion he shows originality of thought and judgment, and a hearty appreciation of the subject.

In the year 1860 Ticknor & Fields of Boston published a small volume of Timrod's best poems, written during eight or ten years previous. As Mr. Hayne well says, "a better first volume of the kind has seldom appeared anywhere." It was highly appreciated by the cultivated Southern editors and even the critics of the North did not hesitate to say, "the author, whose name promises to be better known from this specimen of his powers, betrays a genuine poetic instinct in the selection of his themes, and has treated them with a lively, delicate touch of fancy and a graceful beauty of expression." The volume opened with a very graceful dedication "To Fairy" and the poem which followed, Timrod's longest and perhaps best production, is entitled " A Vision of Poesy." His imaginative and descriptive capacities are extremely active in working out the theme. The poem is generally pleasing and impressive, slightly marred however by a want of harmony and unity of thought. The metrical form of the Vision is well blended, being the same as that employed by Shakespeare in his Venus and Adonis. There is no better way of bringing out the chief merit of the poem than to unfold its leading idea. Timrod accomplished this by in-

troducing a story of the mental progress of a youth endowed with brilliant poetic gifts that are somewhat impaired. The story is divided into two parts, each devoted to some particular phase of the hero's life. The youth, hoping to comprehend something of the secrets of nature, turns to his mother, saying that there are other sounds which are the language of a life, unlike ours—"Winds talk, the sea murmurs, and the sky listens and answers, tho' inaudibly." He demanded, "what is this language, and where is the key that opens weird and wondrous mystery?" These strange questions at first puzzled and then alarmed his mother and she tells him of an instance connected with his birth which was formerly considered as a bad one. Meanwhile time rolls on, "the thoughtful boy blossoms into youth." His childhood dream becomes the deathless need of his mature years. He communes with water, sky and flowers, famiiiarizes himself with the wild beasts of the forest: even

> "The eagle knew him as she knew the blast,
> And the deer did not flee from him as she passed."

The most finished and polished poem of the collection was the "Lily Confidante," which shows without doubt a delicate touch and beauty of conception, and I doubt if it has been surpassed by Timrod himself or any other Southern poet, except Poe.

When the war came on the young poet remained in Charleston for the first few months serving his country with his pen. The war furnished an abundance of material, and the poet's war poems secured an immediate recognition and fame for their author. "Ethnogenesis" is, perhaps, his best war poem, and may be compared in intensity and fervid beauty to Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." "A Call to Arms" and "Carolina" are also among Timrod's best poems of this nature. The later is destined perhaps to outlive the political vitality of the State, whose antique fame it celebrates.

> " I hear a murmur as of waves
> That grope their way through sunless caves,
> Like bodies struggling in their graves,
> Carolina!

"And now it deepens, slow and grand,
It swells, as rolling to the land,
An Ocean broke upon the strand,
Carolina!

"Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
And roar with all thy festal guns!
It is the answer of thy sons!
Carolina!"

Many other poems of like force and fire awoke the public to a sense of Timrod's unusual merit.

Not long after the desperate battle of Shiloh, Timrod joined the army of the West, as "War Correspondent" of the Charleston "Mercury." He remained in the ranks only a short while and from under the smoke of conflict and sickening slaughter, staggered home in a deplorable condition to engage in newspaper work. He removed to Columbia, where he was enabled to become part proprietor and associate editor of the "South Carolinian" a daily paper published there, which promised a permanent support. Thus being in comparatively easy circumstances, he saw the possibility of realizing what had long been the wish of his heart, "Katie" of poetry. On February 16, 1864, he was happily married to Miss Kate Goodin, and the remainder of the year he kept up with his editorial work. Once he wrote to Hayne: "All the poetry in my nature has been fagged out of me, I fear: I work very hard. Besides writing the leaders of the paper, I often descend as you may notice, into the local columns. My purpose is to show that a poet can drudge as well as a duller man, and therefore I don't complain! But, oh God! for leisure enough to breathe, although at rarest intervals, the air of the Aonian Mount!"

These lines which I have quoted aid us in solving the great problem why Timrod wrote so little poetry. His poems brought him very little remuneration, and this forced him to grind out a scanty living by mere hack work.

In February, 1865, came the fearful news of invasion, and the rapid, overwhelming march of the enemy with

Sherman in command. The devoted city of Columbia was given up to Sherman and his troops. What followed is known to you and all—almost everything, money, possessions, were swept away in this fearful wreck and universal terror and despair reigned throughout the city. Timrod, who had rendered himself obnoxious by his patriotic editorials, was forced to abandon the city and remain concealed while the Union troops held possession.

What the poet underwent for the next twelve months, no pen has, or ever will be able to describe; for he suffered almost starvation, bitter grief, utter want of hope, and struggled with a disease which has but one end. But the struggle he had for breath in both senses of the word did not fetter his genius from blossoming at almost the last moment into a beautiful flower of patriotic poetry. The "Ode sung in Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, on decoration day of 1867, is in its simple grandeur, the noblest poem ever written by Southern poet." Unfortunately for the poet, he grew rapidly weaker and struggled more and more for life; when Dr. Gibber, his physician, had informed Timrod that he could do no more for him and departed from his bedside, Timrod turned to his sister and said: "And is this to be the end of all? so soon! so soon! and I have achieved so little? I thought to have done so much?" From then on he made a desperate struggle against fate, until the the 8th of October, 1867, when the death angel came and rescued the spirit of the unappreciated poet of the South. A beautiful little poem of his was the true prophecy of his death:

> Somewhere on this earthly planet,
> In the dust of flowers to be,
> In the dewdrop, in the sunshine,
> Sleeps a solemn day for me.

Even when you read Timrod's poorest poems you are sure to find, amid a sufficiency of faults, some touch of what we call genius. But whatever the crudeness and irregularity of these poems, whatever prevalent melancholy hue, they have an inherent merit by no means small, which keeps warm the heart of every South

Carolinian, though they did not appreciate his lofty ambition until his genius ceased to send forth poems. Endowed with an energy of will, an intellectual power which inevitably placed him at the front of any enterprise or institution in which he took part, he was at the same time utterly devoid of personal ambition, and shrank from titular honors with the same earnestness with which some seek them. He was generous almost to a fault, loving nature with all his heart, yet burning with a still stronger love for humanity. Although gifted in the art of money-making, yet his natural foresight and undefatigable industry did not keep him from suffering the same pecuniary fate by which scholars and writers are too often hampered, and he, as well as poor Burns, vainly sighed "the glorious privilege of being independent." W. P. BASKIN.

Race Characteristics in the Settlement of the Upper Counties of South Carolina.

To note the role which the up-country has played in the history of the State, to measure the distinguishing characteristics between us of the woods and those perhaps more fortunate of our Athenian brethren of the rice fields and cypress swamps, to see as best we may how it happens that we are what we are in spite of the "Athenian" influence of Charleston and the other *strong* and potent centres of learning, this, I take it, is the object of my paper.

"There is as much in the *stock* of a man as there is in the *breed* of a horse." Let this be the text to my sermon, gentlemen, and I promise you that although we do not find it written as inspired in the Bible, yet I am fully persuaded of its verity and my research among the few annals made by historians of this time has made me all the more sure that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Let me briefly remind you of a few facts of history, as it were, in preface to my demonstration of the law of stock which I have taken as my text.

The first settler of the up-country found here vast forests, "where the savage Cherokee roamed in horrid war paint and unrestrained liberty; where the wild gobbler strutted in all the "pomp and circumstance" of fuss and feathers amid his harem, fearing naught save the deadly bow of the Indian; where the graceful deer cropped tender grass and sweet herbage and the buffalo pawed the ground, and the rattler, in compact coil, flung a note of defiance to the breeze, telling animate nature that "death lurked in his fang." The wild pea, whose roots sapped the alluvial deposits of a thousand generations, stood breast high and told the coming settler that here was the garden-spot of the earth.

The only human whose voice broke the stillness of this virgin forest and primal pasture land was the wild son of nature, whose heart so strangely tainted with hatred and revenge and yet whose soul showed marked appreciation of love and kindness, proved beyond a conjecture that he was here.

To change this wilderness, matted with undergrowth and bristling with briars, into this beautiful country after having thrown off this pristine forbidding and cheerless aspect and taken on the coat of agriculture and the mantle of manufacture and mining building towns, roads, railroands, schools and churches, and making this part of South Carolina her chief jewel and glory, this I apprehend is what our fore-fathers had in mind when they collected themselves within her confines, coming from the North, the South, the East and West.

It is natural for us to look into the dim and dusty Past and strive to find out, if we may, from what we sprung, and I feel sure that we are not to be deterred from our research even by the possibility of our finding ourselves to be the direct progeny of Darwin's missing link, and I think it right that we should be endowed with this curiosity, for on this principle depends all history, or at least all historical record.

Then let me to my subject, bearing always in mind that which I may not be the first to venture into this

vast ocean of fact, yet not many have preceded me and albeit we each have had the common compass of good sense, yet the maps have been imperfectly made and the charts are not so ordered as to steer a young pilot past the rocks.

The most potent force in the civilization of my Piedmont and mountain districts was that race of men which has made itself most strongly felt in the moulding of our whole country's welfare. From it, many of our great men have come; of it, vast multitudes of our common folk, which at last are our best criterions for greatness, are proud to claim themselves descended. To these of the middle class, our farmers, lawyers, doctors, preachers, educators and artisans do we look for support when the old State totters, and as yet we have never looked in vain.

I refer to the Scotch-Irish stock and I beg to digress here and mention some of the many characteristics of this hardy race.

I should rank as the chief mark of the Scotch-Irish all that is summed up in the term "bravery." The Scots and the old Irish, both accustomed to privation, knowing well how to withstand the pangs of hunger and the rigors of cold, knew how to face a foe, and like the Greeks were determined to return from battle either bearing their shields or borne upon them.

If these be brave, and he who doubts may look for proof at Bruce and Wallace; if they are hardy and strong, and every step of their national progress proves beyond a question that Sparta had no nobler sons nor Rome more noble sires, they exhibited not merely the animal courage which brings rounds of applause from admiring nations, but they evinced that most beautiful phase of patriotism and glory and that which calls forth the approving smile of Almighty God—pure religion and undefiled.

I shall not enter into a history of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism. I will grant you for our present uses this code seems somewhat narrow. I grant you that John Knox may have been the father of many an ecclesiastical biggot; but I lay down as one of the prime im-

pressions of my mind that John Knox and his straight-laced Presbyterianism are one of the most powerful influences for good which have ever been exerted on modern civilization. They held to what they thought right and their ideas of right, although uncomfortable to some of us, yet were easily tolerable to them and were sufficiently well founded on Bible doctrine to insure their perpetuation.

I would not attempt to discuss this mighty subject of *predestination*. Many men, the latchet of whose shoes I am unworthy to unloose, have floundered in this morass. I only know that God

> Gave me in this dark estate
> To see the good from ill
> And binding nature fast in fate
> Left free the human will."

There is a beautiful lesson for us in the bull dog tenacity of these people. They won't give up a principle—many of them left the old world with its powerful magnetism of home and friends and tradition and national pride because they were persecuted by over zealous Catholics and sought this now fairest of all lands under the blue vault of freedom's happy, laughing sky and builded houses and churches from which they might proclaim that "there are infants in hell not a span long."

But let me not stray into personalities with creeds.

In order to understand our South Carolina civilization more fully let me divert your minds to the secular side of this race.

Bravery and moral courage, not conditioned and dependent upon native intellect and sagacity, are like a splendid temple's gilded vane, which when in peace, points finger-like toward heaven, but unconstructed lies prostrate on the earth, the plaything of a child, the footrest of a fool!

But well did they lay the foundations for the beautiful superstructure of religion. Scotch-Irish mental make-up means shrewdness, prudence, keenness of perception and promptitude of execution.

Irish eloquence is proverbial and coupling the poetry

of oratory with the prose of fact we have the result in Presbyterian preachers prior to the Revolution and since that time. Authority states that there was nothing which so excited our forefathers to their desperate efforts towards freedom as the preaching of these men. Pickens, Otterson and Williams, who helped make King's Mountain famous, were all Presbyterian elders and as it were, Methodist exhorters.

But for college men, perhaps one of the most interesting sides to this multisided people is their inherent tendency towards the foundation of schools and colleges. The universities of Scotland have been famous for centuries. There was a time when English youth made Scotland their resort in quest of schools. Scotch educated men are and have ever been in the greatest demand in English affairs.

The Presbyterian element, so heartily in favor of a liberal Christian education marks strong contrast to the papal superstition which locks the Bible in monasteries and deprives the masses of even the crudest form of education. This policy, however, among Catholics of this country is fast being discontinued and Catholic schools are not slow to be founded.

With this much as a characterization of the Scotch-Irish, let us see more exactly where they came and whence.

It has been noticed that many Irish and Scotch-Irish left home about 1735-50 and came to the Northern colonies. New York and Delaware had many, but it was to Pennsylvania that most of them came. Here they thrived well for a time uutil 1759 when Braddock was very ingloriously defeated by the French and Indians. His defeat threw open all the frontier of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and Delaware so that life was cheap and property very much exposed to the marauding bands of savage Indians and hostile French. These Pennsylvania settlers soon saw that it was worse than useless to try to live here, so great numbers of them moved southward through Virginia and North Carolina, and in this State the caravan's head was stopped. These recruits

went into Horry, Marion, Marlboro, Chesterfield, Lancaster, York, Chester, Union, Spartanburg and Greenville. Fairfield, Kershaw, Darlington and Sumter have each many of the descendants of those orignal Scotch-Irish. In the lower country there are many, but English chiefly is the lower country stock.

But not all the Scotch came by way of Pennsylvania. Many crossed directly to Charleston and Georgetown and came up the country, horseback, in wagons, or as very many did, afoot.

With this for the up-country Scotch-Irish element I shall direct you to the influence of England's arch enemy, France.

And in characterizing the French nation I may be somewhat radical; for I have read French literature enough and studied French social and national life enough, to be convinced of the falsity of an idea which, I believe, has gained great ground among Americans. I do not believe that the Frenchman, although polite to a fault and finished in his gentility until the *man* is sometimes obscured by the glamour of etiquette and shows of *savior-faire*, I say, I do not believe that this man is altogether an affair of dandyism and fresh from the band-box, is sorry when the odor of ottar of roses is lost from his person. Such notions as these come from our looking through picture books instead of reading history. Court life in Paris is considerably like court life in Washington—at both places, fools bow to rank and distinction and the American *dude* is as common with us, as is the French *damoiseau* on the boulevards of Paris. No! The French are not a frivolous folk. No nation whose chief idea of life is a joke or a bow, a fancy coat or a flashy bonnet, couldhave so collected the circumstances and gathered together the incidents which form the matter contained in French history. Patriotic, until it is well nigh absurd, they love their France as truly as we do our South. Their Marseillaise stirs them to as poetic frenzy and military madness as does our own doubly dear Dixie, and theirs is not merely an animated effusion which bubbles up like a

Methodist meeting and then shows a painful peacefulness; no, French fickleness is often a misnomer—it required a heart of oak and an eye single to the glory of France for this people to come to the German government within two years and pay the indemnity of a thousand millions of dollars which was imposed upon them after the Franco-Prussian War.

The French peasant is all right. The "long stocking" in which he keeps his money is still the safe guard of French future and we must not judge the yeomanry of "the land of sand and ruin and gold" by the fop with his one-barrelled eye glass and great *boutonnier*.

In 1764 there arrived in Charleston two hundred and eleven French Huguenots who had placed themselves under the leadership of a Rev. Gilbert, a very popular preacher of this time. Soon after the Peace of Paris, many others were prevailed upon to come over and the whole colony settled itself in Abbeville and Laurens Counties, the former, however, being the most marked for its French influence. These immigrants brought with them all their French industry and thrift. The silk-worm and the grape-seed played an important part in their American labor. Mr. Mills kindly says of these people, "they were distinguished chiefly for their industry and good morals." Surely a new country needed such men. Up-country men are accustomed to look upon Abbeville, even now, as a social center and rightly do we judge her. Abbeville society, hospitality and aristocracy, though sometimes sadly run down, are held aloft as peerless in the Piedmont belt. Let her remain so famous!

As to this cavalier element, I must say that Abbeville County, from a mingling of the Scotch-Irish with this French blood has produced more men of high rank both in church and State, at home and on the field, than has any other of the upper counties—my own native Anderson not excluded. The class is too familiar with English characteristics to necessitate my sketching them, and so but few words will suffice.

The old English settlers of the low country kept close

home and did not care to exchange the "swish of a Southern sea" for the grand mountains and verdant hills of the rocky counties. They, however, were very strong in their influence. Conservatism is their hobby, they rot and fall away, from pure stagnation. So strong was their attachment for England, that George Washington feared that he would be seriously hindered in his schemes of Revolution by their negativeness. But the history of the State fails to bear out this accusation of inertness, whether on account of or in spite of this English influence, I cannot say. The English are a strange people over here and but little can be said about them.

In 1735 the colonial government, always anxious for sober men to come into the province, granted a tract of land consisting 173,840 acres, situated on the Pee Dee river in the Cheraw District, to a colony of Welshmen. These were the poorest people of whom record has been made as coming into the State. The governor gave them the control of the tract mentioned above and as an extra inducement to their coming, offered the following: To each male above 12 years, one axe, one broad hoe, one cow and calf and one young sow. To each head of a family, 12 bushels of corn, one barrel of beef, fifty weight of pork, one hundred weight of rice, one bushel of salt. The original settlers of this plat came with the on surging tide of Southern migration, but as soon as these inducements were offered, many poured in direct from Wales—soon this tract was filled up and then they commenced to pre-empt the land nearest, etc., until a fine population of good citizens was the outgrowth of these poor people. In Cheraw will be found many Scotch. The English having banished thousands after the battle of Culloden—April, 1746. With this influx came the McIntoshes, McNorrises, McBrydes, McPhersons, McDowells, etc.

"The Dutch fork" in Lexington was settled by a German company. This fork is the land between Saluda and Broad rivers. Edgefield is Dutch. The town of Walhalla in Oconee is almost entirely a German village. Thus I mentioned as the chief of the races as represented

in this up country settlement, the Scotch-Irish, then the French, the English, the Welsh and the Dutch. To them we owe our strength of character, our splendid hospitality and our enterprise and pluck. From these we have learned the true lessons of life, that work and honesty are the sole factors of genuine success, and that

> "'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

This doctrine has ever been the salvation of the Teutonic people. Tacitus tells of the virtue of German women, the valor of German men, and these two are the chief requisite components in good national character.

One thing consoling comes to my mind as I leave this subject: the fact that the Slavonian is so conspicuously absent from us. We have no Hungarians, Russians or Poles. As long as we can keep the scum of the old world out of our borders we need fear no dynamite. Ours is a stock which preaches and writes and honestly fights for its rights.

Our reputation as a State is fair as a summer morn, save in the minds of cringing politicians, whose minds so warped from living truth find nothing perfect but their own selfish theories, nothing sublime but the prospect of their own aggrandizement. Facts are facts, and upon the eternal basis of truth we may plant ourselves, ever confident that no nobler folk breathes free air than that people called South Carolinians!

Our era of prosperity has just been ushered in. One hundred and fifty years is not a long time in a country's history, and yet we have done wonderful things. This Piedmont South Carolina is a half blown rose, beautiful in its contained self, and holding within its petals the freshness of the dawn of a new life, the sweetness of the perfume of a splendid, peerless civilization!*

FRANK MCPHERSON LANDER.

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*I have had occasion to consult the following authorities in the preparation of this article: Mills' Statistics of South Carolina, Ramsay's History of South Carolina, Simms' History, Logan's History of Upper Carolina, and an address on the Scotch-Irish by Dr. Howe, delivered at Nazareth Church. I am also indebted to the Hon. H. M. Prince, of Williamston, S. C., for valued information and kindly suggestion.

Hugh Swinton Legare.

The subject of this sketch was born in Charleston on January 3, 1797. From his father's side he descended from the sturdy French Huguenots who, like the Puritans of New England, fled to the New World that they might worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. On his mother's side he descended from the Scotch Swintons, many of whom were famous in the border warfare.

Of Legare's father we know very little except that he died while Legare was very small; by this his education and training devolved on his mother. Up to the time he was about four years old, he was as stout, hearty and well developed as any of his stalwart ancestors were. But at this age it became necessary to inoculate him with the small pox. This seemed to affect him more than others; perhaps it was caused by his case being mismanaged by his physician. When this artificial disease had run its course he was entirely helpless and was borne about for some time by his mother on a pillow. During this time he learned to read. For eight or nine years he scarcely increased any in height, then when he was transferred to school in the up-country, he shot up very rapidly; "but this was almost entirely in the superior part of his person, for while his chest, bust and head become those of a very fine torso, his lower members remained those of a very short man."

Being debarred from all the sports of boyhood while yet very young he developed great fondness for books. Between the ages of four and six he was placed in a grammar school under Mr. Hard, who thus speaks of Legare at the time when he left his school: "That he was very far advanced in English, a boy of high talents, fine taste and great industry." By the advice of Mr. Hard, his mother placed him under a Catholic priest, Dr. Gallagher, who is said to have been "the most eminent classical teacher of his time in Charleston." Dr. Gallagher took great interest in Legare and said that he would be "an honor to his country for erudition and as an orator,

the Burke of America." Legare himself said in after life that it was to Dr. Gallagher that he owed his taste for classical literature and much of his knowledge of Latin.

About the age of eleven he was transferred to the school of Mr. King; why, we do not know; perhaps through personal regard for Mr. King, who afterwards became a lawyer of some note. After remaining under Mr. King about a year and a half, his mother sent him to Dr. Waddell's school in Abbeville, thinking that the up-country would be good for his health. Legare did not find very congenial companions among the up-country youths. Everything was so different from his cultured home that he was far from being pleased with his new surroundings. His letters to his mother were filled with pleas to let him come home; but she, thinking that he was receiving training that would be useful to him in after life, refused to let him come home. But before he left this school he and the old Doctor were good friends. Legare himself afterwards said that it was to Dr. Waddell that he owed his love for Greek. In one year at this school he prepared himself for the Freshman class of the South Carolina College. Some one said that Legare entered college with more learning than McDuffie had when he left. Col. Preston, who was in college during part of Legare's collegiate course, in his eulogy on Legare says:

"He entered college at the early age of fourteen. His reputation having preceded him, he was, on his arrival an object of curiosity and interest to the students; while, on his part, with ingenousness, he was not indisposed to exhibit his acquirements, nor backward in giving it to be understood that he intended to run for the honors of his class. His previous attainments, the astonishing facility with which he added to them and the eager industry with which he threw himself upon his studies, gave him at once a lead which he maintained through his course until he was graduated not only with the honors of college, but with a reputation in the State. He mainly devoted himself to the department of classical

Literature and Philosophy; and zealously engaged in the discussions of the debating societies, in order to practice himself in the art of speaking. These studies were a passion to him. His attention to the Exact Sciences, however, seemed to be stimulated rather by an ambition and a sense of duty than a particular inclination. His recitations in Mathematics, ' hemistry and Natural Philosophy were always good—equal to the best in his class: but his heart was in the Classics." While in College Legare gave seven hours to his class recitations, eight to his own voluntary studies, two to meals and exercise, and the rest to sleep." During his college course he filled himself with Latin and Greek; he was not only a deep student of the ancient classics, but was fond of his mother tongue. He knew English Literature from Beowulf down to the writers of his own time. He was especially fond of Milton. Legare also knew French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Romanic, Provincial, German and Low Dutch. He knew all the Literature in these languages that was worth knowing. While in college Legare was retired in his habits—most of his time was spent in study or in solitary walks. In his walks he accustomed himself to repeat fine passages of poetry Often while running up hill he would repeat some favorite lines of poetry.

A visitor was so much struck with Legare's graduating speech on "The Influence of the Imagination upon Human Happiness" that he asked one of the professors who wrote his declamation for him; the professor answered that Legare wrote it himself, and that he was the only man in college who could write such a speech.

After graduation, Legare returned to his own much loved Charleston, among whose circles he found many congenial companions.

Legare had already chosen law as his profession, and made all his studies converge to this one end. He now set about to master the science of law before he attempted the more practical part of a practitioner. Under the supervision of Mr. King, his former teacher, who was a leading lawyer in his native city, Legare began a very wide and

exact course of legal reading. The age of twenty-one found Legare amply prepared to enter the bar, but such was not his purpose. His aim now was to spend a year or two at European universities. In May, 1818, he sailed from Charleston for Bordeaux. His intention was to remain some time at Paris and then proceed to the University of Gottengen, but this plan he afterwards changed and went to the University of Edinborough instead. In a letter to his mother he says: "As soon as I settle myself at Paris, I will employ three teachers who shall attend at my lodgings every day: an Italian, a scholar who is thoroughly versed in Latin, and one who will assist me in French; and perhaps a drawing master". He remained in Paris September of the same year, when he left to prosecute his studies at Edinborough. Here he entered the classes of civil law, natural philosophy and mathematics. While here he gave most of his time to civil law and a further study of Italian literature. W. C. Preston (his fellow student) says: "He addressed himself to his studies with a quiet diligence, sometimes animated into a sort of intellectual joy." On one occasion, he found himself at breakfast Sunday morning on the same seat where he had breakfasted the day before—not having quited it in the meantime. Still he made himself leisure for society and for an extensive correspondence with his friends. Perhaps no one ever thought more of a mother than did Legare. He never did anything but that he always informed her all about it. His letters show great filial affection. After remaining for nearly a year at the University of Edinborough, he made an extensive tour of the Continent.

After two years of absence, Legare returned to Charleston. He now took up his abode with his mother on John's Island for two years. Legare was not as most young lawyers are—thinking that everything will go to the dogs unless they get to practicing. In all he spent nearly eight years in preparing himself for the bar. During the time he was straightening up matters on his mother's farm.

In 1822 Legare took up his residence in Charleston and began the practice of law. At first his practice was not very lucrative. Some seemed to think that such a polished and scholarly gentleman could not be a good lawyer. Some one asking him how he was getting along, he gave an amusing account: "Sir," said he, "do you ask how I get along? Do you inquire what my trade brings me in? I will tell you: I have a variety of cases, and by the bounty of Providence sometimes get a fee; but in general, sir, I practice upon the old Roman plan; and like Cicero's, my clients pay me what they like—that often, nothing at all."

Though his practice was not so very great for one with his knowledge of law and great oratorical powers, yet in 1824 he was chosen a member of the Legislature from the city of Charleston. In this body he remained until 1830 when he was elected Attorney General of the State. On Legare's return to the legislature the first opposition to Federal authorities began, afterwards known as "Nullification." Legare allied himself with the Union party.

In 1827 the Southern Review was started with Legare as principal contributor. In some numbers he wrote nearly every article in it. Though this Review had the push and energy of Legare behind it, as all other Southern magazines since its day have been, it was doomed to an early death. While the Review was in existence it won a high place as a literary magazine. Legare contributed articles on classical subjects. These, with his book reviews, are well worth any one's time to read them. He writes in a very pleasant style. He always chooses the right words in the right place. His sentences are terse and well rounded.

In 1830 Legare was elected Attorney General by a legislature, the majority of which were opposed to his political creed. During his term of office he argued a very important case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Preston in speaking of it, says: "His argument obtained the most flattering commendation from the members of that high court, and especially from that il-

lustrious sage, who yet sheds his glory upon it, and never spoke but from impulses of a heart warmed only by what was great and good, and the dictates of a judgment which was never clouded. Such was the extraordinary success of the effort that it became the subject of conversation in the circles of Washington, and procured for him the most flattering attention from Mr. Livingston, then Secretary of State."

In 1832 Mr. Livingston, the Secretary of State, tendered Legare the station of American charge d'affaires at the Court of Brussells: as this would enable him to prosecute his studies he accepted the station. Legare's duties were not very burdensome, thus enabling him to spend most of his time in studying. During his stay at Brussels he mastered German and Low Dutch. Being in easy reach of Paris and the German universities, with their magnificent libraries, he flung himself with new ardor into his studies. Legare generally spent the morning at home studying, in the evening and at night he received calls and made them himself. About once a week he dined at court. There is hardly a day but what he either dined with some notable personage or had them to dine with him. Legare never married, though he seems to have a very high regard for an English lady of high birth. He has the following entry in his diary:

"My feelings towards Lady Flora still the same, and she seems to understand what they are. My happiness would be as perfect as man's can be with such a lady for my bride, *without her title*, and of my own country; but why, ye gods do two and two make four? Confound number and *quantity* they are sadly at war with quality."

During Legare's stay abroad he was offered the Presidency of the South Carolina College and also the Presidency of a college in Kentucky, both of which he refused. He was also invited home to resurrect The Southern Review and edit it, but this he also refused. In writing to a friend about this offer he said: My *immense labor* for the Southern Review (which they saddled me with, as

if it had been an hereditary estate,) do you think I went through so many nights (summer nights too) of watching and toil because I hoped to be spoken of with terms of compliment in our own newspapers or even by foreigners? If so, why don't I write now when pressed to do so? No—no. I thought I could help to show that people did not know what our race was:—I felt that in speaking its language, I should be thought eloquent,—and I have been mistaken. But I wrote as an American and especially as a Carolinian, and for some reasons you wot of, I fear 'Othello's occupation's gone.' "

Legare's salary was not very large. In speaking of the way the United States treated ministers abroad he said: "Heavens! 'the magnificent affluence of North America, as Bulwer calls it—illustrated by this most vulgar and miserly parsimony about candle-ends; and systems under which all elevated and gentlemanly feeling, even in their highest officers and representatives, is utterly crushed, dignified with name of economy while millions are squandered upon the wildest projects at home because they feed noisy and active ragamuffins."

Immediately on Legare's arrival in New York in 1836 his friends asked him to allow his name to be used as a candidate for Congress. He was elected though most of his district were opposed to the Union party. His most noted speech during his term in Congress was on the financial question, but this speech cost him his seat in Congress at the next election.

Legare now resumed the practice of his profession. He argued some very important cases, all of which he won. He also frequently wrote for the magazines—some of his best essays appeared during this period. His essay on Lord Byron is very fine. His allusions to Byron's sensitiveness about his person seemed to have been written with great feeling and sympathy; for Legare himself was very sensitive about his person.

Legare took active part in the Presidential canvass of 1840. It is said that his speeches in New York and Richmond were magnificent specimens of oratory.

On the resignation of the old Harrison cabinet Legare

was selected for the office of Attorney General of the United States. W. C. Preston speaking of the way Legare performed his duties in this important office says: "When he was called to the office of Attorney General, there was an universal acquiescence in the propriety of the appointment. It was given to no intrigue, no solicitations, no party service, but conferred upon a fit man for the public good. It was precisely that office for which Mr. Legare was most ambitious. He had endeavored to qualify himself for it. He thought himself not unworthy of it as a means of effecting to some extent, his great object in regard to the amelioration in the jurisprudence of the country—and as means of placing him eventually on the bench of the Supreme Court, where he would be able still further to develop and establish his plan of reform. His practice as Attorney General was attended with most conspicuous success. Many of the judges expressed their great admiration of his efforts during the first term and the whole bench awarded to him the palm of exalted merit. His opinions, delivered on questions in administration of government, were formed with laborious deliberations clearly and ably argued, and have been sustained without exception."

On a very important question of revenue Legare differed from the majority of the leading politicians in Congress and from the majority of the Cabinet, but since then his opinions have been sustained. While walking to the Capitol with a friend one morning to argue a case before the Supreme Court, Legare said to him: "It has been said that I am a mere literary man; but I will show them to-day whether I am a lawyer or not." This speech is said to have been the finest argument ever made before the Supreme Court. In preparing for one of his speeches before the Supreme Court, Legare sent to Vienna for a treatise to aid him in its preparation.

On retirement of Webster, Legare acted as Secretary of State until his death. No doubt this double burden of official duties shortened his life. All of Tyler's cabinet, except Legare, lost what reputation they had when they entered it, but Legare gained a national reputation.

In January, 1843, his mother died. This was the most severe blow of his life, but he did not remain long to mourn her death.

While attending the Bunker Hill celebration Legare took sick. On June 16 he was carried to the house of his friend, Prof. George Ticknor, where he breathed his last on June 20, 1843.

In 1859 some friends had his remains removed to Charleston, where a suitable monument has been erected by friends. His name lives in the Legare Society of the Fitting School.

Though at first success did not crown his efforts, he fought on with an "unceasing purpose" until he won two of the highest offices in the gift of the President. At his death Legare had few superiors as an orator, scholar and jurist in the United States. He left a record as an orator, scholar and a pure minded statesman, that South Carolina may well be proud of.

A. V. HARBIN.

Thoughts on Ante-Bellum Social Life.

In glancing at the history of the past, we find that highest social recognition and distinction were awarded to the possessor of intellect, morality, wealth and a good name. This being true, let us look at the spirit which dominated the religious, social and public life of the old "Palmetto State."

In the days of old the towns were very few and small, and that distinction which now exists between city and country folk was in most instances unknown; for more of the wealthy citizens resided on their broad estates than in the towns. In ante-bellum days the aristocracy was the dominant class, many of whom had engaged in the mother country, before they crossed the briny deep, the love, esteem and honor of the first princes of Europe. Most of this class could boast of an illustrious ancestry because in the struggle with the Mother Country, they had exhibited some mark of zeal or skill on the side of

the colonists. By enlisting on freedom's side, they gained the love and admiration of the citizen soldiery; and for their unselfish and magnanimous bearing they were respected by all.

The common people looked upon them as the embodiment of learning, valor and honor. After the struggle had ceased, their sons and daughters were entitled to the highest social recognition, and this was retained by them just in proportion as they were true representatives of their sires. Having many things to flatter their pride, and the high esteem in which they were held by the masses, it is not surprising that they grew to be, as they were, the South Carolina nobility. It would be difficult to find a people living in greater style than this aristocracy. Public spirit and scholarly ability held them to that high standard of thrift, industry and unimpeachable honor. So much of this is true, that some of the old family names of Carolina have become synonymous with respectability and high social standing.

There was another and still higher requisition of social standing, which was more binding in its observance and more inexorable in its demands than any law of condition, wealth or lineage. This was their high standard of honor, the unwritten code, which demanded truth, honesty, and a gentlemanly and courteous bearing at all times. The demands of the civil law might be evaded, but to violate any of these requirements was always a stigma which his family bore as a part of its heritage, and which handicapped them all through life.

One striking feature of this people was their unbounded hospitality, which awaited at all times their friends. They did not make such visits as we of the present day are accustomed to make, but long and frequent visits were the order of the day. They thought nothing of enjoying a friend's hospitality for months at a time, and on such occasions there was great feasting and enjoyment. Such a custom naturally drew them closer together, and made them almost as one large family. Perhaps it is better that that day has passed,

but still there is a bright and fascinating side to such a picture which we have entirely lost.

This people held the name of woman sacred, and a remark derogatory to her name was answered for by a cow-hiding; and often times by the life-blood of the offender.

Let me now attempt to picture what is well fitted for the poet's pen or the artist's brush,—a palatial plantation residence. As we enter the wide old piazzas, and go into the house, our eyes are greeted by the sight of large, commodious rooms, handsomely furnished, and the pictures of the old masters adorning the walls. The large open fire-place throws out a cheery light, and above on the mantlepiece sits grandfather's old clock. Glancing through the window we behold stately groves of virgin oaks surrounding the dwelling, and the beautiful flower-garden teeming with Eden's fairest flowers. Scores of well-trained servants administered to all the wants of the estate.

The stables were filled with the finest horses, from the old family horse on up to the finest racer; for horse-racing was the most popular sport of the young men.

There were seasons of special festivity, especially Christmas times, when not only the horse-racing was enjoyed, but the sports of the hunt and of the punch-bowl as well. In fact, every luxury that heart could wish or money could buy was theirs.

Nor would we fail to note the kindly host and hostess who were ever ready to dispense the bounties of their hospitality. Also the youths and maidens who ignorant of toil and care, with glad hearts and gay faces spent the fleeting hours in the pursuit of pleasures, both social and intellectual, and at eve they would meet with friends of kindred mind and heart to drink in still further enjoyments. There, too, were the rich viands that always crowned the festive board.

But this old manorial life has passed away, and with it much that is bad as well as good. On its many sides our present system is better and purer, and better results spring from it. We love to glance and reflect on the past, but rejoice that it is past.

W. G. MUCKENFUSS, JR.

The Poets of South Carolina.

Gentlemen, I offer no apology for this paper—I have done what my time permitted and such as it is I give it to the class hoping only to stir up in some of you by the deficiency of my paper if by nothing else, a desire to work out the records and statistics of our State along this line.

In this paper my authorities are nearly as numerous as the poets I will mention. I have found my subject broad, but still I have found it so interesting that I should like to complete this beginning.

Now for a few general observations upon our poetry. The manner of the settlement of South Carolina was not at all propitious for the existence of poetry.

The people lived in the country and not in towns—each planter was monarch of all he surveyed—no man dared dispute his word—hence our chivalry of the last generation.

But some may say "What was the matter with the South? Did she not have everything to engender a poetical spirit? Did not her planters have money and did not they educate their sons at the best universities of the Old World? Did not these men live in a climate more favorable to poetry than that of Greece? Why did she not produce her Burns? Why did not the South, nature's cradle for poetry, cast the shadow of her genius even back across the deep Atlantic?"

Must we submit that the Southern planters were inferior to the Northern men in intellect, or does climate make this difference? The key to our non-productiveness is—the purpose of our fore-fathers shown in the manner of their settlement and their attitude towards literature, especially poetry.

Another reason why we produced little or no early poetry is that the making of verses was considered a weakness, at most only a "time passer" and was only indulged in during spare moments; hence we find most all our early composers were lawyers, and some few doctors.

But no man was so foolish and worthless as to throw away his life in the making of rhymes.

How we of this generation regret that some of our Cambridge graduates, for we had numbers, did not marry an uncongenial woman, take to drink and drunkenness, and leave for future generations a poem with an immortality; but back to facts.

The attitude of the learned necessarily reflects the relation of the masses towards poetry. Their work was the settlement of a continent—action and not thought was their demand. There were no Whitmans—they loved the past—they loved English traditions, in fact their hearts were in Old England. They brought enough literature from the Old World to last them, as they thought.

And as time went by and nothing was produced, the thought gradually took hold of them that the best the world could produce had been given out, and so there was no use of their making any literary efforts.

Then compared to the population our polished men were few and these owed their services to their State. To make a national government is easy compared to the making of a State government that will in no way conflict with an established government.

In the home, government, and not poetry, was discussed—the child was raised to love its country and the effect was good soldiers in both wars but comparatively poor poets in either rank. Take the product of Charleston as your unit of measure and make a calculation what she would have done, had she been as large as Boston, remembering to go by geometric progression.

This is a good work for some student who wishes to do a great and everlasting deed for South Carolina. Of course you will not expect me in this paper to write a history of all the poets of South Carolina, neither do you want to hear a long list of names, dates and births. But I do want to leave the impression on you that we have raised up a few who are worthy of your time and leave with you a desire to learn more about the poets of your own native State. As a background to this paper

I would like to have the history of our State at that time, but that is denied me.

As this is not to be a scientific treatise of our singers I will treat of them as convenience best suits.

The first writer that I will take up is one whose fame rests not alone upon his writing but also upon his achievements as a painter. He ranks, according to Richardson, next to Paul Hamilton Hayne. Although he does not give him a distinct paragraph heading, still he mentions him four times in his large work, but this may be due to the fact that Washington Allston graduated from Harvard University and married a Miss Channing of the great Boston family. Allston was born in Georgetown on the 5th of November, 1779; and died on July 9th, 1843, having spent his life between our two great wars. After graduating at Harvard, he traveled extensively across the waters, and in fact published his first book while in London. His conversational powers were one of his chief charms—he has an easily read style and there is certainly something attractive about his poems. But first let me quote a short passage from The North American Review: "Mr. Allstons' versification is peculiarly easy and seems to roll out with as little effort as it is read—with all his ease, however, he is always musical, and we have only to object to a loose line here and there." Now listen to this quotation from his "Tuscan Maid," which I consider is a fair sample of his work.

How pleasant and how sad the turning tide
Of human life when side by side
The child and youth begin to glide
Along the vale of years.
The pure twin-being for a little space
With lightsome heart and yet graver face,
Too young for woe though not for tears.

Here we see a painter thinking out a picture in verse, or rather we see a strong mind playing with verse.

Next we take up a man who will soon be forgotten as a poet, not because his other work has overshadowed his poetry, but because he did not do his work well—he was a "Jack-of-all-trades." Born in Charleston in 1806,

William Gilmore Simms ranks highest as a novelist and would have ranked very high had he not had that "fatal fluency." Would that he had had some of Gray's elements mixed in him; but that he was not polished was not his fault. What would a few dollars have done for this man.

Like a great many of our poets he began verse turning at a very early age, being only about eight years old, and in 1825 he appeared before the public as a poet in the publication of a monody on General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and then they came in rapid succession. I would discuss his poetry more fully, but you will have the pleasure of hearing a paper devoted entirely to his life and works.

Now we come to two brothers who were poets at heart and mind.

William H. Simmons, a native South Carolinian, was educated for the medical profession. His chief poem is "Onea", an Indian poem. The following is from his "Bell Bird," a bird that was supposed to live apart from every other kind of animal.

> Here safe he dips refreshed his pearly bill
> In lymph more pure than from a spring or rill,
> No longer by the wandering Indian shared;
> The dewy draught he there may quaff unscared.

James Wright Simmons, the younger brother, is a little more widely known, having published a poem called the "Greek Girl."

He was quite an educated man, having studied at Harvard and traveled abroad; he certainly has a more poetical soul than his brother. Judging from his works he wrote poetry because his thoughts were poetical, while his elder brother tried to think in poetry because he wanted to write it.

What little these two men have done in their spare moments is enough to convince us that genius was not lacking in our Southern men.

But let us on to our next man.

Augustus Julian Requier, 1825, was born in Charleston. By profession he was a lawyer and like a great

many professional men of his day gave only his spare moments to composition of poetry. He wrote our first play in blank verse, "The Spanish Exile." Besides this he wrote "Marco Bozzaris"—a tragedy, "To Mary on Earth," "The Image," "Ode to Shakespeare" and a good many others. Notice the opening lines of his "Ode to Shakespeare."

He went forth into nature and he sung
Her first form of imperial sway—the lord
Of sea and continent and chime and tongue
Striking the harp with whose sublime accord
The whole creation rung!

In that we all can see true poetry, and today in Requier we might have boasted of a high, first grade poet had he made literature his profession in the place of law.

Now I come to a name which is musical and poetical n itself, but I will give you only the dates of his birth and death, and pass on; for he is worthy of a separate paper. In 1831, in Charleston, Paul Hamilton Hayne first touched this earth and in 1886 he left us.

William Crafts was born in Charleston, January 24, 1787. In his youth he seems to have made very little progress in his books, but his kind biographer explains this by saying the fault lay in the schools of that place. But he made up for all this while at Harvard, for here he ranked high as a classical scholar. His poems are few and short; his two longest are "Sullivan's Island" and "The Raciad." Notice this short selection from his "monody" on the death of Decatur.

Sweet scented flowers on beauty's grave
We strew; but, for the honored brave,
The fallen conqueror of the wave,
Let Ocean's flags adorn the bier
And be the Pall of Glory there.

He was for some time editor of the "Charleston Courier." He died in 1826 being only 37 years old.

The next man we take up certainly has a name that South Carolina ought to be proud of; indeed for several generations past the name has been politically in the front. William Elliott was born in Beaufort in 1788.

He attended Cambridge but did not take his degree on account of a severe attack of bronchitis; but, on account of his high grade of work, the government awarded him an unsolicited honorary degree. He is noted as the first South Carolinian who attempted a tragedy in blank verse. His tragedy certainly showed strength if not finish.

We might be prouder of him had he given more time to his literary works and less to his business.

And while we are in Beaufort we must not pass over the name of William Grayson, who was born there 1788, the same year as William Elliott. He was educated at the South Carolina College, and like most of his contemporaries served in both the House and Senate; also like all his contemporaries he considered poetry as a time passer.

In 1854 he published a didactic poem, entitled, "The Hireling and the Slave"—didactic in that it gives a picture of the advantages of the slave of the South over the pauper laborer of Europe.

His poetry is fairly good but he was unfortunate in the selection of his subjects. He was an occasional writer and as most of the occasions are forgotten so also are the greater number of his poems.

Henry T. Tanner was a native of England but at an early age he immigrated to Charleston where he was engaged in commercial pursuits, but afterwards he became a doctor. He was a graduate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York, graduating in 1821. He died in Charleston while in his 46th year. His work is a small volume, called "Imagnination, The Maniac's Dream and other Poems."

His was a ready pen and occasionally struck a good line. This is cut from his "Woes of Modern Truce."

> Alas! thy land is now a land of woe.
> Thy muse is covered with Druid mistletoe.
> See the lorn virgin with dishevelled hair
> To distant climes in 'wildered haste repair.
> Chill devastation seeks her favored bowers,
> Neglect, that mildews, blasts her cherished flowers.
> The Spring may bid her foliage bloom anew,

The night may dress them in her fairy dew,
But what may chase the Winter cloud of Pain
And bid the early numbers breath again?
What Spring shall bid the mental gloom depart?
'Tis always winter in a broken heart.

And now for another Charleston poet, for it was there that Edwin C. Holland was born, and it was there he began his life work, law, but lawyer-like he could not refrain from trying something else. In 1814 he published a volume of poems—"Odes, Naval Songs and other poems." He certainly had a stylographic mind. A very good example of his style is the following taken from a prize poem—"The Pillar of Glory."

Hail to the heroes whose triumphs have brightened
The darkness which shrouded America's name;
Long shall their valor in battles that lightened
Live in the brilliant escutcheons of fame.

Our next name is familiar to us all and to most South Carolinians. William H. Timrod, now known as the father of Henry Timrod, was born in Charleston, 1792, and was a mechanic in straightened circumstances. He contracted the disease which caused his death, while guarding, at the head of a company of volunteers, his native town from the attacks of the Indians.

His most widely known poem is the one "To Henry." Of course every one here has read it, but anyhow I will quote one stanza to freshen our minds.

"They'll tell thee this terrestrial ball
To man for his enjoyment given,
Is but a state of sinful thrall
To keep the soul from Heaven."

Now we leave the men for awhile and take up in succession the women. The first is Caroline Gilman, nee Howard, who was born in Boston, October 7, 1794.

She was a woman of deep religious convictions and married the Rev. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, where she came to spend the rest of her life. In 1832 she began the publication of a weekly newspaper, "The Rose Bud," which afterwards developed itself into the "Southern Rose." She has published several volumes of poems and at times she has certainly given us poetry in

its best sense. Her short poem "The Plantation" has a great many poetical elements in it.

She was a quiet worker, but one who certainly did a great deal towards educating the masses.

Her work was taken up by her daughter, Mrs. Caroline H. Glover, whose birth place was in Charleston, being born there in 1823. All her poems have appeared in the leading magazines of her day. Her nom de plume was "Caroline Howard," her mother's maiden name. She never rose as high in the profession as did her mother. Her best poem is one called "Spring Time" and that is of low rank. She deserves mention not on account of her poetical productions but for her general strengthening influence.

The last of the three is Mrs. Louisa McCord, who was a native of Carolina, being born here in 1810. She was a Miss Cheves. Her father was quite an eminent politician as also was her husband. She was a very apt scholar in philosophy. Her poems were published in a volume in 1848, called "My Dreams" and in 1851 she published a play—"Caius Gracchus." Her poetry is characterized more by its vigorous freshness than by its polish. She seemed to be writing for her own amusement and not for the public eye.

In passing I must mention Samuel H. Dickson, a native of Charleston. He is most famous not as a poet but as a lecturer and a doctor, but he wrote sweet verse. Here are four lines of his I found, but I was unable to find what they came from.

> **Mark me not with the lofty mound**
> **Of sculptured stone;**
> **Lay me unmarked beneath the ground**
> **All—all alone.**

In dealing with the next man I may give him the wrong place for the world, but as for myself, Henry Timrod in my estimation is the brightest star on our poetical horizon—he is the greatest of our "Three." He certainly had what the others had and had what they lacked. What a sad and tender life was his and what a struggle he made for life, not that he might live but

that he might write. He fought in addition to that monster which never ceased to hold its bloody claws upon his breast, "beggary, starvation, bitter grief and utter want of hope."

He was born like most of our literary men of this time in Charleston, on the 8th of December, 1829. His life certainly has the right start to make of him a poet. While quite young his father dies and his mother marries again and the boy is left to commune with himself. At the age of eleven he took the peculiar notion that he must be a book-binder—peculiar to his biographer, but to me there is decided reason for this move. His mother had planned for hlm to study law. Now, can't you imagine how distasteful to the boy poet was the scene of a small office with the monotonous morocco covered books, and also the sight and smell of an old court room? Don't you see how that would cramp him? So the most agreeable work that he could find was that of a book-binder, for here he could get a library without paying for it, as his being able to pay for a library was a dream. The great Whittier recognized him, and the critic R. H. Stoddard said he was not the greatest poet of South Carolina, but of the South. But I must leave him, and yet I hate to, for his life is so soft, so quiet and so gentle. I will make no selection from his poetry, but I will ask that every man in this class study his life and works, for they are one. Hear what Prof. Shepherd, of Charleston College, has to say of him: "'Tis my judgment that the late Henry Timrod is the first poet that South Carolina has ever produced, as well as one of the most graceful and effective lyrists we have ever had in America." Nothing need be added to that criticism.

Two more names and I am done. Richardson has been a greatly honored name in South arolina and a justly honored name. We find the name Richardson high among the statesmen of our State and the corollary from this statement is that poetry, expressed or unexpressed, was in the family.

Maynard D. Richardson is the one in this family we find expressing his poetry.

He was a Charlestonian, being born there the first day of the year in which the Mexican war broke out. His education was begun in the Charleston College, but was completed in Columbia. He was an accomplished Greek scholar, being especially fond of Homer, Euripides, Æschylus.

He was quite studious and began telling his poetry at the early age of twelve, and some right good verses he has given us.

In the Encylopedia Britanica we find a short account of a Mrs. Anna Peyre Dennies, who was a Miss Shackle ford, and a native of this State. She published a series of papers under the title of "Rachel's What Not."

The book that makes her of special interest to us just now is her book "Floral Year." This is a selection of one hundred poems, arranged in twelve groups—one for each month. The most characteristic element of her poetry is that of sweetness—not sentimentalism. More could be written, but space is not mine.

W. LAURENS WALKER.

Wofford College Journal.

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D. D. WALLACE, - - - - - Editor.

College Journalism.

College journalism is a distinctively American product. It seems not to thrive well in England, and on the continent it is looked on with a discouraging eye by government and college authorities as too easy a vehicle for student sedition and revolution.

The statement that Daniel Webster was editor-in-chief of the Dartmouth magazine, the first college journal in America, if not in the world, is not confirmed by the United States census report on newspapers, which gives an account of this magazine; but it is highly probable, for Webster was acknowledged as surpassingly the best student for such a position. He did edit for one year a weekly newspaper to pay his expenses, and this may be whence the other rumor sprung.

Be that as it may, college journalism is an honorable institution, worthy of all encouragement and support, typing the free press of the country as the debating socities type the senatorial, forensic and sacred platforms. We give from one of the most thoroughly versed men in America in journalism the following quotation, despite its length, made fourteen years ago, during

which time college journalism has moved forwards with much faster pace than any other branch of the profession: "In typographical execution equal, if not superior, to the general press of the land, in range of topics wide and attractive, its articles for the most part the fruit of careful reading, earnest thought and careful revision, the college journal claims notice and praise. The college paper gives to the student considerable experience in practical journalism, affords an agreeable and profitable recreation, and gives to the world of patrons and friends of education insight into the actual life of the college—a thing not to be gained from stately annual catalogues. It advertises in a dignified way the institution represented, submits college sentiments, motives, projects and deeds to the test of deliberation and thoughtful perusal, and is a power in the college for good. It is, as some one has said, 'the outstanding member of the faculty,' and fosters acquaintance and community of feeling with sister institutions. In fact, we cannot but view it as an important factor in the advance of higher education."

From contact with nearly all the college journalism of the South we can endorse the above. The college periodical should be all it is there credited with. A former member of this staff, Mr. J. O. Norton, put it well when he said that college journalism should express the student in his relation to the world. Therefore we judge that it is the province of college journals to discuss any subject that relates to college men. The idea that these publications are amusements, boyish playthings, tentative, fearful lest they transcend proprieties and crack somebody's shell, is a misconception, an indignity upon the institution. Men do not expend hundreds of dollars annually for such ends. If such be their object, much better spend their change for sweetened soda water. College men albeit they are young men, are yet men; and their enterprise of college journalism is a manly one.

Let it follow the true star of journalism, to elevate public opinion, enrich minds and hearts, drive wrong

out, stand for the right and ennoble everything it touches. Let snarling, carping, detracting, smallness, die: let largeness live: let college editors labor with all other good editors to widen the intellectual horizon of their constituencies.

THE JOURNAL thanks its old friend, Mr. A. S. Pegues, of '92, for an invitation to the commencement exercises of Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas, June 2d and 4th. The annual debate is on the query, "RESOLVED, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years." We notice that the two literary societies are pitted against each other. We warrant that this will secure good speaking. The prospect of victory for one's society raises annual debates above periodic formalities and makes them intensely interesting.

Our South Carolina Number.

One thing that goes to prove the integrity of Wofford's stable, scholarly, useful work is the course of essays from original research which the senior class has just been reading before Prof. Snyder, of the English department. Last year Prof. Snyder conceived the idea of giving the class of '94 a full course in American literature, devoting the last months especially to literature of the South and of South Carolina in particular. The pleasure of this course has been surpassed only by the profit.

A classic background of the splendid literature of old England, the heritage of us all, is good; but the world of letters moves and time has ground out good things on this side the water as well as in shades where old poetic mountains exhale inspiration. We suspect that much of the admiration for literature labeled "Elizabethan" or "Grecian" is from no deeper promtings than is the passion of the fop for his coat to bear the device, "Paris make."

We can by no means allow a literature, even were it tenfold inferior to that of Europe, to spring to being among our own people without our cognizance. Furthermore we venture that those who sneer at American literature at a distance would be wonderfully surprised by its quality would they but give it study. It has not the confident, mature tread of its English mother, but considering that, properly speaking, it is but two and a half centuries old, it is a true American wonder of development.

After finishing American literature Prof. Snyder assigned the members of the class the following South Carolina subjects—with their divisions, twenty, a part of which compose our South Carolina number:

"State of Education in South Carolina before the War," "General view of South Carolina Literature," "Special studies of Individual Poets, Essayists, Historians and Novelists," "Peculiarities of the Institution of Slavery," "Race Characteristics—Lives of the settlers and their geographical situation," "South Carolina in the Revolutionary War," "Religious Denominations," "First hand studies of any phase of local or general History."

In pursuing these subjects through all their ramifications, from document to document, from pamphlet to pamphlet, from magazine to magazine, from one history to another, we can say most of the class have experienced for the first time the true joy of literary work. There is a zest and ardor attendant upon such research as this totally lacking in the routine class room essays. It has revealed what riches are to be found by well working a field. This is the first time there has been any organized movement by a whole class to investigate South Carolina history, but we presume it will not be the last. If anyone thinks that important subjects are omitted, let him remember that there may be some fresh ones wanted for the future.

The Kennedy Library, of the city of Spartanburg, with its valuable collection of South Carolina books has been of great service in almost every line of study.

This South Carolina course is an honor to Prof. Snyder, who planned it, and has been in more ways than appear at present a cardinal feature in the education of the class and each member. We hope it may be a cardinal—or turning, to be literal—point in the college, and that original historical research may be perfected at Wofford in the future.

Laying the corner-stone of the Girls' Industrial School at Rock Hill and the burning of Clemson College came in remarkable conjunction. The educational interests of the State are becoming more valuable every year. We think it is in the natural line of development for the State to establish institutions for fundamental education before she goes into university work. We hope soon to see the time when the intellectual standard of the whole people will be so high as to make a first-class university necessary. Let education be spread and perfected until we have a complete, healthy system from the common school to the university.

The last great "tabernacle" from which, as a pulpit, Dr. Talmage preached to the world for his audience, as a placard on the wall explained, was the third to be burned for the famous divine within twenty-three years, and a fourth one will be built as soon as possible. The first was dedicated 1870, burned 1872; the second, dedicated 1874, burned 1889; the third, dedicated 1891, burned 1894. Casualty, as well as some other things, has conspired to give Talmage notoriety.

South Carolina's reputation at General Conference is that she has kept silent, but has been highly esteemed. Perhaps that fact has something to do with her being so well reputed.

In a recent issue of "*Harper's Weekly*" there is a significant cartoon titled "The Original Coxey Army," composed of the nabobs who have grown rich by means

of the government protection afforded certain industries. The editor very subtly points out that the government practically supporting a host of protected manufacturers leads dissatisfied people to conclude it can just as lawfully directly support them, and thus the protective tariff plan is one of the most insidious and powerful agencies in propagating the worst form of socialism.

"Marcella."

To get a book that will entertain by its art, instruct by its substance and profit by its lesson, secure Mrs. Humphrey Ward's last novel, "Marcella." In style it is as modern as electric railways; in thought, as up to date as the daisy that opened its petals to the morning's sun. There is not a drag in the whole book, yet not a slured scene or character. The book is distinctively a modern classic.

Mrs. Ward takes her characters from high life in England and chooses to reveal the better side of the better class of such people rather than the obnoxious. Perhaps this is somewhat reactionary against the tons of hard sayings that fall upon the nobility in these democratic days. She in no way glorifies them, however, but looks with true womanly disdain on their hollow privolities.

Marcella Boyce, the heroine, is a personally high-strung, impetuous girl, endowed with a quick brain and warm heart, who starts life with a batch of *a priori* theories for reforming society, assuming that the present system is a crime, with all its results. It can be imagined she lives in perpetual turmoil of soul. After hard experience she concludes that the world must grow better slowly, and in the meantime leaves it to do so while she settles sensibly down to make at least one in it happy.

The characters of the book are a young nobleman earnestly seeking to uplift the sunken classes ; a devoted

young political economist striving for social reform; a young demagogue pretending to the same ends; the rank socialists, and the poor peasants. With such characters Mrs. Ward has written a novel on "socialism," without advancing a single pet theory. She never lets her characters be overshadowed by their theories, and so become pupets. She is too much of an artist to go to any extreme. Her love making is more like it is really done than novelists usually represent. There are master strokes in analysis of character, but never a hint of the dryasdust method or obliterating individuality of character in promulgating a theory.

As our business manager has no department where he can speak for himself, we will take the liberty of speaking a few words for him. His report shows that through his exertions the present staff has printed about one hundred and forty pages more than are contained in any previous volume of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL. To do this he has expended $350 and has transacted this business more economically than has ever been done before. The object of the present staff has been to publish the best JOURNAL possible with as economic expenditure of money as possible. The business manager's share in accomplishing whatever success we have attained has been very considerable.

In turning over the JOURNAL to the succeeding staff we certainly hope that they will give the students a JOURNAL from a moral, intellectual and business standpoint superior to anything that has gone before it. Let progress be the order of the day.

It appears from the statistics of the Historian that if the class of '94 were one man, he would weigh 2770 pounds, be 111¼ feet high, 429 years old, would have been engaged to marry 38 times, having failed in his proposals 6 times, would be only moderately good looking, with a very heterogeneous turn of character.

Obligation to Wofford.

Such was the title of the first editorial that appeared from our pen in the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL, and such shall be our last. We never invested very heavily in unadulterated salutatories or valedictories, but always preferred to let such utterances as began or closed our career in any field be in a general way indicative of our course. Obligation to Wofford was the thought possessing the editor when he took up the official stylus; the same thought possesses him as he lays it down, and he hopes that it may forever descend as immutably entailed property from staff to staff.

Then the obligation was to work for the college for the intellectual and moral upbuilding of its every function and its immediate prosperity for the ensuing year. Now the obligation is to see that next October will bring with it a larger body of students than ever to make another prosperous year. Competition between colleges is on the score of merit. What we need we must as speedily as possible obtain; what we have we must show to advantage. Leaving all favoritism aside, it is our deliberate judgment that South Carolina furnishes no superior opportunities for the upbuilding of mind and soul. Wofford's bright record must be made brighter: her students and alumni must work for her directly. Be worthy to prove by yourself that your college deserves patronage; show your people that you have something they need and that Wofford is the place to get it.

In Germany the state finds it necessary to discourage higher education. But there is no danger of being overstocked with it in South Carolina. In fact, the educated men who are too numerous in Germany are of a more advanced type than we generally meet here,—college graduates who have subsequently devoted several years' research to a particular branch, and are unfit for anything else—specialists. But there is no danger to any country from a liberalizing college education. We have not a reasonable sprinkling of college men yet. It is as impossible for South Carolina to suffer from over-

production of educated men as it is for a bull frog to have the nasal catarrh. We haven't evolved to that stage yet. The common schools and general intelligence improve constantly; more and more young graduates teach good schools each year, and there should be a corresponding increase in college students. Broaden, educate, liberalize the State: fill full its colleges, and, Wofford men, see that Wofford is well supplied next October. She has been sending out large classes, and with the help of agents, students and almuni, she can keep it up.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

W. T. DUNCAN, - - - EDITOR.

Valedictory.

"To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven." These words uttered by the wise man in the dim ages gone by are forcibly impressive when we realize that with this issue of our JOURNAL we lay down our pen to take it up no more. The time has come for us to render an account of our stewardship, and commit the responsibilities reposed in us to the hands of others. We hope that these responsibilities have been faithfully and honestly discharged, and that we, as editors, have in no way proved recreant to the trust, which friends and students of the college have so confidingly lodged in our care. It would be very unkind if not cruel, just at this juncture, to afflict the patience of our readers with a detailed account of our record. Our work is before you. "Speak of it only as it is, nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

A separate department for reviewing exchanges was instituted by the present board of editors, at the suggestion of the editor-in-chief; and it was only at the earnest importunities of the other members of the staff that this writer agreed to assume control of this department. Recognizing the exactitude and gravity of the position, and hampered by lack of acquaintance with this kind of work, we entered upon our new duties with much hesitancy and reluctance, but with a dogged determination to exercise every power and force of our being to build up an exchange department, of which our friends would not be ashamed. Whether or not we have accomplished this end the public may judge and pass upon. If we have made mistakes, which we doubtless have, and perhaps, at times, grievous ones, they have only been such as would result from want of experience, and not faults

born of negligence and disregard to duty. If ever a publican bent every effort in his grasp to redeem his pledges and preserve unsullied and undiminished the trust lodged with him, this editor is a living example, hence we have no empty, high-sounding phrases of regret for the non-performance of duty to indulge.

Our connection with the many exchanges that visit our office, has, with one exception, been pleasant and profitable. Only on one occasion have we been forced to take up our pen and indulge bitter, caustic words about a contemporary. We have always appreciated criticism, when it bore the stamp of intelligence and sincerity, though we do not alwas agree with the critics, but we have no language to express our supreme disgust and contempt for that little pseudo-apostle of journalism who wraps himself up in the mantle of editorship in order to air his personal animosities and personal grievances, and gain for himself a little cheap notoriety among the imbeciles of the world.

But it is not our purpose in these valedictory remarks to speak of unpleasant subjects and relationships, and call up unholy memories. The occasion is one of too much seriousness and solemnity to be marred by recollections of this character.

To an honest, thoughtful mind there is always something profoundly impressive about the close of a college course. When we realize that we have answered to the last roll-call, that the familiar sound of the old college bell, ringing out from the belfry, will summon us to the chapel and class room no more, that those of us, whose lives have touched and mingled into each other so long and whose names have been sounded together by the class-monitor for four long years, shall be scattered from the Atlantic on the east to the Father of Waters on the west, perhaps, never to meet again, and that we shall be ushered out upon a cruel, unsympathetic and heartless world to battle alone with the great problems of life, we feel like shrinking back and, with folded hands and eyes uplifted to the great source of all our help, exclaiming with our Teutonic fathers, as they were about

to launch their little barks upon a turbulent and uncertain sea, "Lord, our boats are so small and the ocean is so great, take care of us."

A strange blending of joy and sorrow attend the graduation of every student. It is very pleasant to think of getting a diploma as a token of work earnestly and honestly done, and of hearing speeches delivered by the distinguished visitors of the occasion, and chief among the inspirations of this sweet and solemn hour is that fathers and mothers will be there to bless and sanctify the day with their presence and the incomparable richness of their love. To this writer no greater boon could be given, as we stand upon the college rostrum to deliver our parting message, than the privilege of looking down into a mother's loving, gentle eyes, while the unutterable benediction of a father's love clustered around our heart; but this unspeakable blessing will be denied. They have passed over the river, and we would not call them back. We feel content to know that they will look down from their immaculate, star-spangled home to bless the life of their big boy, whom they have left behind. But the joy of Commencement, even among the most fortunate, is not entirely unalloyed with sadness and regret. We shall forbear adding sorrow to sadness, however, by speaking of these things and hasten to make our last adieu. We feel sure that we voice the sentiment of not only the editors, but the whole Senior class, when we say that we owe an everlasting debt of gratitude to the generous people of Spartanburg for the courteous manner in which they have treated us while among them, and shall always indulge it as a grateful recollection that we had the opportunity of coming in touch and pulse with them so long, and wherever our paths in life may lie, the memories of these kind people will linger with us as one of the happiest and brightest recollections of life; so farewell noble Spartans, a long farewell!

"Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care
And bring back the features that joy used to wear."

It should be the purpose and design of every literary magazine to create and establish an intelligent literary influence, and to meet this end only such articles should be published as have real literary merit. The May issue of the *Vanderbuilt Observer* seems to approximate this end as nearly as any of the exchanges for May. This number is by great odds superior to any of its former issues. Many of its contributions deserve special mention, among which we would call attention to one which is the nature of a criticism on Mrs. Humphry Ward's late work, "Marcella." Another article well worthy a careful reading is entitled, "A Question of Nerve." Both of these articles are of true merit and excellence. We congratulate our contemporary upon the success of its magazine and hope that others will fall in line and help to build up the long felt want of a college journal influence.

We are pleased to welcome to our exchange list the *Arkansas Industrial University Magazine*, having just received our first copy of it. It is a very neatly gotten up monthly. The material contents are very valuable, and reflect credit alike upon the editor-in-chief and all others concerned. It is published by the students of the Industrial University, Fayetteville, Arkansas.

The April issue of the *Furman Echo* has been received, and it is a very good specimen of this periodical. Its table of contents is about in keeping with its usual standard. At this writing the May issue has not been received. Wake up, contemporary, and let us know that we are not entirely forgotten by you.

The Brownwood Texas Tattler for May has made its appearance, and as the name would suggest, is full of gossip of various kinds. *The Tattler* embraces six special departments and nine pages of reading matter. While we are loath to totally disregard the day of small

things, yet we would kindly suggest that they devote more space to the several departments, if they persist in keeping them up. However, "tall oaks from little acorns grow."

The P. M. I. Journal for May came in with its usual promptness, and contains several articles well worthy a careful reading. Considering the fact that this Journal is the only exponent of the "soldier boys" of our State, we think they deserve praise for their efforts, which are tending to gradual and steady success. We say congratulations to the Cadets of the Patrick Military Institute.

The Davidson Monthly, better known as the Davidson *world* has gotten out an April–May issue. We would suggest to the exchange editor, who seems to be *Lord High Chancellor* of that court, that it appears rather disingenous to print "Monthly" on the back of his magazine and then get out a bi-monthly paper. Perhaps the court has run out of something to write about. If you have, old fellow, take a friend's advice, make an honest confession; flop over and go to writing about questions of "finance with its Wilson bill," lawlessness, etc., with all the power which you possess, and we are sure you will have a very great abundance of material, for nearly all the "blind tiger" whiskey shipped into the "Palmetto State" comes from the moonshine stills of the North Carolina mountains. As we go to press the June number has not put in its appearance. We presume the idea is to get out a June–October issue, which will be very comprehensive, at least so far as time is concerned.

Having had several requests for a copy of these exquisitely beautiful lines, we have decided to publish them, that those, who desire, may preserve them. The poem is entitled "Love's Belief" and was written by a beautiful, accomplished girl, over whose head but twenty summers had passed, and whose name would

sound familiar, if we were to call it here. She died at a quite youthful age, and among her personal effects were found these lines, dedicated to a poor artisan boy, whom she had been forbidden to marry by an aristocratic father. Her life after this interposition of her father was not as pure as we would like to ascribe to the author of such noble sentiments. However, there is nothing silly or imbecile about the poem, but upon the other hand it seems to this editor to be a strong outburst of an intense, natural emotion couched in very choice poetic diction.

"I believe, if I should die
And you should kiss my eye-lids where I lie,
Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
The lifeless orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the isles of Death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
The trodden earth would find sudden pulse,
Beneath the touch of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if in my grave,
Hidden in woody depths by all the waves,
Your soft eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of thy dear grief
A fair, sweet flower would leap into leaf,
To prove that death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms, where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like fagots, until your sight
Led by the beacon blaze, fell full on me.

I believe that love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in the hour of dusk.
The waiting angels know and recognize
This rich-crowned jewel, love of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk."

In the eastern part of the classic city of the Spartans, where bright aurora hastens to scatter her flood of light, causing all nature to become adorned thereby, from the tiny sprigs, on which dew drops sparkle and glitter like miniature diamonds in the morning ray, to the stately spires and steeples—stand out in bold relief, the walls of Converse College, an institution that dawns to-day the fairest flower of Southern female education. In architectural perfection and beauty the South acknowledges none superior to our sister college of the Piedmont Belt, and unless the universal opinion of all who are acquainted with her management is mistaken, the accuracy and thoroughness of the intellectual training taught here are fully in keeping with outward appearances. Of this feature, however, this editor has no means of judging except through the pages of her literary magazine, but if the *Concept* is only a partial exponent of this work, (it is very possible for College Journals to underrate the character of the work done in their respective institutions, they cannot over-represent it,) we heartily chime in the chorus of praise. If Lord Tennyson could rise from his silent tomb, and read some issues of the *Concept* along with contemporary magazines edited by rougher hands, we do not believe that would say:

"Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions match'd with mine, are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as waater unto wine." The articles in the *Concept* will compare favorably with those in the best of our exchanges and besides the strength and beauty of language, every line of its columns bears the stamp of

womanly modesty and kindness, which ours can never have. Our unbounded congratulations are extended to the fair ones of our sister institution for their almost unexampled success in the journalistic world.

"Forward, let the stormy moment fly and mingle with the Past,
I that loathed, have come to love him; Love will conquer at the last. '

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

E. S. JONES, - - - Editor.

With this issue the Alumni editor bids his friends adieu. We have endeavored to keep up with the movements and progress of our Alumni, and we flatter ourselves that our labor has not been entirely in vain. While we have not always met with success, yet, thanks to our many friends who have assisted us, we have been enabled to jot down many things of interest concerning Wofford's noble sons. We yield our place to another and more worthy editor, and we hope that much success will crown his labors.

In the class of '69 we note the following names: Judge B. R. Chreitzberg, Mr. L. P. Jones, and Rev. P. D. Trapier are among the dead.

Rev. P. C. Bryce is a missionary and teacher in New Mexico.

Mr. P. A. Cummings is practicing law. So also is Mr. J. A. Eidson.

Mr. J. B. Cleveland is a lawyer and financier, and is one of the leading men of Spartanburg.

Messrs. H. H. Newton and C. S. Walker are both practising law; the former at Bennettsville, and the latter in Kentucky.

Rev. G. W. Walker is the able President of Paine Institution.

Rev. E. W. Peeples is a successful minister.

Mr. E. P. Chambers is a merchant in Georgia.

We notice in the Kappa Alpha's Journal that Col. John R. Abney, ('70) has been re-elected President of the Southern Society of New York. This society is composed of the more prominent Southern settlers of that city. Col. Abney has a very profitable and successful law practice there.

The class of '75 numbered fifteen men, two of whom have passed to their reward,—E. P. Hill and S. G. San-

ders. Mr. Sanders was for some time Professor of Latin and Greek at the South Western University, Texas, which position he filled with great credit.

Rev. E. L. Archer is a local preacher, and is farming and surveying near Spartanburg. Mr. Archer was mainly instrumental in the building of Alumni hall, and Wofford College is under a lasting obligation to him. Besides using his influence, he subscribed and paid five hundred dollars toward its erection, thus giving a new impetus to a move which would otherwise, perhaps, never have materialized.

Rev. R. W. Barber is a prominent minister of the South Carolina Conference. Mr. Barber now has a son at Wofford in the rising Junior class.

J. W. Boyd is engaged in the practice of law in the State of Missouri.

Mr. James H. Bryce is associated in business with Capt. Lord, of Charleston. Mr. L. C. Cannon was for a number of years cashier of the National Bank at Spartanburg, and also of the Farmers Bank. But desiring a more active life, he began mining in this county and has met with great success in that industry.

Mr. R. T. Caston is a lawyer at Cheraw, and takes great interest in literary work.

Prof. J. A. Gamewell taught for four years in Kentucky. He was then called to the chair of Latin in his Alma Mater, which position he has held ever since. Prof. Gamewell is a genial, christian gentleman, and a man of scholarly attainments. Wofford is fortunate in having her chair of Latin graced by such a man.

Rev. H. E. Partridge was for some time a minister in the Florida Conference, after which he was transferred to one of the Southwestern Conferences.

Rev. T. W. Smith is a minister in the North Carolina Conference.

Mr. Marcus Stackhouse is painting and merchandising at Marion.

Rev. W. L. Wait is a minister of the South Carolina Conference, and is stationed at Newberry. Mr. Wait has a son at Wofford in the rising Senior class.

Prof. W. H. Wallace is now filling the chair of Mathematics at the Columbia Female College. Prof. Wallace was for a number of years editor of the *Newberry Observer*, and in losing him journalism lost its ablest advocate in South Carolina. The college is to be congratulated that numbers such a man among its Faculty. Prof. Wallace has a son at Wofford who will graduate with the class of '94.

Dr. J. H. Kirkland, of the class of '77, will deliver the literary address before the two societies. Dr. Kirkland is a son of whom Wofford is justly proud, and in honor ing him we do greater honor to ourselves. He was born and raised in Spartanburg and received his early education at her schools. After graduation, he taught the town school here for a year, and was then made assistant Professor of Languages at Wofford, being afterwards elected to the chair of Greek. Dr. Kirkland took his doctor's degree at Liepzig, and after travelling extensively on the continent, he was called to the chair of Latin at Vanderbilt University. He now took a second trip to Europe as a more thorough preparation for his work. In 1892 he was elected as Chancellor of Vanderbilt, which position he has filled with great credit to himself and the University. Dr. Kirkland is one of the youngest chancellors in the United States.

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that we make note of Dr. W. D. Kirkland's election as Sunday School editor. It is with pleasure that we note the advance of Woffords Alumni; it is with regret that we part with them. But our loss is the editorship's gain, and we shall still follow Dr. Kirkland in his new field of labor, and shall wish him that the same marked success will crown his labor in this field that has always characterized his work in our midst. We take pleasure in presenting to our readers a few of the salient points in the life of this great man.

Dr. Kirkland's maternal grandfather was Rev. Jos. Galluchat, an honored member of the South Carolina Conference, and was the first convert of the ministry of Bishop Capers. His father was Rev. Wm. C.

Kirkland, also a member of the South Carolina Conference, and who filled the leading appointments in this State, including Camden, Charleston and Spartanburg.

Dr. W. D. Kirkland was born at Providence Parsonage, Orangeburg Co., S. C., August 17, 1849. He afterwards lived in the same house, as preacher in charge of that circuit in '81 and '82, being one of the few preachers who have thus made a complete "round" in their ministerial life. He graduated at Wofford College in '70, taught school at Reidville that fall, and joined the Conference that same year at Charleston. Dr. Kirkland served successively as Pastor of Colleton Circuit, Marion Street Church at Columbia, Greenville, Mars Bluff and Providence Circuit. In '81 he was made Presiding Elder of the Cokesbury District, being at that time the youngest man ever appointed to that office in South Carolina. In 1885 he was elected Editor of the *Southern Christian Advocate,* which position he has filled with more than ordinary success. His having been reelected to this position in '89 and again in '93, is sufficient proof of his very great efficiency as an editor.

In 1890 Emory College, Ga., conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, he being the second man from South Corolina, who has been honored by this institution, Bishop Duncan being the first.

At our recent General Conference Dr. Kirkland was elected Sunday School Editor, and we would remark that a better man for this position could not be found among the ministerial ranks.

Dr. Kirkland's eldest sister is the wife of Rev. A. C. Walker of this Conference, and his youngest sister is the wife of Rev. J. W. Tarboux, of the Brazil Mission Conference. Dr. Kirkland's only surviving brother is Chancellor Kirkland, of Vanderbilt. It thus appears that they are all in the service of the Church.

In losing Dr. Kirkland, South Carolina loses her ablest preacher and most efficient editor. We again wish him success in his work and shall follow him with our prayers.

P. B. WELLS.

WOFFORD DIRECTORY.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

W. H. Wannamaker, Pres't; F. H. Shuler, V. P., J. Fraser Lyon, 1st Critic;
Olin Wannamaker, Rec. Sec.; Paul Hardin Treas.
N. M. Salley, Librarian

PRESTON LITERARY SOCIETY,

B. H. Henderson, Pres't; Atticus Dignal, V. P; Wm. Coleman, 1st Corrector;
A. E. Holler, Rec. Sec.; W. A. Medlock, Treas
J. H. Purifoy, Libraian.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

F. H. Shuler, Pres't; G. C. Leonard, Vice P.; N. G. Gee, Secretary;
R. S. Truesdale, Cor Sec.; O. D. Wannamaker, Treas.

SOCIETY OF ALUMNI.

Hon. J. B. Cleveland, Pres; Rev. J. C. Kilgo, 1st Vice-President;
Prof. D. A. DuPre, 2nd Vice-P.; J. K. Jennings, Sec. & Tres.
T. M. Raysor ('78). Orator for '94.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

Prof. H. N. Snyder, Mg'r; W. L. Walker, Capt. Base Ball Team;
A. M. DuPre, Sec.; Frank Lander, Treas.

FRATERNITIES.

Alpha Tau Omega; Kappa Alpha; Kappa Sigma;
Pi Kappa Alpha; Sigma Alpha Epsilon; Chi Phi;
Chi Psi.

W. Wm. Watson, Manager of Alumni Hall.
Smilie Taylor, Caterer of Wigh man Hall.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

FRANK LANDER, - - - Editor.

The Class of '94.

[BY P. B. WELLS.]

Our college days have closed and we must go out to face the stern realities of life. We have had our little turmoils behind these old walls, but twenty of us have stood the test and have come out victorious. We seem gay and there is a ripple of laughter on the surface: but underneath our semi-smiling countenances we carry sad hearts at leaving dear old Wofford. Dear old Wofford! Yes, she is dear to each of us, as we owe her more than we can ever repay. We leave her in person, but not in spirit. And when we shall revisit these walls in the evening of life, burdened with the weight of cares, our hearts shall fondly recall the verses of that immortal bard who sang so sweetly,

"College days rise up before me,
Forms and scenes of long ago,
Like a dream they hover o'er me,
Calm and bright as evening's glow."

The Faculty have occasionally "cussed us out," but all of that has been forgotten, and their private opinion is that the class of '94 will make its mark in the world. Below is to be found a brief sketch of the class.

O. M. Abney, familiarly known as Parson, hails from Richland County. Parson will grace the ministerial ranks of South Carolina. He is the sweet warbler of '94. Parson cannot understand why the maiden smiled when he said "you knowed I loves you."

M. L. Banks, jr., is from Spartanburg county. He is a venerable theologue and will charm his hearers with his wisdom and grace.

W. P. Baskin, of Sumter county, is the man with the mathematical head and we expect great things of him. He compasses all areas with his massive brain and no problem can elude his grasp. He walks in circles and his harmonious ear is charmed by "loga-rithms."

H. L. Bomar, of Spartanburg county, will make his mark in life as a lawyer. We soon look for Judge Bomar.

R. L. Daniel, of Spartanburg county, is the "best red" man in the class. Daniel is a genuine ladies' man and has often "'lowed that he seen 'em before." He will become a professor of English.

W. T. Duncan, of Anderson county, will study for the Ministry.

P. H. Edwards is a native of Marion county. He will be one of the M. D.'s of '94 and will be well up on the "long and short" of things pertaining to his profession.

W. M. Ellerbe, from Marion county, is the speaker of the class. He, too, will study medicine, making a specialty of diseases of the heart.

A. V. Harbin comes from Greenville. He is commonly known as the "Bishop," and is another of our theologues.

E. S. Jones, of Richland, is at present the chairman of the "committee on foreign relations." The ministerial profession will claim him.

G. F. Kirby, of Spartanburg, will study scientific agriculture. In winter, after crops are laid by, he will shovel snow off of the college.

F. M. Lander hails from Anderson county. Lander is the poet and prophet of the class. He has been imbued with the true poetic fire, and sings because he

must. Frank will heal the sick with his pills and pellets.

E. M. Lanham now resides in Texas, though by birth he is a South Carolinian. "Baby" will read law and in a few years will go to tbe Senate.

W. G. Muckenfuss is a native of Charleston and will follow in the path of the law. He is a patient student and a deep logical thinker and Blackstone will find in him an able advocate.

W. J. Snyder, the sailor from Beaufort, is "The Theologian" of '94. "Snap" is also a scientist, being especially interested in the "Philomata Dolorosa."
(Who has the long hair that we took off of "Snap's" coat last year?)

S. Taylor, of Florence county, will become a physician. He has of late been interested in Jones' rendering of "Mendlesohn's." Look out for an invitation, boys!

W. L. Walker resides in the county of Spartanburg. Laurens will make a specialty of English and become a grave pedagogue. Of late he has been studying Davis' hand-book of mineralogy and "Ethnology."

D. D. Wallace, of Newberry, will become a journalist. He will travel extensively before entering upon his chosen profession. We shall expect to hear from him in the world.

W. Wm. Watson is a native of Edgefield. Medicine is his chosen profession. (How many poor mortals will our class kill?) But in him the practice will find a tip-top man.

P. B. Wells, commonly known as Bookter, dwells in "The Athens of South Carolina." He is "Kalos K'agathos," and will follow in the ministerial ranks. He is at present particularly concerned about the "Cousinship of man."

This about completes the roll of our class. Below is a tabulated statement, giving some interesting statistics.

SUMMARY.

NAMES.	Weight.	Hat.	Coat.	Shoe	Height, ft. in	Age.	No. of times engaged ¶	*Good looks	Occupation	County
Abney	125	6¾	33	5	5 6	22	3½	4	Preacher	Richland
Banks	166	7¼	37	8	6 4	24	1¼	6	Preacher	Orangeburg
Boskin	124	7	34	6	5 9½	23	†	7	Doctor	Sumter
Bomar	150	7	36	8	6 0	20	2½	9	Lawyer	Spartanburg
Daniel	140	7	35	6	5 10	30	†	2	Teacher	Spartanburg
Edwards	136	7¼	35	7	5 10	26	6	5	Doctor	Marion
Ellerbe	148	7	35	7	6 0	20	4 (?)	8	Doctor	Marion
Harbin	165	7¼	37	9	5 11½	26	2½	3	Preacher	Greenville
Jones	156	7	38	7½	5 11½	24	2	8	Preacher	Richland
Kirby	149	7¼	35	7	5 8	26	zero	6	Farmer	Spartanburg
Lander	160	7¼	36	7½	5 11½	21	6	7	Doctor	Anderson
Lanham	116	7	33	5	5 7½	17	3	8	Lawyer	Texas
Muckenfuss	130	7¼	34	4½	5 8½	21	†	3	Lawyer	Charleston
Snyder	159	7	35	6	5 9	20	2	3	Preacher	Beaufort
Taylor	148	6¾	37	8	5 10	25	3	1	Doctor	Florence
Walker	166	7½	36	7	6 0	20	2	8	Teacher	Spartanburg
Wallace	135	7	34	6½	5 9	20	†	9	Journalist	Richland
Watson	150	7¼	36	7½	6 0	22	0 (?)	9	Doctor	Edgefield
Wells	145	7	36	6	5 9	22	†	0	Preacher	Charleston
‡Duncan	...	...	...	...	.....	....	...	....	.....	.....
Total	2770	135	672	128½	111 3	429	38	111	.....	.....

*Ten is the maximum for good looks. †Tried. ¶The engagements are given to show that "faint hearted men" dwell not with the class of '94. ‡Left out by request.

The average of the class is: Weight, 145 15-19 pounds; hat, 7 2-19; coat, 35 7-19; shoe, 6 7-10; height, 5 feet 10 inches; age 22 11-19 years; engaged, 2 times; good looks, 5 16-19.

It is beautiful to be remembered. The Seniors enjoyed to the full the genial hospitality of Rev. and Mrs. W. A. Rogers, when they were invited by these good people to spend the evening of May 17th at the Methodist parsonage.

We all went down and to a man were eminently pleased with the *cold* reception we received. It sometimes is true that a frigid meeting is enjoyable—this was one of those times. Mrs. Rogers knows well how to make a dignified (?) set of Seniors happy and her extreme thoughtfulness and kindness to us will be long remembered.

The cream fairly froze our souls together! And we each were sure that we had not lived through four years' bumping in jolts of college life in vain.

May Mr. and Mrs. Rogers be spared for a long and happy life, filled with the accomplishment of the purpose they have in view.

When the visitors to Commencement come they will be struck with many improvements on the campus. Prof. DuPre is a good landscape gardner and under his direction the changes have been made. The grass plots are neatly kept and the lawn has had its hair combed. Roses and eucalyptus plants make beautiful the front. The outside grove of historic pines has been carefully worked over and many of these old sighing trees have been felled. In place of the line of gullies which formerly was used as a road, there has been graded a beautiful, gracefully planned drive. The City Council has had a squad of men on this work for some days and the work is progressing rapidly. The walk around the parabola is neatly kept and all the appointments of the campus are in good order.

The lecture from Prof. Thomas which the JOURNAL promised in the last issue, has been postponed until October. We regret that this is the case, for it had been our heart's desire to see at some time a demonstration of the theory that there is poetry in mathematics.

By some strange mishap we omitted to mention in our last issue the fact that Mr. Jack C. Roper, of Bennettsville, S. C., had been elected Business Manager of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for the year '94–95. Mr. Roper has considerable business ability and will make possible the issuance of a good Journal.

Prof. John C. Kilgo will deliver the literary address before the graduating class of Due West Female College.

Prof. H. N. Snyder will address the Kilgo and Sheridan societies of Bamberg Fitting School, and will also make the address before the Mathesian and Erosophic Societies at Williamston Female College.

Rev. Mr. Loyless, of Bethel Church, Spartanburg, S. C., was on the rostrum and led morning worship on June 4th. We hope Mr. Loyless will come again and often.

Converse Commencement.

The exercises of Converse Commencement have been enjoyed by many Wofford men. The sermon by Dr. Grier, of Erskine College, was eminently deep and beautiful. The address before the Carlisle and Philosophian Societies, delivered by Dr. Burroughs, of Augusta, was classic and chaste, and happy was the man who heard it. The concert Monday night was such as to exhibit a degree of proficiency which surpassed the expectation of the most sanguine. It would not be fair to mention any of the bright participants unless we could tell of them all. Space forbids and so we only mention the solo of Mr. Horace L. Bomar, '94. This gentleman has a magnificent barritone voice and under the superb training of Miss McIntyre he has developed extensively his talent.

The graduating exercises of the Junior class, which occurred Tuesday, were characterized by that gravity and decorum which would be expected on such occasions. The exhibition of the Art Department shows up well and we were specially struck with the life-like appearance of some oil and crayon portraits.

Truly, it is an educating influence to be able to see all these beautiful women do all these beautiful things! Wofford yells Hoo! hoy! to the Converse Io! Io!

To the Wofford Men.

This issue completes the file of the WOFFORD COLLEGE JOURNAL for '93–'94. There is a great feeling of pure relief as we lay aside the quill and scissors and turn the paste brush over to our successor. And yet we find some pangs of pain and regret which bubble up with the idea of separation. In truth there is a close, quick relation between this editor's heart and his department. He loves the JOURNAL because it is of Wofford College. He loves the local department because it has been his special charge throughout the year.

THE JOURNAL has been well received by the Wofford men, for this we are grateful. Our exchanges have often been kind in their remarks about us. The local editor has accepted his share of this approbation and has received his portion of the criticism, both with earnest thoughtfulness.

Lander has done the best he could for your locals. Has like all reporters made many wrong assertions, but unintentionally. Much of the praise, if any is merited by him, is due to the counsel and work of his colleague, Mr. W. T. Duncan, of the Exchange department.

THE JOURNAL has been improved this year; a sound financial basis has been established for it, and as long as the Calhoun and Preston Societies are held high in the hearts and minds of Wofford men, so long will this paper stand as the exponent of Wofford's thought. May it ever increase in usefulness and power!

"The Sweet Girl Graduate."

She stands serene and calm,
Conscious of work well done;
A bloom of youth—a finished truth,
And in her eyes a strange light lies,
Which seems to mean—I've won my prize,
This is my victor's palm.

Ah! yes, I'd thought of her as dear,
While her, a school-girl, I had loved.
For every trace of her was grace,
And each motion made the notion
That my soul was pure devotion,
To my heart more clear.

Who can fathom, who can measure,
My deep faith and ardent joy?
Perfect, pure, complete *at first*,
In high perfectness versed,
She has plucked from Wisdom's bowers,
Erudition's choicest flowers,
And adorns, with these, the powers,
That make her such a treasure!

Nov. 30th. '93. L.

On last Sunday the Methodist Sunday School presented Mr. Ed. S. Jones, of the Senior class, a beautiful cane. This was given in token of the appreciation which the school has for the earnest work which Mr. Jones has done for it during the four years of his stay in Spartanburg. We hope for Mr. Jones no harsher treatment with that cane than was given him by the pastor.

Mr. Porter Hollis will act as Caterer to Wightman Hall next year. Mr. Samuel H. McGhee will manage Alumni Hall in lieu of Mr. W. Wm. Watson.

Many Wofford men will meet in Spartanburg at the great military Encampment, July 2–14.

Mr. R. C. Coleman, of the firm of Rice & Coleman, railroad contractors, has given to Wofford College a handsome suit of furniture for the rostrum. This sup-

plies a long-felt want and the united thanks of the whole community are Mr. Coleman's. *Nota Bene*, Alumni and friends.

We were glad to note Mr. Wm. M. Connor, of Charleston, as the first visitor to the campus for Commencement. Mr. Connor is a member of the Board of Trustees and a man who has the good of Wofford at heart.

When the Senior's appear on the rostrum Tuesday there will be but nineteen of the twenty to be seen. Mr. M. L. Banks, of St. Matthew's, S. C., has been sick for some time and by advice of his physician has left for his home. Mr. Banks will receive his diploma by mail soon after Commencement.

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